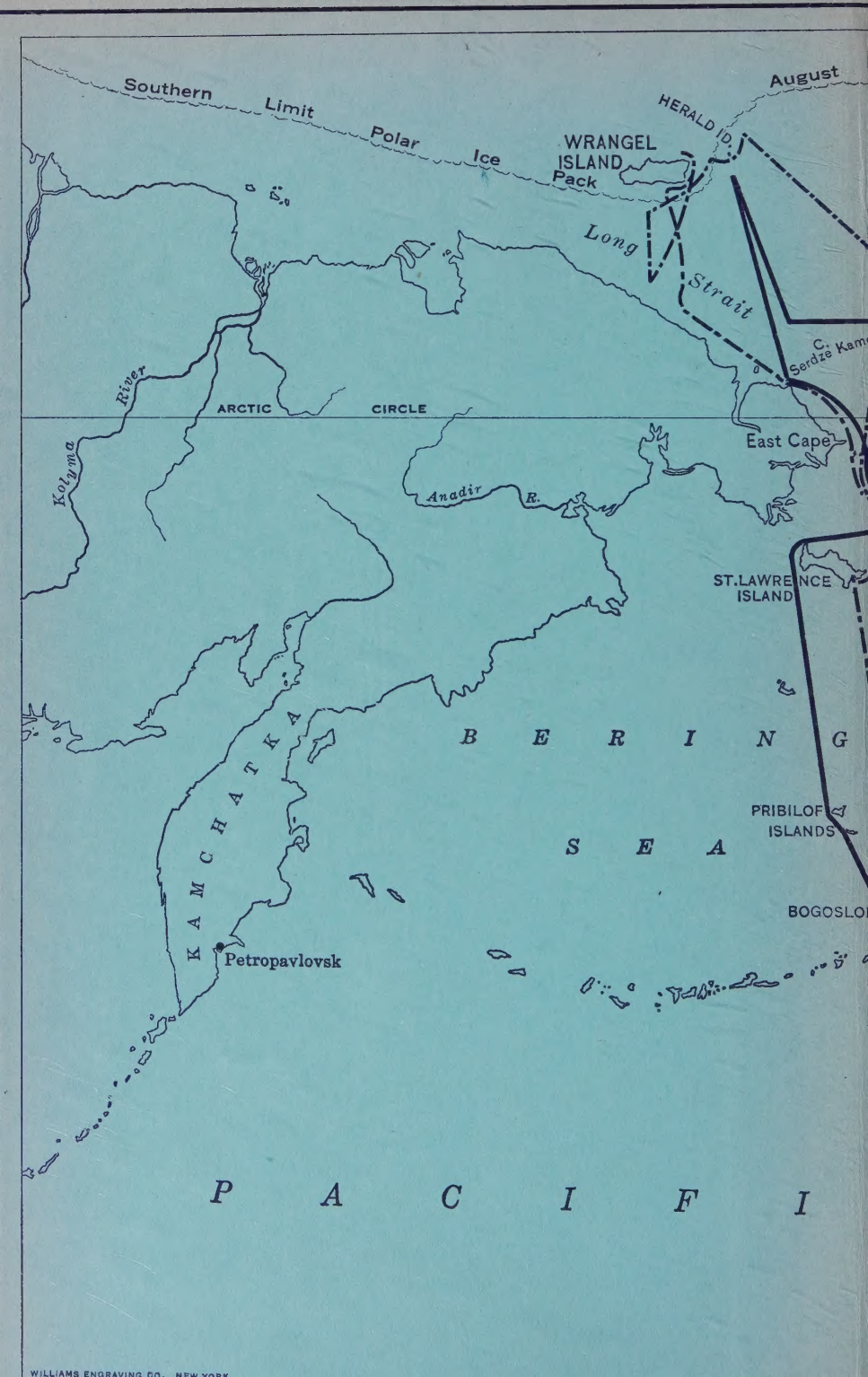
The Cruise of the NORTHERN LIGHT

by

Mrs. John Borden



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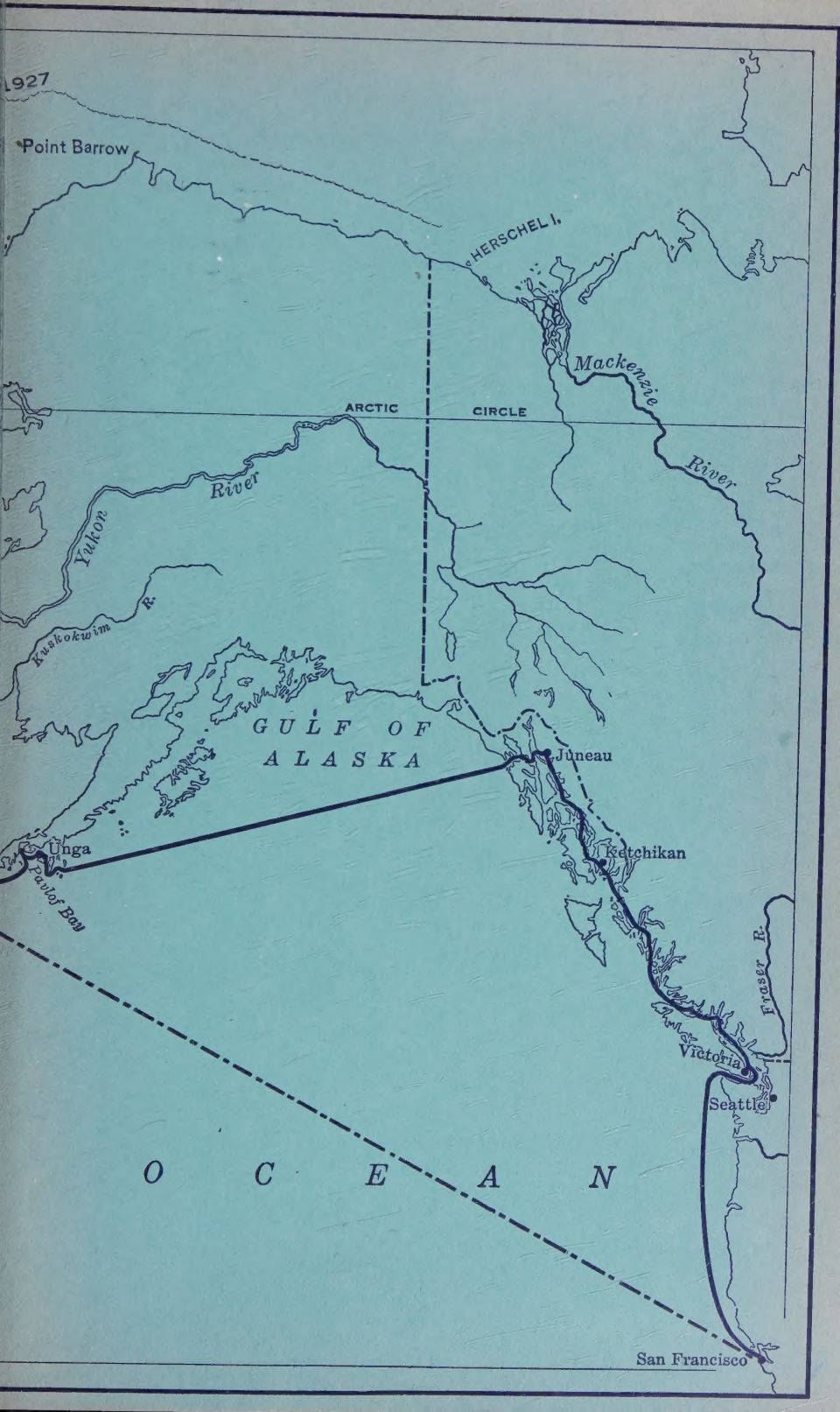
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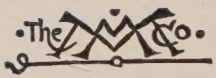
Point Barrow
HERSCHEL I.
Mackenzie River
ARCTIC CIRCLE
Yukon River
Kuskokwim R.
GULF OF ALASKA
Juneau
Unga
Ketchikan
Pavlof Bay
Fraser R.
Victoria
Seattle
O C E A N
San Francisco

THE CRUISE OF THE *NORTHERN LIGHT*



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THE AUTHOR

THE CRUISE OF THE *NORTHERN LIGHT*

EXPLORATIONS AND HUNTING IN THE ALASKAN AND SIBERIAN ARCTIC

BY

MRS. JOHN BORDEN

IN WHICH THE SEA-SCOUTS HAVE A GREAT ADVENTURE

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1928

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Published October, 1928.

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

TO
MY HUSBAND

INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH there is probably no land under the sun that has not been visited by man at some time, the spirit of adventure still calls to those who listen. John Borden had cruised along the coast of Alaska and hunted on its shores in 1913 and again in '16, and ever since had been longing to return. After talking it over with me, and finding someone equally anxious to go, he decided to make of a pleasure cruise something interesting and worth while. Being a Trustee of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, he immediately called on Mr. Stanley Field, president, and Mr. D. C. Davies, director, and laid before them his tentative plans. In this way the Borden Field-Museum 1927 Alaska Arctic Expedition had its birth. We were to go in search of great Alaskan brown bears on the Alaskan Peninsula, and in the Arctic Ocean such sea mammals as polar bears, walrus, and seals. Besides the big-game we were to take land and water birds and also collect flora and fauna from the barren *tundras*. With such a real and exciting objective my husband began the preparations which were to keep him busy the following nine months.

The first thing to do was find a ship: it must be strong enough to withstand the heavy pressure and pounding of Arctic ice, and be comfortable enough for four or five guests and a suitable crew. These requirements could not be found ready made. We concluded that we would have to build our own vessel. Then the question arose as to where it should be built. Since we were pressed for time, and the trip around the Panama Canal in time for an April sailing was impossible, California seemed the logical place.

Acting on the recommendations of a friend, Mr. Harry H. Scott of San Francisco, the work of constructing the craft was given to Lester Stone of W. F. Stone and Son Shipyard, Oakland, California. This was never regretted—a finer or a prompter job could not have been done anywhere. Work was commenced near the end of July, 1926; the boat was launched and christened the *Northern Light* January 20, 1927; and on April 21 we sailed.

Plans for the *Northern Light* were drawn by the firm of Henry C. Grebe, Naval Architects, Chicago, and approved by Crowninshield of Boston. She emerged from the yard a two-masted auxiliary schooner 140 feet long, of 30-foot beam, and 15-foot draft. The wooden hull was 20 inches thick and covered to about a foot above the water line by a sheath of iron-bark. The bow was so constructed to ride up on ice cakes and push them aside. To make her easier to handle there was no bowsprit. She was, in her construction, a combination of the old-time whalers and Gloucester fishermen, made into a beautiful white yacht.

She was driven by twin-screw Fairbanks-Morse Diesel engines, each 120 horse power; there was an attendant Diesel engine to generate electricity under sail and at anchor. A sounding-machine and the winch, which hoisted sails and anchors, were electrically driven. The wireless set was installed by the Radio Corporation of America, and, besides two other compasses, the ship was equipped with a radio compass.

On the mainmast 157 feet from the keel, and a foremast 142, she carried mainsail, foresail, staysail, and jib, also a fisherman's staysail, seven thousand five hundred feet of canvas.

On the forward deck lay the anchor winch and the hatch leading below to the forecastle. Amidships were the wireless room, and hatches leading to the officers' quarters, galley, and engine-room. On the poop-deck rose the main cabin

deck-house with its companionway, the deck-house over the master's cabin, and the wheel-house which was in the stern, just forward of the chart-house.

But the most gallant ship is no better than her crew. With this in mind we visited New Bedford and Fairhaven, from where hundreds of sailors have sprung. And near here,—on board the *Charles W. Morgan* at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, a whaler which has been preserved as a whaling museum, we met Captain George Fred Tilton, a veteran sea captain who shows sightseers over the full-rigged ship. Mr. Borden mentioned to him our plans, and through his immediate interest we heard of William F. Joseph, then a retired whaling captain living in San Francisco, who later shipped with us as Executive Officer, second in command. When my husband called on Joseph a month or so later in San Francisco, he accepted the proposition at once, and proved to be an important member of the expedition. Mr. Borden was master and navigator. It was imperative for him to have an experienced person upon whom he could rely, in case he himself should be taken ill, and, indeed, someone who could relieve him, if and when necessary.

In this modern day of steam, mates, engineers, etc., are easier to find for a sailing-vessel than are sailors. Mr. Borden suddenly struck upon the idea of taking sea-scouts to ship before the mast. As many people do not know what is a sea-scout, I must explain. This organization is part of the Boy Scouts of America; it provides recreation, romance, and proper leadership for boys of the restless ages of between fifteen and twenty years. (Boy Scouts are under fifteen.) These boys are trained on small sailing boats, learning many of the first requirements of seamanship, some on salt water, others on the Great Lakes.

On this suggestion of Captain Borden lies one of the successes of our Expedition: the splendid crew with which we sailed. After talking with Lieutenant Keane, National Sea-

Scout Director, it was decided to call for volunteers among the Chicago boys in that organization. Every member unhesitatingly volunteered. And out of these some two hundred lads, after vigorous physical examinations, eight boys were chosen. Merit, of course, counted. Now that it is all over, everyone of us can honestly say: A finer lot of boys there never were. The experiment proved entirely successful, due to their willingness, coöperation, and their fine individual characters.

The lucky ones were: Johnson Power, Bruno Andrews, Kenneth McClelland, Steven Ram, James Ryan, Jack Holbrook, Ted Purcell, and Otto Carstensen. The youngest was sixteen and the eldest twenty years of age.

Besides Joseph, second in command, the rest of our personnel on sailing from San Francisco included: Harry Olson, first mate; Hans Dahl, second mate; Henry Ericksen, chief engineer; Fred Stephan, second engineer; Ralph W. Hart, radio operator; A. Henderson, chef; Mrs. Henderson, stewardess. At Victoria we lost the Hendersons and engaged William Whatmough, steward, Alfonse Canac, chef, and Pierre Marquette, second cook.

Mr. Borden and I left Chicago early in March and spent six weeks in San Francisco provisioning and equipping the yacht for the long journey. The list of provisions may be found in the Appendix. Their purchase in itself was a task that took careful attention; it was no small matter to provide for so many people on a six months' trip—keeping in view always the possibility of our being caught in the ice and having to remain somewhere in the Arctic wastes during a long Arctic winter.

When the Borden Field Museum Arctic Expedition sailed from Oakland Bay April 21, 1927, the *Northern Light* carried on her forward deck a nest of four Atlantic dories, two sealing boats rigged for whaling, two canoes with outboard motors, an *Old-town* canoe, a twenty-five foot launch with

a rudder which could be lifted into the boat, specially designed by Crowninshield for drawing on to any beach, and sacks containing twelve tons of coal.

From the mainmast floated the New York Yacht Club pennant, flown on two former yachts of my husband: the *Adventuress,* on which he went to Alaska in 1913, the *Kanawha,* a steam yacht which he later loaned to the government and commanded along the English and French coasts during the war. The executive-committee flag of the Sea-Scouts of America waved from the foremast, instead of the owner's private signals.

On going aboard the afternoon before sailing, we thought she was indeed a sturdy little ship as she lay at the dock with her white sides gleaming in the sunlight of a California April day.

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THE CRUISE OF THE *NORTHERN LIGHT*

THE CRUISE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT

CHAPTER I

The *Northern Light* Sets Sail

April 21st, 1927. The new white yacht with tall slender masts restlessly awaited her departure. Above the din of bustle and confusion rose high pitched and excited voices. Groups of people stood on the dock and stared, while others were tangled in last minute embraces.

"She'll never make a whaler, there isn't 'nuff room to store things on deck, but don't make no difference as it's the Captain's hobby. Look at them rails and hatches, and the pilothouse—real teak! Eight tons of brass on her. Too rich for my blood!" mused William F. Joseph to an appreciative audience. He had watched every nail being driven into her hull and decks since the launching just three months before.

The sea-scouts were looking very important in their seagoing uniforms. *Northern Light* stood out conspicuously in large white letters across their strong young chests. Their blistered hands and the long, hard day before, spent in stowing away twelve tons of coal, were entirely forgotten. Four years training on small sailing boats on Lake Michigan they had had, but none of them had ever seen salt water, and they were bubbling over with the hope of adventure and the importance of making good.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Keane, National Sea-Scout Director, and one of our five guests who accompanied us as far as Victoria, stood on deck, looking well pleased with the work

The eight Chicago sea-scouts—Back row left to right—Holbrook, McClelland, Ryan, Andrews. Front row—Carstensen, Ram, Purcell, and Powers.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Keane of the Sea-Scouts.

of his boys. He was equally anxious as they to have this new experiment a success. Nearly every wide-awake boy in the country had read of the trip. Three thousand other sea-scouts were particularly envious of the eight fortunate ones whom John Borden had chosen.

Not the least important member of our party was strutting around between the many people with his curly tail furiously wagging and his large brown eyes begging for more petting. It was Rocket—the ship's mascot, our springer spaniel retriever that came all the way from England to make this Arctic trip. He was thoroughly at home on the boat, after being there three or four days, and already badly spoiled. His curious black and white nose pried into every case that came on board and just before the minute of sailing I discovered the chef rolling precious potatoes along the deck for the dog to catch.

At last Captain Borden ordered "full speed astern," the crew pulled in the ropes, and we cast off the dock in Oakland Bay.

Standing out of San Francisco Bay, we looked out over the great western city with her beautiful skyscrapers and wondered what was to come, before the *Northern Light* should again reach the safeness of this lovely harbor. Frances Ames, who was to go all the way north, stood close beside me. I knew she was dropping a few tears as she waved her last farewells to her mother and father who, nearby in a launch, followed us out to the Golden Gate. My tears had already been shed in Chicago on saying good-by to two small children and a baby. Yet neither of us were either afraid or really sorry to be leaving.

Hundreds of boats lay at their wharves. Each one saluted the trim schooner as she steamed on her maiden voyage toward little known and uncharted waters. These farewell salutes were at the same time thrilling and sad. After all, did we know whether the *Northern Light* would return safely?

Proudly we passed out of the harbor at ten minutes past one on a glorious day with not a cloud in the sky. A tranquil Pacific stretched miles ahead as we looked back toward the green rolling hills of California. Nine months of preparation lay behind us—Alaska and the Arctic lay ahead. We were off on a voyage that covered 11,000 miles in the next five months.

The rest of the day we lay peacefully in steamer chairs, with the exception of my husband who constantly stood watch as master and navigator. There are never two captains on any ship, but we left William Joseph the dignity of his whaling-captain's title, and called him "Captain Joe."

When after an early supper we hastened on deck to see the vanishing land, and joined Captain Joe where he stood by the engine hatches talking to the chief engineer, the former said to me: "After forty years at sea I've never sailed out of San Francisco harbor with such a sober crew on board. They are usually loorid" (what that meant I don't know), "and have to be put in irons. If anybody had told me a year ago that I would be sailing out the Golden Gate I would have killed him!"

"Are there still good crews to be had out of New Bedford, Captain?"

"Oh no—no more—no more. Boys don't take to the sea no more."

A lovable fine old man he was, with his white hair and down-east accent. He was born in Fairhaven, Mass., in 1865.

Later, as night closed in about us, a blue night set with stars, we again climbed the steps of the companionway to see the *Northern Light* stand out to sea. Everything on her decks had been stowed away or fastened down shipshape.—Land was far behind!

April 22, 1927. The next morning I was awakened by the swishing of water over our heads: the poop deck was being washed and scrubbed down. Two sea-scouts were close to our

portholes that opened on deck and I could just hear one say: "Oh—gee—whiz—I hope we won't be back in time for the first day of college!"

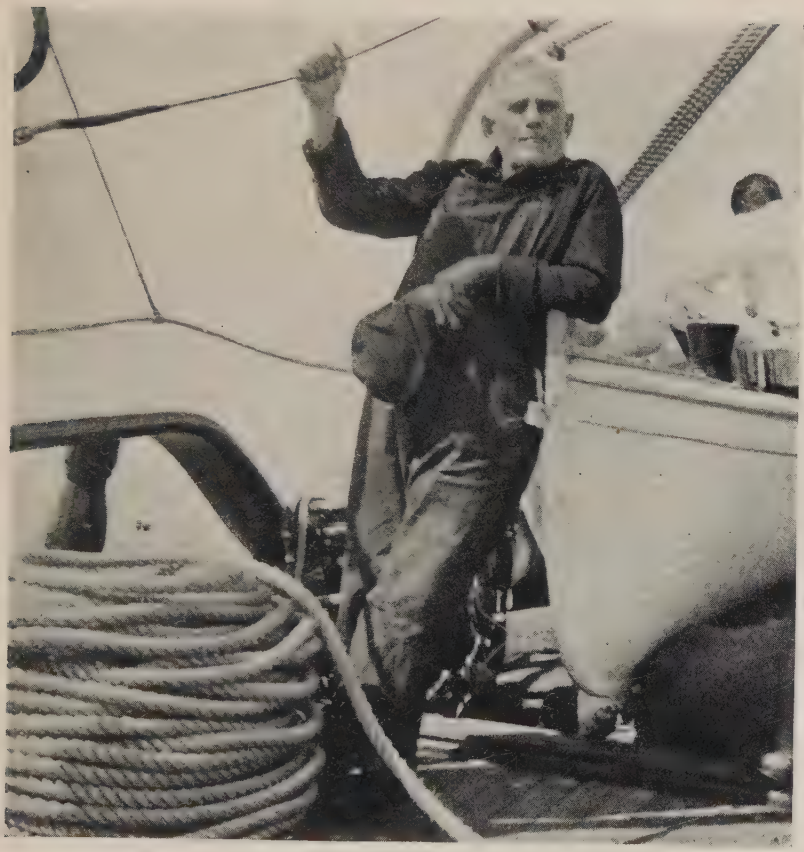
At that minute Captain Joe must have gone by. We heard him reprimand the speaker—"Don't swear—boys, don't swear!"

The first thing we noticed on going above was Hart, the wireless operator, swinging in the bowswain's chair about forty feet above deck, bound for the top of the main mast. A short circuit in the forward radio antennæ had spread, and he was the man to fix it. "Bring me back," he yelled from above, frightened on looking down from such a great height. Steve Ram volunteered to go all the way; Hart was pulled down and his job successfully completed by another.

Lieutenant Keane approached. He began talking of sheets, hawsers, and cables which meant nothing to three of us who were certainly not very *salty,* but soon explained quite tactfully that there are only seven ropes on board a schooner, and that only *landlubbers* speak of going *top-sides.* This last term we had thought was particularly good in the nautical vocabulary.

I decided to get some pictures of the officers and boys. Captain Joe was leaning out over the forward bulwarks, probably watching for whales. He saw me coming and after suffering through two snapshots he turned on me and said: "My Missus says I always have my picture taken in overalls!"—And then, "Say, Mrs. Borden, the captain sure has an elegant crowd of men on board. Magnificent! The boys are as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat." [1]

[1] Lieutenant Keane divided the sea-scouts into two selective watches: the 1st and 2nd mate taking turns in their choices. The port watch was McClelland, Steve, Holbrook, and Andy, under Harry. The starboard watch included Otto, Purcell, Powers, and Ryan with Dahl as mate. In the forecastle two bunks were on the port side and two in the center for the port watch, while on the starboard side were four bunks. In this way, the boys disturbed one another as little as possible. When at anchor, they appointed a mess-man among their number who carried the



Captain Joe—"My Missus says I always have my picture taken in overalls."

Later we went below to visit the officers' quarters, etc.; it was our first opportunity as there had always been crowds of workmen on board until the moment of departure. The yacht was divided into four water-tight compartments: forecastle where the eight sea-scouts slept and ate, officers' cabins, engine-room, and the master's quarters in the stern. The men

meals from the galley, and washed and cleaned the forecastle. As far as I know, the eight of them never quarreled and had a wonderful time during the whole trip.

Henry Eriksen—the chief engineer.

were very comfortable, two in a cabin with their own mess and bathroom, excepting Captain Joe who had a cabin by himself.

Aft, there were three double cabins, a single cabin, and three baths. The main cabin 19′ x 16′ occupied the center of the boat, off which opened three of the sleeping cabins and

steward's pantry. Our cabin in the stern was fairly good sized with two beds, two marble washstands, a sofa, a bookcase, and two dressing tables. On first seeing our closets I thought "how marvelous!" Commencing to unpack three duffle-bags, however, I looked in my closet and found it already bulging with household articles. My husband's closet turned out to be the slop-chest for the entire crew, and was heaped with extra sweaters, rubber boots, mittens, trousers, pipes, slippers, and oilskins.

The yacht had been decorated for practical use as well as comfort. There were no cigarette boxes, ash trays or lamps to be knocked off by a rough sea. Instead of glazed chintz and glaring white enamel wood work, the sofas were covered in a warm coarse material and the wood paneled walls were oiled and waxed. The dining table was a copy of an early American trestle table in the Metropolitan Museum. Instead of an ordinary sideboard we used an old Normandy dough-chest studded with large brass nails which held games of all kinds (incidentally unused throughout the voyage). The rest of the furnishings were nailed to the floor or built in the wall, and included three sofas, four chairs, a radio, an orthophonic victrola, and an Arcola heater.

Appropriate pictures hung on the walls. Pewter electric light fixtures were arranged above the sofas, and a reading-lamp over each bed, which I had imagined would come in very happily should I be seasick. Little did I know that reading was the last thing I would feel like doing!

The day continued fair and everyone on board had plenty of chances to become acquainted. The sun was so hot we burned terribly those first days, but our skins soon became impervious to it. We spent many hours catching Portuguese men-of-war. These small, exquisitely colored creatures dotted the sea, like tiny specks of sparkling ice. Harry lost his hat overboard and when Frances Ames called "Too bad," he answered boastfully: "Oh, I've lost tousands of 'em."

At lunch Lieutenant Keane repeated an amusing conversation he had had with Captain Joe which ended by: "I told Captain I didn't want no cabin aft with the fancy folks —I want to be forward with the men."

Consequently his cabin was in the officers' quarters and comfortably fitted out with all the comforts of home by a "Missus" who had always before accompanied him on every trip. It served him as his castle; he never left the ship from the time we steamed out of Victoria in May until our return to San Francisco.

During the afternoon a sea came up. Humiliatingly I was the first to descend after a proud assertion: "Yes, I'm a good sailor." When the steward announced supper at 5: 30, nothing could raise me from my bed and I found to my secret delight that others were also abstaining from the evening meal. That night we had our first experience of listening to the sea as it washed over the poop-deck above our heads. At seven o'clock the crew set the foresail and staysail and the ship became a little steadier. We headed straight into a nor'wester and only made five knots. My husband came below very late and was encouraging enough to admit that six of the sea-scouts were also ill.

April 23, 1927. By morning, I managed to step into some shoes and go on deck. That was all the dressing necessary: nothing else had been thrown off in a frantic hurry to climb into bed. It was seven o'clock. I was just in time to watch the mainsail being hoisted and hear Dahl, the second mate, yell, "Heave—heave!" A stupendous sight,—four thousand square feet of canvas! Then the boys set the jib. By 7: 30 we were under full sail with no engines. What a glorious sensation! Three sooty albatrosses of the variety who range no farther north than Oregon, called by sailors "Honolulu Pilots," followed us most of the morning. Rocket slunk about on deck, tail between his legs, trying hard to avoid seeing the great expanse of water. Suddenly he decided to

crawl into my lap where he lay shivering, remaining only a few minutes before creeping back into the pilot-house where the ocean was shut from sight. Later he managed to eat something and gradually felt better toward the boat and his strange fate.

At four o'clock we had two thousand fathoms of blue water beneath us and were tacking due west. An hour later the engines were started. The sheets were trimmed. A fog rolled in and covered the decks with mist.

A compromise took place in the galley when the cook asked one of the sailors to throw out the garbage. The boy, having spied a plate heaped with cookies, demanded compensation. Henderson told him he could have a dozen. Otto lifted the can and recoiled, exclaiming, "Nothing doing!"

"How many do you want?"

"Two dozen!"

The sea-scout received eighteen cookies and the garbage was thrown out.

For a short while after supper the engines were turned off so we could try the radio. Salt Lake City was clear, despite our temporary aerial.

We had thought we would be able to indulge in daily fresh-water baths on the trip to Victoria, since the three large tanks held 3,600 gallons. This evening some of us retired early to ("make hay while the sun shines"), and bathe when the ocean was calm. We soon learned that on stormy days, if too much time was given to dressing or undressing, the possibilities of becoming seasick were considerably increased.

April 24, 1927. On our fourth day out, a death-like calm spread mysteriously around us, reminding us of the sinister fate of the ancient mariner. We were thankful for the engines. The headsails were struck while the mainsail and foresail stayed set in anticipation of a wind. That day, too, the water

supply was reported so low that our future use of it was practically limited to drinking.

Captain Joe was always on deck and, with a pipe in his mouth, either leaned against the railing and looked out to sea, or sat for hours at a time in the whaleboat, making it ready for our first encounter with the greatest Leviathan of the ocean. He had finished the backstay for the mast, and as he worked spun yarns salty with the romance of old whaling days. While listening to him we watched the sea-scouts practice climbing the mast. We expected to see them fall any minute.

Captain Joe watched too. "My goodness, it wasn't nothing when I was a boy to fall from the top of the mainmast; we was just given a good dose of salts," he exclaimed.

A sou'easter was expected before morning; the mainsail was furled and all preparations made.

"All set—let her rip," muttered Harry, half to himself, as he passed by in a hurry to explain something to two of the boys struggling with the mainsheet.

Captain Joe announced to my husband and myself as we stood by the pilot-house, "We should be pretty handy toward shore and the lightship by tomorrow night. I never saw such fine sails in my life. Never!"

April 27, 1927. At 2: 30 in the morning, the crew, officers, and men guests were on deck to watch for the Tatoosh Island Light, but because of squalls and pelting rain it was not sighted until 4: 30. By the time we three girls appeared, the yacht was steaming under power into the strait of Juan de Fuca. The state of Washington stretched on one side and Vancouver Island the other. The furled sails were covered with canvas, and the brass gleamed like polished steel. The ship looked neat and trim for her first harbor. Otto explained to Lieutenant Keane that he would far rather be on his hands and knees polishing brass than doing a problem in trigonometry. Two of the boys had cut fingers, one a sprained

The two Mates: Harry and Dahl.

wrist, and another a sore throat. But they were ir excellent spirits and still eager for adventure.

The waters of the Strait were calm and pleasant after seven days on the rolling Pacific. At five o'clock in the afternoon we picked up the Pilot. A short while later the doctor came on board in search of our Bill of Health.

Standing in to Esquimalt Harbor, a few miles out of Victoria, we passed two British coast-guard ships. The men on board doffed their hats as the American flag went by. The colors of the *Northern Light* were dipped, they returned the salute and we forged ahead.

Our landing at the dock was accomplished with some difficulties. Harry threw out two lines which fell in the water,

and on taking soundings pulled up the lead and lost the sinker. He was crestfallen for the rest of the day. (But was cheered a few days later, by occasional glasses of beer.)

We had to wait nearly an hour for the customs officials to come aboard, before leaving the ship. When the men did arrive, they were exceedingly courteous and one couldn't help but compare the extreme politeness of His Majesty's officers with the treatment often given by officers representing Uncle Sam.

At the Empress Hotel in Victoria, Frances Ames and I spent a pleasant week. Captain Borden remained on the yacht to oversee the stowing away of additional supplies.

Our plan for many months had been to set sail from Victoria, May 8th. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Goodspeed and Mr. and Mrs. Rochester B. Slaughter, friends of ours from Chicago, joined us there the day before. At last the time had come. We were ready to start on our long anticipated voyage to Alaska and the Arctic.

CHAPTER II

Through Inland Waters

May 8th. When morning dawned, we went on deck to watch the final preparations before sailing. The sea-scouts were beaming with excitement as they scurried around in last minute preparations. Most of our *bon voyage* gifts only came through the customs in the nick of time; they smiled invitingly at us from the top of one of the deck-houses. Esquimalt Harbor was already a scene of pleasant activity. Small fishing-smacks tugged at their anchors and here and there a launch chug-chugged on the still blue water.

The day was beautiful and clear; the thermometer at 69°. Soft fleecy clouds drifted over our heads as we stood out of the harbor and proceeded through Haro Strait.

The boys and mates were occupied all day in rearranging cases of provisions, and sacks of coal which were piled on the forward deck. The whaleboat and launch were slung on davits to make more room and to have them ready for immediate use. Below deck we were also busy getting settled.

Mr. Slaughter announced later in the day that he thought we had better try some target shooting off the stern with a 22 Winchester, in order to train our eye. We were on deck when we passed through Active Pass, which proved to be an exciting bit of navigation because of the narrow channel between Mayne and Galiano Island. The snow-covered coast range on the mainland that we had been watching was so magnificent that we almost neglected the lovely little wooded hills of Vancouver Island where many Britishers have large ranches, and live surrounded by the charm and comfort of

Yacht *Northern Light* leaves Esquimalt Harbor—Victoria, B.C.

an English Estate. Two large passenger steamers glided by. No other sign of human life greeted us until we passed two small fishing dories on nearing the gold-mining town of Naniamu.

Sublime white peaks enveloped in brilliant sunshine were gradually tinted by reflections of pink and lavender clouds. It was a painting such as even an artist could hardly grasp, although Rockwell Kent has understood the clear beauty of these Northern Waters and made them everlasting.

After the sun set we brought on deck steamer blankets and extra wraps; no one went below until late. A quarter-moon cast a white glittering streak across the black water when we anchored for the night in Duncan Bay, four miles from Seymour Narrows. The sea was shining and soundless. It was a safe harbor to wait until the tide rose. My husband watched the moon disappear below the horizon at four o'clock and the sun rise on a new day, before snatching a few hours' sleep.

May 9th. At nine o'clock the first mate called Captain Borden. The engines were ordered full speed ahead. We experienced chills of nervous excitement on approaching the treacherous Narrows and were immediately surprised to steam calmly past a beacon warning mariners of lurking dangers, into a calm, peaceful, body of water. The *Coast Pilot* states: "Take east channel and keep close to Maud Island as current sets across toward Ripple Rock."

Natives call Seymour Narrows "Yaculta," or wicked spirit. If the tide is flowing, seas race through at fourteen knots and steamers are whirled round and round to be thrown upon rocks in the center of the passage, or upon land on either side. They have also been sucked into the whirlpool: two Canadian cruisers, a British man-of-war, and one of our revenue cutters were tossed against Maud Island and there lost.

Discovery Passage merges at Chatham Point with John-

stone Strait, and continues by Broughton Strait into Queen Charlotte Sound. Ripple Shoal again offered a critical body of water at the opening of Race Passage where last summer a Japanese steamer was lost with all hands. We were fortunate to have a fine clear day, as there is usually heavy fog, and later in the summer thick suffocating smoke from forest fires.

We went below only to eat and sleep. Looking out over the mainland we continued to marvel at wonderful scenery: sparkling streams coursed their way through green scattered forests and rushed in waterfalls to the sea; near them, along shore, tiny Indian huts. Two small fishing craft drifted lazily in and out among the fiords, while flocks of cormorants flew north in perfect formation behind a leader.

Our destination for the second night was Alert Bay. Because of having no pilot with us, Captain Borden made plans to anchor each evening while there was still light. The narrow channels were dangerous and intricate navigating. (Captain Joe could not relieve my husband here, as he had never before cruised in the Inside Passage.) On reaching Alert Bay at nine o'clock, we stared out toward land but saw only twinkling lights among pine trees, a little village settled by Kwakiutl Indians. Although not far from Victoria, it seemed as though we were visiting a foreign country when we gazed in the direction of the straggling lights, and barely distinguished Totem Poles rising out of the oncoming darkness.

May 10th. We were called at five o'clock to see more Totem Poles, ghostly sentinels of an uncivilized past, standing guard over honored dead. According to tales, the Kwakiutl and Tsimpian Indians were difficult tribes to civilize. Even a few years ago a kidnaped white child was found among them.

After passing Fort Rupert, an old Hudson Bay Trading Post, the *Northern Light* steered toward the open waters of

Queen Charlotte Sound. A lighthouse on Hope Island, which guards the entrance, saluted us, and we were surprised to find three small white children playing near the rocky shore. What a dreary place to raise a family! Off this point Vancouver met disaster, but his ship the *Discovery* was later released by the rising tide. Except for a ground swell the Sound was calm, and our only casualty was the temperamental French chef who became too miserable to attempt a chocolate soufflé.

Soon after, we passed Safety Cove, a good anchorage mentioned by Vancouver; who found here in 1798 a fresh water stream teeming with trout and salmon, and not far distant, ducks, geese, and ptarmigan.

Our life on deck proved to be peaceful and delicious. There was so much of interest that the days passed all too quickly. It was quite warm; we needed no more clothing than heavy tweed suits. I took this opportunity to read John Caswell's *Sporting Rifles and Rifle Shooting*, and understood it better than Whelen's *American Rifle*. We jumped rope, played deck tennis, and did some target and clay-pigeon shooting.

May 10th. We reached Namu Harbor in Fitzhugh Sound. Seals and porpoises had been splashing near the bow all day. A warm red setting sun was blazing behind forests and snow-covered mountains, bathing the sky in every hue of the rainbow. On shore we could just see a tiny village with two wooden houses and some small dilapidated huts. Vancouver's description 130 years previous would have fitted these same Indian hovels which were built against the side of a hill, raised above rocks and kelp by stilts, and apparently entered from the rear. Before long a native fisherman came out to us; he spoke no English and looked strongly Japanese.

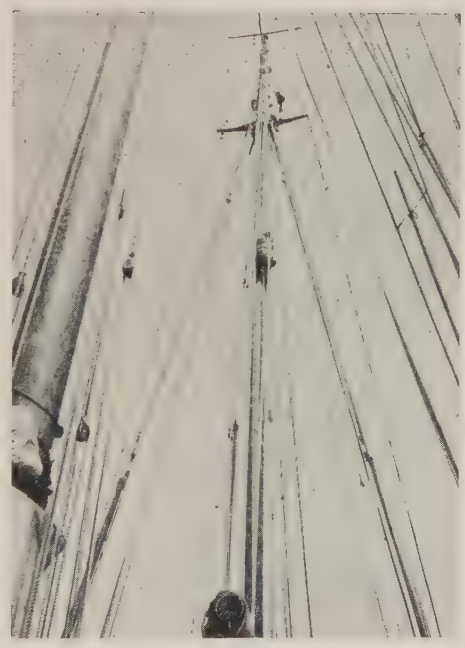
Through Seaforth Channel into Milbank Sound there happened two hours of rough choppy sea with attendant casual-

ties. Because of a freshly painted galley and pantry the chef became ill again, immediately and hastily retired, leaving luncheon to be prepared by the second cook. We were relieved at last to reach Finlayson Channel, which has deep waters, and no rocks. On each side rose high cliffs from where again lovely waterfalls trickled down through dense forests. A never-ending panorama of changing beauty! We cruised by Princess Royal Island where roams the *Ursus Komodea,* a rare white bear named for Mr. Komode of the Victoria Natural History Museum. One live specimen is in the park at Victoria, and a mounted one in Pittsburgh. Mr. Komode had given us permission to hunt the lovely beast, but steep snow-covered cliffs made it impossible.

We steamed past Graham Reach to the opening of Fraser Reach, and into Klekane Inlet, a beautiful fiord with "anchorage reported." The bow quietly nosed into an arm of the sea on the right. Night came on fast with a fine drizzle and fog. Since the inlet had not before been sounded, lead was heaved and the men yelled from the bow: "Thirty fathoms no bottom! Forty fathoms no bottom!" Suddenly the engines were signaled full speed astern. We cruised round a small peninsula into a second opening, hoping for better luck. We all realized the next anchorage was fourteen miles away and it was far too dark to proceed with safety, so we waited breathlessly behind the pilot-house. It was the old saying, "By luck and lead—full steam ahead." We heard "eleven fathoms" and then "three fathoms!" Because of a strong tide from the stern the bow was fast gliding into too shallow water. Signals sounded, the wheel swung to the left, and we soon found eleven fathoms and safe anchorage. One bell or 8:30, and all was well!

After supper we stayed below in the main cabin, reveling in the exquisite peace of gently lapping waves against the sides of the boat. Hart interrupted our quiet thoughts by coming below with the Wall Street financial news. It was

actually annoying to still be in such close touch with the world. The message was radioed from Marion, Massachusetts, and broadcasted by the Chicago Tribune Radio Corporation News Service. The market was strong with United States Steel leading. With a wireless equipment we were fortunately assured of receiving news from the States at any time. Sailing further and further away from three small children, we were comforted by the bare knowledge we could at least hear from them.



Mr. Goodspeed going aloft in bow-swain's chair to take movies.

May 11th. Before pulling up anchor we climbed on deck to take pictures. A deer wandered along the rocks near shore by a fresh-water stream; its unconscious and graceful movements were beautiful. A flock of Arctic tern and hundreds of ducks flew by; we thought the latter were Whistlers, by the sound of their wings, but they had orange heads. Freshly fallen snow on the mountains descended almost to the sea. A few energetic spruce, hemlock, and cedar trees straggled toward the summits, pushing their heads above a pure white blanket. The temperature was 44°.

As we steamed from Wright Sound into Grenville Channel, mountains were lost in clouds and the skies were dripping.

171764

To exercise on deck we wore alligator oilskin coats and trousers, also galoshes or rubber boots. At five o'clock in Cardena Bay, just off the southern point of Kennedy Island in Arthur Passage, fog enveloped us completely. We cast anchor.

May 12th. By 4: 30 in the morning the fog had lifted enough to enable us to proceed, although the air was misty

On deck in Inside Passage. Mrs. Slaughter in foreground.

and dampness penetrated to every part of the ship. By afternoon the wind changed. After leaving Malacca Passage we crossed the border-line between Canada and the United States in Dixon Entrance. Alaska at last!

Schools of porpoise again followed the white ship that glided so peacefully on those calm waters. We had an exciting half hour harpooning one with a swordfish harpoon, but the creature got away. Harry exclaimed: "Sure, porpoise steak is fine, just soak it in vinegar all night!" His experience on whalingboats off the coast of Norway had taught him to

relish any fresh meat. The only other wild life in evidence were gulls and phalaropes, or sea-geese, as the sailors call them, with now and then a bald-headed eagle.

We dropped anchor off Ketchikan, the largest town in Alaska, that afternoon, but because of a heavy rain we made no attempt to land. The straggling buildings were dominated by snow-covered mountains that gave to the town's otherwise drab appearance a rather happy air.

May 13th. We embarked for a day on shore. A fresh clear day with sun shining on snow-clad mountains,—a dazzling, and almost artificial, brilliance. The people we met everywhere were most cordial. (The city generally has five thousand inhabitants, but eight thousand live there in summer.) On the way to the post office we stopped to inquire the prices of some silver fox skins seen in a shop window. They were only medium grade skins and yet they were $500 and $600 apiece! The prices asked for mink and beaver were higher than in New York. The saleswoman explained that her only means of purchasing furs is off the auction table in competition with buyers for Revillon Freres or Marshall Field, so we decided that our only hope was to buy from trappers further north. (We were later disappointed, however, as the trappers had sent all their good furs out of Alaska.) We were nearly knocked down at every street corner by automobiles, and wondered where people toured in the somewhat ramshackle tin conveyances. The road only runs ten miles north and three miles south. The island is a wilderness of spruce and cedar forests.

In town there remained two antiquated Totem Poles, one belonging to Chief Johnson's Clan and the other to the tribe of Kayan. As we stood in front of the former, a genial citizen came along, doffed his blue forest ranger's cap, offered us the information that Chief Johnson was close behind. We turned. An old Indian was walking toward us. "The ladies

from Chicago on Mr. Borden's yacht" soon sounded in our ears and we were introduced to the native by our newly-acquired friend.

The Indian took off his shabby felt hat, and smiling, showed us a row of brown stumps as he invited us into his house on Totem Way just behind his majestic Totem Pole. We followed, bristling with curiosity and excitement. The house consisted of one filthy room and smelled of decomposing fish. Cats were everywhere. In one corner were two brass beds covered with household utensils, and nearby sat two ancient Indian women. One squaw was weaving a wicker basket, the other's hands were idle. They looked at us, and the idle one giggled hysterically like a child. When we asked why she was laughing, she only howled the louder! But we remained long enough in this noisome chamber for Mrs. Goodspeed to buy a small totem of Chief Shakes of Wrangel, Alaska, and I, a model of Chief Johnson's pole, 47 inches high, colored by hand by the chief himself.

The Alaskan Indian is usually lighter in color than our North American Redman. We had many opportunities for pictures of them while they stared curiously at the yacht, but on asking their permission they always answered "No" and turned away.

Every citizen and citizeness came down to the wharf to gaze at the strange white ship. "They'll have their houses on deck by evening," mused Captain Joe, and Harry said, "Der vos only von person in Ketchikan who didn't see the boat, and he vos in the hospital!"

My husband in the meantime was occupied in searching for a second cook to replace Marquette, who had become suddenly ill, being told by a doctor in town that he had cancer. Gus Watson, a halibut fisherman, toothless and tough, was engaged. Every day on our trip he would appear just once for about two minutes to toss out the garbage and ashes, always wearing a very tired felt hat.

May 14th. When the sun rose we left Ketchikan. Going on deck after breakfast, Captain Joe displayed a shaved head and announced, "New style bob!" A minute later the chef appeared on deck in his apron, short tan sweater fitting his fat little figure like a kid glove, and round his head, dangling down the back, fluttered a bath towel—(much in the style of a Red Cross nurse). An absurd picture! The chief and captain had evidently spent the afternoon in port with shears in hand. The chef was least fortunate: Captain Joseph had nipped the unsuspecting Frenchman in two places.

Continuing on a northerly course, Princes of Wales Island with its snow-covered range was barely visible through the mist. In Snow Passage, between Zarembo Island and the northern end of Prince of Wales Island, we enjoyed another taste of precarious navigation due to heavy tide-rips which made it compulsory to pass through at slack tide. At high tide the water courses through in whirlpools, and there lie dangerous rocks on either shore. The boys in the forecastle got the most out of all such thrills.

When evening came we would devour books of early discoveries. The romance connected with brave and far-seeing men of another century followed us as we voyaged fearlessly through waters they so courageously dared to navigate and explore. During our many calm, peaceful days we had fanciful visions of old square-rigged ships heading into unknown channels, Captain James Cook, the valiant explorer, who later lost his life on the Hawaiian Islands, sailed those waters in search of a northeast passage to Hudson Bay. Vancouver and Cook gave England her claim to the region. All of their indomitable spirits remained with us when we learned of the achievements and disappointments, often tragedies, of their long voyages. What hardships and dangers these intrepid explorers faced in order to discover new lands!

The tales in *Jefferys' Voyages,* published in the Middle Eighteenth Century, were unusually alluring. Here we read of

Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator in the service of Russia at the time of Peter the Great's daughter. This courageous individual commanded an expedition, with Lieutenant Chirikof second in command, which sailed in two ships: the *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* from Avatcha Bay, Kamchatka, early in May, 1741, Bering commanding the *St. Peter* and Chirikof the *St. Paul*. The two ill-fated ships were soon separated. It is possible that Chirikof sighted the Alaskan coast at Prince of Wales Island July 15, 1741. Bering fell ill with scurvy, after sighting the Aleutian Islands and Islands St. Lawrence and St. Matthew. His vessel was wrecked shortly after on one of the Komandorski Islands near the Kamchatkan coast, and here he died December 8, 1741. The survivors constructed another boat and made their way back to Kamchatka. Chirikof's crew also suffered from scurvy, and on his return journey two boatloads of his men were massacred by savages. Russia, I believe, based her claim to Northwestern America principally on the voyages of these two men.

There is also mention of Prince of Wales Island in the record of two early Spanish voyages. It was touched at its southern extremity by Juan Perez, who sailed from San Blas, Mexico, in January, 1774; and in 1799, another Spanish expedition under command of Lieutenant Ignacio Aretrega, set out from San Blas and made as its first landfall later that year the west coast of Prince of Wales Island.

These heroic tales added to our voyage a certain glamor.

May 14th, as night was coming on, we dropped anchor in Port Protection, Sumner Strait, on the northwest coast of Prince of Wales Island. Here the mariner finds protection from the elements in an arm of the sea. A strong nor'easter was blowing and we expected snow before morning. The thermometer stood at 40°. Toward dusk, we saw an enormous flock, literally thousands of small birds flying low over the water resting on the kelp and seaweed which drifted along shore. We thought they were Northern Phalaropes, although

it was too dark to see distinctly,—Captain Joe called them whale-birds.

May 15th. The barometer rose during the night. Snow did not fall. So, early, we stood out of Port Protection and steamed round Cape Decision. The few hours of open water were pleasantly calm; we again observed many birds, among them the little marbled murrelets and lovely glaucous-winged gulls.

Chatham Strait soon offered protection from the open sea, with Baranof Island and its snow-crowned peaks emerging out of low-hanging clouds. Sitting peacefully on deck watching the white summits come and go, I read one of the two volumes of the "Harriman Expedition" which visited Alaska in '99, and here learned that Baranof Island, eighty miles long and fifteen miles wide, was named for Alexander Baranof. This gentleman, an explorer and trader whose voyage was made in 1799, later became originator and manager of the Russian American Company, an organization that exercised practically absolute dominion over Alaska from 1799 to 1866.[1]

Eastward we steered from Baranof Island into Frederick Sound, with Admiralty Island on our left. My husband harpooned another porpoise while the entire party stood in the bow, nearly falling over in our eagerness to watch. The rope broke—we still waited to taste porpoise steak! Seals flirted with us all day, fur seals probably from their graceful and sleek appearance.

The day was filled with sunshine and the thermometer about 60°. Before dark the white ship glided into an arm of the sea where a beautiful vista beckoned, and here she soon lay peacefully at anchor in Halleck Harbor, Saginaw Bay. A

[1] "It is the custom of Governor Baranof to make visitors drunk, when they dine with him" . . . Concerning his settlement: "There are about 100 Russians, chiefly convicts from Siberia." (Peter Corney writing to the *London Literary Gazette*, 1821.)

breathless stillness hung over all. Shadows of trees and mountains flickered across a glass-like surface. Snow-covered mountains surrounded us with rugged white beauty, and from that enchanted spot, encircled by spruce-covered forests, we watched Baranof in all its majesty. A round blood-red evening sun gilded the summit and set ablaze the water. Although quite late, the dories and canoes were lowered and armed with shotguns and rifles, we paddled ashore to explore. On nearing land, many ducks flew up. My husband shot a Harlequin—a bird with a most perfect plumage. The Slaughters exploring, saw fresh deer tracks and an old bear track. The others fished and caught nothing but the bottom of the Bay. Then followed a radiant night, hours of complete enchantment when we seemed drugged by a world of beauty.

May 16th. Awake at five o'clock because of the morning sun flooding our cabin, I had time to do a water color sketch of the duck before breakfast. It was necessary to moisten the bill, eyes, and feet in order to bring back temporarily faded flesh colors. Later Miss Ames skinned and prepared it for a Museum specimen.

From Frederick Sound we turned into Stephens Passage, between the mainland of Alaska and Admiralty Island. Vancouver's expedition terminated here, and here his search for a northeast passage was abandoned. As we steered north the mountains became gradually higher and the scenery more wild and beautiful. We cruised by Mt. Sumdum towering 6,700 feet and Sumdum Glacier.

During the afternoon we steamed into Taku Inlet and met our first iceberg, a graceful swan-like structure of transparent blue which passed us on the tide. On nearing the blue-white glacier, which rippled and gleamed in the sun at the head of the fiord, we noticed an Indian village clinging to a high rock cliff, protected by a hill from the winds that sweep down the inlet between walls of ice and snow. Snow-covered peaks rose on three sides. Thirty or forty canoes

were spread out like a fan in front of the sheer ice walls of Taku Glacier and their occupants were busily hauling in nets. When we turned to steer again into Stephens Passage, the jagged mountains were not white but shone with every color of the rainbow; filmy clouds drifted across a colorful sky.

From one of our books we learned more about these Alaskan Indians. They are, apparently, not cared for on large reservations, as Indians are in the States and in Canada, but are entirely dependent upon the sea and land for livelihood. Changing seasons provide seal, salmon, berries, fish, fowl, and deer. They are excellent shots, and in the fall climb the steep ascents that always surround them in Southeastern Alaska, in search of mountain sheep. Their canoes, made of a single piece of timber, are their sole means of transportation, and at the age of four an Indian child is given a paddle and canoe to learn the art of taking care of himself or herself. Today the Thlingits and Hydahs are the two largest tribes; the latter, originally found on Queen Charlotte Island, are now living on Prince of Wales Island. The Thlingits are of a more persevering nature, and have settled along the coasts.

May 17th. When we reached it, this night, Juneau seemed an enchanted city surrounded by myriads of twinkling lights. Douglas, a smaller gold-mining town, winked at us from across the channel. We could see the placer gold mine spread out on a hill above town, and through lighted windows was visible a tiny train of cars on its way to dump ore before returning into the bowels of the earth. Almost immediately after we had dropped the hook, a small boat came alongside and brought mail and cables. A pleasant surprise! We thought no one knew of our arrival, but a clever telephone girl, after watching the *Northern Light* stand into the harbor, awakened the city.

May 18th. While on shore, the entire town inquired con-

cerning our voyage. Our first errand led us to the game commissioner's office to sign hunting licenses. After leaving there, my husband called on Governor Parks, of Alaska,[2] a pleasant and courteous man of about thirty-five years of age. Both he and Mr. Karl Thiele, secretary of the Territory of Alaska

Taku Glacier.

who was in the governor's office at the time, displayed a generous interest in our expedition.

There were up-to-date grocery and meat markets in Juneau where we bought fresh asparagus, lettuce, carrots, cauliflower, and last but not least, both chocolate and vanilla ice-cream, the latter a special luxury on the boat, as we had no ice. The fish market provided us with cut-throat trout and king salmon. There were also many hardware stores, a drug store where we bought an electric waffle-iron and a hair

[2] For Government of Alaska, see appendix.

dryer, and one large department store where we were shown blue and silver fox skins and a fine glacier bear skin.

The Nugget shop was most interesting to tourists. Mrs. Slaughter bought there an exquisite Attu basket woven by a squaw on Attu Island, one of the Aleutian chain. There are,

Juneau.

I believe, only two old women left, at the time of this writing, who will do this fine and beautiful work, so that it is now very rare. Young girls, it is said, will not apply themselves. The baskets ranged in price from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars, depending on the size and fineness of weave.

. . . . . .

May 19th. We saluted the town and stood out of Gastineau Channel early the next morning. Miss Ames trolled for a large king salmon, and hooked at least a fifty pounder but lost it. Harry stood by waiting to take the fish off the hook:

"I wish de fish had let us get a good look at him anyway!" he observed.

Entering Lynn Canal the *Northern Light* turned south toward Icy Strait. My husband was surprised to find this body of water free of ice. Here we first saw the magnificent

Moonlight in Icy Straits.

Fairweather Range: majestic white peaks towered out of the blue water to a height of 15,000 feet. Their serene splendor shimmered in the still air. Enormous glaciers lay in hollows along their precipitous sides which were sheathed in ice and snow, and every now and then a resounding thud met our ears as an iceberg broke away and hurled itself into the sea. What a fairyland this sheer beauty must have seemed to those earliest explorers!

The girls were busy that morning washing clothes. The

brevity of our stay in the two towns had not permitted us the luxury of having any laundry done. The decks were draped with woolen lingerie, bath towels, and hundreds of pairs of woollen socks. It was great fun, despite aching backs. Pressing with a brand new electric iron amused us,

The steward, William Whatmough, shining brass. The mates in background.

and I think we did a good job. For further exercise we shot clay-pigeons.

The air was warm. We beheld rapturously all afternoon the austere loveliness of symmetrical, lofty mountains. The sublime grandeur of these giants that border the sea in an unbroken plateau of dazzling whiteness, is indescribable. After passing Glacier Bay, where Muir and six other glaciers are visible, we headed into Cross Sound. Here we encountered heavy tide-rips. On sailing round Cape Spencer into the open Pacific we saw puffins for the first time, black birds with curious faces and vermilion bills. When the sun set at 8:30, the temperature was 45°.

Just before leaving the beautiful quiet waters we had so reveled in and steaming into the Gulf of Alaska, everyone made hasty preparations for rough weather. Boxes of candy, marshmallows, and all such things were stowed away, jonquils and narcissus given us in Juneau were tossed overboard, and our dressing tables were bared of bottles and pictures. We then sat on deck until 9: 30, thrilling at a colorful northern sunset with its warm afterglow, sipping hot chocolate and devouring Scotch shortbread. The sea-scouts were busy hauling on deck the extra provisions which had been stowed in the after-lazaret. Captain Joe, as usual, paced up and down the foredeck, stopping to glance now and then in the direction of the open ocean. Cape Spencer, a rugged sentinel, jutted far out to sea, a weird silhouette strangely black against an orange sky. On it shone the last light we were to see for some time. With strange reluctance we said good-by to the magical white grandeur of the mountains.

We had wasted no time in taking birds or flowers for the Museum along the Inside Passage for two reasons. First and foremost: we were in a hurry to reach the Alaskan Peninsula and hunt the great Alaskan brown bear (the hunting season was scheduled to close June 20th); second: we knew the birds and animals further north would be of far greater interest.

CHAPTER III

A Tempestuous Gulf

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

May 18th. The white ship stood out of the Inside Passage on the Great Circle Course. The log registered 1,200 miles since leaving Victoria; 1,180 miles lay between us and Unga, the next port of call. The engines were averaging one-half knot better time than they did a month earlier and ran more quietly each day.

When morning came we still gazed upon the glorious vision of Mt. Fairweather. I watched it from my steamer chair, wrapped in five blankets, until the imposing white peak gradually faded into mist. A westerly wind blew off the bow, the boat pitched considerably until all sails were set and we heeled to starboard. Feeling fairly certain of good sea legs I decided to go below and try to eat lunch. Most of us were able to start, but few finished. The chef faithfully prepared broiled salmon and tomato salad which, I believe, my husband enjoyed. Abruptly and unexpectedly most of us fled to our berths where we remained until the following morning. The steward and half the crew were also much under the weather. There were times when we questioned the correct definition of a "yacht"—which Webster says is "Pleasure Craft."

The next four days were uneventful but rough. Captain Borden had a birthday which the chef celebrated by vomiting blood. When he reached this pitch of misery Mr. Goodspeed forced on him a bromide tablet that worked wonders.

Gus, the halibut cook, and the chef.

He had, however, one bit of luck: our appetites were slight. Cottage cheese was the food easiest to slip down and very satisfying. When the stormy days were over, some of us felt like patients recuperating from illness. We did make an amusing picture, though, during this uncomfortable time. The three sofas in the main cabin were constantly occupied. Our cabin being in the stern seemed to be the tippiest place of all—I spent as little time there as possible on bad days. (On mentioning people feeling seasick the reference never includes my husband.) The sail across the Gulf of Alaska provided the only unpleasant days of a long voyage. The sun never shone and a bitter raw wind, constant rain, or

Dahl standing watch in a storm.

heavy fog made it too miserable to stay on deck. The storm and head sea blew us ten miles off our course.

"Land Ho!"

May 23rd. We scrambled on deck to see rolling green islands. Bering named these barren isles Shumagin in memory of one of his men who lies buried on their bleak shores. Their physical aspect differed from any other land we had thus far seen. Castle Rock, the most prominent headland visible, resembled a deserted medieval stronghold. Below its precipitous grey walls the cold blue waves lapped against a forbidding shore. The entire chain of islands were steep conical forms, as arid as the desert hills of Arizona. Gone were the endless forests of the Inside Passage. The Alaskan Peninsula stretched along the horizon to our right, its volcanic pyramids partly covered in snow and rising to a height of about three thousand feet.

The natives of the Shumagin Islands along which we were cruising are Aleutians. They extend no further east, and north only as far as the Pribilofs where they are employed in the fur-seal industry. These people conform outwardly to the Greek Church established one hundred years ago by Russia, and their blood is mixed with that of early Russian settlers and explorers. Some scientists declare they are of Eskimo stock since, although their language is entirely different, their early tools and methods of living were somewhat similar. One conjecture, however, is that this similarity of tools and boats could result from association. The Aleuts are dying off gradually with the advent of civilization. Already they number less than two thousand souls. It is among these people that the most beautiful basketry in the world is done.

At Juneau we had heard stories of the great Aleutian hero, Father Innokenti Veniaminoff, a missionary to Unalaska in 1823, who learned their language and studied with sympa-

thetic understanding their customs. He remained ten years, later becoming priest for the Thlingit Indians over whom he also wielded tremendous influence. His notes, which have been published, give a clear picture of the early life of the natives,—the mighty hunters of their day. His memory remains dear in the hearts of the Aleutians.

Before evening, in front of a salmon cannery we dropped the hook at Squaw Harbor Balmoral Bay, seven miles north of Unga, where we were to meet our guides for hunting bear. The cannery employees literally tumbled out of their houses and down to the wharf when the strange schooner glided into the inviting harbor. We could see four or five tiny houses from the boat but did not go ashore. It was a warm and pleasant sight, after many days of tossing on unfriendly seas, to watch bright lights flare up one by one in the tiny windows. When night descended we still stood on deck soothed by the peace and quiet after nerve-racking hours. A full moon rode in cheery brilliance, and myriads of stars twinkled above the small group of buildings.

May 24th. The following morning the yacht pulled up at the dock, and here we were cordially greeted and taken through the cannery by Mr. Bradford, owner of the Shumagin Packing Company. We called on the Chinese cook and found him preparing "Ricie" in three enormous caldrons, and inspected his chicken coop and hog pen. The Chinaman had set out his own small terraced garden where he grows carrots, turnips, and cabbage.

Two white women, wives of the white superintendent, and of the foreman, lived comfortably in diminutive houses, behind lace curtains. The living-room of one was green, the bedroom a shell pink, and the kitchen blue, with freshly varnished linoleum on the floor. Although there were only six white people in this lonely outpost, they seemed happy and proud. Squaw Harbor turned out to be the suburb of

Captain and Mrs. Borden with Aleutian children on the dock of the cannery at Squaw Harbor.

Unga and the scene of gayety for the handful of whites in both communities.

A short distance from the cannery buildings we visited the native huts. The Aleuts working here had been driven off the peninsula near the village of Katmai by the eruption of Katmai Volcano in 1912, which covered miles of green sloping fields with many feet of hot ashes. These unfortunate people were rescued in their distress by a revenue cutter and taken to Perryville where they have since settled. They do not flourish, however, in their present environment. During last winter many died of influenza and whooping cough. We managed, by asking permission of their husbands, to take pictures of two young women and their new babies, while others stood in their doorways and stared curiously.

After the boat had taken on water, the crew hauled in the ropes and we steamed out of the little bay bound for Unga.

Unga—Shumagin Islands.

The thermometer on board registered only 44°, although it seemed terribly warm on shore. Sparks heard over the wireless that it was 84° in Chicago. Looking out toward land we saw rugged, treeless hills covered in a blanket of reindeer moss. (The only means the people have of obtaining firewood is by picking up driftwood, usually wooden stakes from abandoned cannery docks.) Due to a late season the colors were red and brown. It was indeed a desolate country!

The little town of Unga lay near the water's edge, protected from behind by a high hill. As there was no dock, we landed on the beach with the launch. Judge Driffield met us. The judge is the general factotum of Unga; he runs the post office, sells hunting licenses, and has been appointed United States Commissioner by the Governor.

The town has 250 inhabitants, only seven whites, and had its birth after the discovery of a quartz mine which has since played out. The school teacher and his wife, the United States marshal and his wife, and the Swedish couple who owned the corner store, which sells everything from overalls to milk of magnesia, make up the social life.

We invited the judge to dine with us on board the yacht. His happiness in returning to something like an atmosphere of civilization was not without a touch of pathos. Nevertheless, he spoke enthusiastically of Alaska, and said he was anxious, on the two trips he had taken to Seattle on business, to return. Looking at the victrola he inquired:

"Is that a real orthophonic?"

"Yes."

His eyes sparkled like a surprised child's. "I saw one in Seattle that cost a hundred and fifty dollars!" he observed quietly.

The new records delighted him and he asked particularly for Caruso and Chaliapin, telling us he owns many Caruso records which he lends to Mr. Bradford at Squaw Harbor.

Eight-thirty saw us ashore again to attend a dance given

in honor of the birthdays of two of Pete Larson's children. (Larson was one of our guides.) We went directly to the judge's house and here sat for about an hour when we learned the dance would probably not start until very late. The room in which we waited, playing the Caruso records, reminded us strongly of typical scenes in blood-and-thunder plays of the Great Northwest. Rewards of a thousand and two thousand dollars, with the accompanying pictures of valuable criminals, stared at us from the brown walls—three or four chairs, a large desk littered with papers of every size and description and an old kerosene lamp, a table with a victrola, and a counter behind which the judge can take refuge, furnished the little dark, square room. Off this through an open door we caught a glimpse of his kitchen and bedroom.

Every winter Judge Driffield lives in this God-forgotten town, and sees no ships until the ice moves further north and summer comes. This man left Adelaide. Australia, to join the Alaska Commercial Company in 1900 in search of gold, and now depends on small commissions given him in exchange for his services. There is no doctor, and no priest in Unga; in case of an epidemic in summer, the judge is able to call on a revenue cutter. He officiates at marriages, births, and burials, and must be able to give first aid to the best of his ability. Judge Driffield kept in touch with the outside world by operating his own radio. He later carried on nightly conversation with us until we reached the Arctic Ocean.

Besides the Greek Church and wonderful dance hall with its new maple floor, there stood a schoolhouse. In talking with the storekeeper we were led to believe the Salvation Army could do wonders in this pathetic little village dropped upon a lonely island hundreds of miles from any other human beings excepting the half-dozen people who stay at the Squaw Harbor Cannery during three months in summer.

We called on the two remaining white families, and were nearly overcome by the heat in their houses. The marshal and his wife were on their way to the dance and were planning to stay until four or five in the morning.

Unga is a typical Alaskan town, with the exception of the metropolitan centers like Ketchikan, Juneau, Sitka, Skagway, Nome, Fairbanks, Anchorage, and Seward, which range in population from one to six thousand. Fishing and trapping foxes brings a scanty living to the white and breed inhabitants. Mr. Slaughter, who had hunted on the Alaskan Peninsula twice before, justly exclaimed: "If Alaska goes back as far the next twenty years as she has the last, there won't be anything left."

The only attraction that this part of the country has for tourists is hunting the Alaskan brown bear, the largest carnivorous animal on earth. The climate is atrocious, it rains nearly every day and the soil is unprofitable. Therefore, these great beasts, along with caribou and moose, are a source of revenue to the Territory. Fortunately there is a law prohibiting the sale of bear skins, or trappers and fishermen would take a heavy toll of these animals each year, and the mighty brown bear would soon be extinct.

One cannot hunt without a local guide. Since wages are not regulated and as there are not enough men to go round, each man asks what he thinks he can get. We were dumbfounded when the guides whom the judge had engaged for us, asked $20.00 daily guaranteed for forty days, although only twenty-eight days of the season remained, and the packers asked $10.00. Then, in order to encourage more sportsmen to hunt in Alaska, something must be done about this since it makes the sport far too expensive, and in many cases out of the question.

CHAPTER IV

Hunting the Largest Carnivorous Animal on Earth

May 25th. Pete Larson and Naquita Cliveden of Unga, and Mike Clipper, Albert Olson, and Robert Gould of King Cove, came aboard at six in the morning, accompanied by

Pavlof Volcano and "Pavlof's Brother."

three packers, Edward Larson, Louis Bernsten, and Carl Olsen. They had spent a long night of healthy dissipation and had not gone to bed at all. We were soon under way, bound for Pavlof Volcano. Everyone was busy very early that morning. The tents and entire camp outfit had to be taken out of the lazaret. Superintending the crates of provisions for going ashore was a job that Mrs. Slaughter handled very well. On rounding the Cape, Tolstoi, a great conical mountain, reared itself abruptly out of the blue sea, its 9,000 feet com-

pletely covered by snow and ice. It glittered in the lovely morning sunshine, filling us with glamorous thoughts of the camp which we knew would be near the glorious sight. By its side rose a slightly lower and more perfect mountain, resembling Fujiyama in its grace and slenderness. There is no name for this companion peak, but the guides call it Pavlof's Brother. The snow on both looked as though it had been

Counting camp provisions before going ashore. Left to right—Mrs. Slaughter, Harry, Captain Borden, Miss Ames, Mrs. Goodspeed.

patted into shape by a child's hand. Pavlof blew off his top in 1922, leaving the snow at his base covered with black sand and ashes.

Before supper we anchored off the Alaskan Peninsula in Pavlof Bay. To the disappointment of the guides and packers who had packed up and down the foredeck all day the surf was running too high for the launch to go ashore. We imagined that they regaled the officers and sea-scouts with many tales of the wild country.

The guides came back into the main cabin after supper to discuss prospects for the next day. We were sure they thought the four women were along for decoration, never dreaming we meant business. Inquiring whether any other women had visited that part of the country and hunted bear, Larson replied emphatically: "Yes, a Mrs. Hoover,—she stayed at camp one day and then returned to the boat!"

May 26th. The sea continued choppy but the crew managed to get a load ashore. Some of us fished from the yacht and caught delicious flounders. Captain Joe wandered back and forth; a white canvas bag containing his glasses dangled round his neck; an ancient brown ulster tied round the middle by a rope served as coat. He explained:

"My 'Missus' sent me off with all my oldest clothes and ordered me not to bring them back."

By the second evening camp had been pitched. From deck we watched small tents rise upon an inhospitable looking beach; a low hill protected them from winds that came off the mountains. A lagoon stretched between the camp site and the Pacific shores. It was very cold. A strong wind blew from the southeast.

May 27th. We departed with our kits, guns, and kodaks. The breakers were too high for the launch to land on the beach, so we were paddled ashore in a dory. The remainder of the morning was occupied in stowing away personal belongings, making preparations for a ten days or three weeks stay.

We arrived in camp wearing our heavy Hudson Bay cloth trousers, and rubber boots. An extra forestry cloth shirt, forestry cloth trousers, sweat shirt, pair of high boots, three pairs extra heavy socks, three pairs medium weight socks, and three pairs of soft woolen socks was each person's outfit. Also two pairs of woolen gloves, three sets of heavy woolen underwear, a cotton muffler to wear under the rubber coat, two small towels, one bath towel, and a wash cloth.

Oilskins became our most valuable article of clothing as they were worn every day for four weeks. Besides the small necessaries, we had extra sweaters and heavy coats for wear around camp. The only place for the clothes not on our backs was either under the bed, or under the mattress. There was no room for Elizabeth Arden toilet creams, but we thanked our lucky stars for a cream made to soothe tired feet. Of course, we carried such medicines as aspirin and quinine, also iodine, and mercurochrome, but no one caught cold or needed any medical attention. The grease and oil for our guns were about the most important articles in our kits.

The *Northern Light* soon left us, piloted by Captain Joe this time, and anchored in Canoe Bay about twenty miles distant. The steward had come along voluntarily as camp cook, and had chosen Andrews, a conscientious boy, as helper. They busied themselves with the provisions and in inducing the two new stoves to burn. It rained all day. The wind blew in the wrong direction for hunting. A red fox wandered down to the camp to dig clams for her young, and we discovered many sandpipers no larger than small song birds.

May 28th. Mr. Slaughter, Captain Borden, four guides and three packers started inland to make a second camp in which we were all to take turn. The packers walked about two miles an hour and carried grub, a small cook tent, a four foot tent for the two men, and a larger tent for their two guides, Naquita and Larson. The packers returned to our camp that night.

Naquita confided to Mr. Slaughter, for whom he had acted as guide nineteen years before, a pitiful tragedy he had recently experienced. Accompanied by his wife and little girl he was on his way to a fish trap in a small dory launch. They were caught in a squall. Naquita vividly and heart-rendingly described leaving his little family on shore while he went in search of a native *barabara,* or hut, where food could

be found. By the time he returned the mother and child were dead. He had to bury them where they lay. The point of land on which were their unmarked graves could be seen from our camp.

Unable to hunt because of the wind, those of us who were left at the base camp did some target-shooting and later in the afternoon fished for a small speckled variety of trout. This gave us our first conception of what hunting bear in Alaska would mean. The ravines and flats were covered with winter-green in berry, and a long willowy yellow grass tripped us up when we least expected. There was not a tree to be seen excepting miles and miles of dwarf alders, a few feet in height. Six miles of tundra lay between camp and the base of the two mountains. Black volcanic ash covered the ground. The twin peaks of Pavlof dominated the landscape, relieving it of a terrible drab monotony by their dazzling whiteness and symmetry. Numberless lakes and ponds spread out over the bleak country and birds were abundant. While fishing, we heard six different tunes, and the birds were so friendly and unafraid we could nearly catch them with our hands. One pair of Alaskan longspurs followed at our heels. Since we had walked over the tundra in heavy rubber boots, that night the foot cream was worth its weight in gold.

May 29th. Mr. Goodspeed went out early the second morning with his guide in search of bear. He walked and walked until he fairly dropped,—and saw one caribou. He did see, however, many signs of fresh bear tracks. When he returned at noon after tramping nine hours, he wondered "Why is a Kodiak bear hunter?"

Bear hunting means one must start from camp before dawn in order to be back in the mountains by the time the bears start to stir about in search of food and water. In spring, during the heat of the day, they lie hidden in alders higher in the mountains where the snow still remains in large

patches. Just before evening, in search of a new grass beginning to come out, the animals again seek lower levels. Therefore, if one has not the endurance to remain out on the march from three A. M. until ten or eleven at night, one can also choose on evening hunt, planning to reach the higher spots along the mountainside by about four in the afternoon. Then one starts carefully hunting the territory until darkness descends. Of course there is always the slim chance of seeing game in the middle of the day, but the possibilities are, apparently, much less. In May and early June, before the salmon fill the streams, the large male bears are more often found by themselves near the tops of the mountains. Early in May and June they are to be seen with cows but, as I understand it, seldom with cows and cubs.

One o'clock on the same afternoon saw Olson and myself plodding ahead with a stiff wind blowing into our faces. We wandered up and down river beds, climbed rolling hills, and all the time trudged over soft, spongy hummocks. We talked together at first, but were careful to be as quiet as possible when we arrived in what Olson called "Good country." He described how he once watched a mother bear teach her cubs to cross a stream.—She first showed them. Then waited for her charges to follow. When they still remained she went back and dragged one cub across, returning later for the other. The big bear continued to go back and forth until her small family followed without hesitation. . . . We tramped steadily until seven o'clock, carefully studying the surrounding country through our Moeller six-power glasses,[1] hoping to see a bear moving about among alders or in the snow. The season was obviously late. Olson believed there was a scarcity of bears in that particular country, anyway: the Bering Sea Coast is always green first. An Artic owl with its grayish plumage soared over our heads, bald-headed eagles fluttered

[1] We found the Moeller six-power glasses infinitely better than the Zeiss glasses of the same power.

2nd Engineer, Rocket, Mike, making trips from the yacht to camp.

out from their nests on the rocks, and two herds of caribou scuttled away from us. We watched them for many miles on the treeless flats, the leader turning now and then to make sure we were not following. The animals were light grey in color and very thin; later, in September when the season opened, their coats would have been a lovely soft brown. On our walk back toward camp we watched a red fox jump about in a low marshy place after some mice. From a distance he looked like a scrawny but playful angora cat.

Mrs. Goodspeed brought home, as the result of her day's hunt, a porcupine which was immediately hung in preparation for roasting. (Strange as it may seem, it was very good eating.) We all reached camp by nine o'clock in a pouring rain and sitting down near the stove, were soon refreshed by

a hot supper. We had learned to disregard the weather, and dressed properly to be out all day exposed to it.

Before going to bed we must oil our boots and grease the guns. We were able to warm our tents somewhat by candles, this at least took off some of the dampness. Thank goodness

Pavlof Bay camp showing volcanoes in background.

our sleeping bags were adequate and we had the added comfort of a cot and mattress!

The guides had pitched our tents near a native *barabara* of mud and stones, which at one time served as a Russian bath. We understood the steward and Andy indulged themselves by using it in true native fashion, and enjoyed a fine bath from the steam that rises off of a pile of hot stones. The rest of us managed with a laundry tub in which we stood, using a tin can for shower. A mush-bowl served most conveniently for washing our faces. Bath salts, and a jade bath-tub could never have been as welcome as that bath in camp after miles

of hard walking. Our morning ablutions were wonderful; each person wandered from his sleeping bag to a nearby stream. Conversation never ceased. We became very adept in this primitive method of cleanliness, and almost believed it luxurious. We did our own laundry in two large tubs outside the cook tent, and our guides always managed to be on hand in time to hang out the Rue de la Paix underthings.

June 1st. Four days after he left us, Mr. Slaughter climbed over the hill back of camp early in the morning, and we ran to meet him.

"Did you get a bear?" we shouted.

"Yes—one!" he called. The wind was blowing so hard against him his answer hardly reached us. Close behind him followed Naquita, wearing a very pleased smile.

"Did you?" asked the returning hunter coming nearer to us.

"No—we have hardly seen a bear track."

Naquita went off into the cook tent, looking for something to eat I imagine, and the rest of us sat in the canvas chairs which were grouped on the "Main Street" of camp.

"You know,—Naquita and I had the biggest piece of luck," he continued as he lit his cigarette. "We had been out all day since three in the morning and were on our way back toward camp. It was about five-thirty. We stopped a minute to rest on a high ridge where we had a good view of the country below us. When we were getting up to leave Naquita saw something. I followed the direction he was looking. He thought he could see a large bear asleep out in the open and couldn't believe it possible." (Every reddish brown shrub or even discoloration of the ground looks like a bear from a distance.) "It must have raised its head, or made some attempt to move, or Naquita never would have noticed it. As we both looked the spot did not move. But to make sure we waited. In about two or three minutes the bear raised its head and looked around. Then—we knew!"

"How long did it take you to reach it?"

"About an hour. We had to go round a ridge to keep the bear from getting our wind.—You know,—the marvelous thing to me is that if Naquita hadn't just happened to see the head move we would never in the wide world have known the spot was anything. He has eyes like a hawk!"

"How close did you get?"

"About seventy-five yards."

Mr. Slaughter was a fine shot. He had hunted brown bears before so we did not bother to ask him how many times he pulled the trigger.

"It was just luck," he finished.

"The bear measured about ten feet in length," we were then told, but he had not saved the bones for Museum purposes because one part of the skin was rubbed. This hunt had taken place the day before. Mr. Slaughter returned to us so Mr. Goodspeed could have a chance at the inland camp which was supposedly nearer the large male bears. My husband, he said, had seen no game and had left camp that very day at two in the morning, planning to stay out some eighteen or twenty hours.

After lunch Mr. Goodspeed departed. The streams were so swollen that the guides had a bad time with their clumsy packs, and found it necessary to carry the goods across piece by piece. A fall might have been fatal.

Each time I went out Olson gave me a better idea of the hard life led by fishermen, trappers, and natives of this sparsely settled God-forsaken land. He described it to me with no apparent realization of the hardships he suffers during the winter months; he seemed to take it for granted. There are no horses in that part of Alaska, and barely enough snow in winter to make it pay to keep Eskimo dogs. A man's strength and endurance is his fortune. He told me of tramping for days at a time through snow up to his knees, guiding individuals from one small settlement to another. Last winter

Guides and packers leave for second camp.

he was given an important errand for the United States Commissioner and was lost on the way in a blinding snowstorm. Each trapper stores some provisions in his shack when he leaves it, and the custom of the country is to stop along the road and use another man's food.

"They always leave a note telling who has been there and how much they took; every fella in this country, whether we know him or not, is given a warm welcome and everything he asks for. Everyone on the mainland is honest," said my guide.

Olson told me the first thing he heard on reaching Alaska was that all men died in that country with their boots on. He believed it. He also remarked with great pride that he owned a blanket which had belonged to my husband thirteen years ago and which he (Olson) carried with him on every camping trip. It came off Captain Borden's and Cap-

Mrs. Goodspeed and Mr. Slaughter cleaning their rifles, preparatory for hunting.

tain Louis Lane's whaler the *Great Bear,* which was wrecked on Pinnacle Rock, St. Matthew's Island, in Bering Sea, September, 1916. The ship was abandoned and only enough food and provisions taken off for the crew and party to use until a possible rescue. A fisherman in a dory launch made his way through the fog, and the approaching Bering Sea ice to reclaim a number of blankets, hunting knives, rubber boots, and cases of canned food. He then held a sale and all the trappers for miles around were thereafter equipped with articles from the wrecked vessel.

Olson then informed me that all our guides were constantly on the lookout for two boys from St. Louis who had

started out from Unga some time before us in a small boat. A fisherman had seen a wrecked dory not far from our camp, and we were asked to keep a careful watch for any traces of their possible survival. Two weeks later we sent out the sad message over our wireless that there were no signs of the lost trappers. One boy was engaged to be married.

June 2nd. When the launch arrived from the yacht the next day, the crew brought us two pails of sea gulls' eggs, greyish green in color and very large, gathered from the rocks on their first day ashore. Surprisingly, they were delicious scrambled! We also received a week's wireless news, and the portable victrola. The chef wrote a note to the steward which we all read:

"I caught some cod fish in the tail. Cod fish are sure very dumb. Gus and the rest of the gang want to say 'Hello' and they hope that you have luck with the bears. Since you left the ship I have been busy washing, cleaning, and even painting, not to mention the cooking for the crew. I am glad to be rid of the ladies for a while, but I will be glad to have them back again. I am feeling very good since I haven't had so much work to do.

Your friend Chef.

P.S. I done my washing this morning."

My diary remarks that the sun shone at seven o'clock that evening for the second time since making camp, or nearly a week. The nights were becoming noticeably lighter than those we spent in southeastern Alaska. A weird, uncanny light penetrated through our sleeping tents until after ten o'clock, and the birds seemed to twitter and chirp even through the darkness. By three o'clock day broke over the mountains.

We had the most romantic looking tents; they resembled those used by Bedouins in the Arabian desert. For practical use, however, in a windy and rainy country, they were useless. We bought them at Abercrombie and Fitch and they

were supposed to be the same type as those used by Amundsen. The sides and top leaked at the slightest provocation, and flapped continually. The next time we camp on the Alaskan Peninsula, we shall take only ordinary 8 x 10 duck tents for sleeping. This type can hold a small stove useful to keep off the continual damp. We shall also carry lighter tents which shed water, and can be used for packing inland for a secondary camp. If planning on a fairly long stay at one camp, we will make arrangements to have a portable house erected before we arrive.

Our discomforts in this first camp were chronic. Two mornings I awoke with a foot of water under the cot and rain dripping on my face. We had to watch our rifles constantly to prevent rust.

June 3rd. The dirty weather continued. When my husband returned from his unsuccessful hunting, tired, discouraged, and annoyed, and learned we also had seen no bear, he at once decided to change our hunting country. To add to our dismay, the hunting season was nearly over. Later we discovered that we had never had a fair chance near Pavlof. Another guide with a large party of hunters had already invaded our territory and the game had moved away. Furthermore, the guide responsible for this was in communication with my husband the winter before, and it had been arranged just where each party would hunt.

Captain Borden and Olson immediately set out in a dory to reach the *Northern Light*. It seemed to us a precarious thing to do. We had no way of telling whether they arrived safely and we became unduly alarmed when a sudden storm blew up three hours later. But if they had not gone, we would have waited in camp three more days until the scheduled time should arrive for the crew to come over to us in the launch.

"I see 'er masts—I see 'er masts!" shouted the steward in his best cockney before we were out of bed the next morn-

ing. Scrambling out of our warm sleeping bags we looked out over the glittering waters, and there we discovered the two masts rising above a low-lying island. The lovely yacht was on her way toward us. We immediately felt relieved. But as luck would have it, before anyone could come ashore a severe storm blew up.

That night in camp was hideous. A hurricane was blowing on shore. We never knew from one moment to another whether our wretched tents would hold. Fortunately the cook tent seemed more permanent; most everyone sat up all night huddled by the stove. It was rather a weird sight: black figures and only the light from one candle. While we were holding down tents, the boat was dragging her anchors; all hands were on deck ready to steam out into the open sea if necessary. The windlass broke down when it was most needed we afterwards learned, but by keeping the engines running, the vessel held her own against the storm. She received some protection, however, from a small island less than a mile long.

Heavy black clouds scuttled across dark heavens and rain fell in sheets. Toward dawn we stole back into the sleeping tents and found a foot of water on the floor cloths. The cots were even wet, but we were all so exhausted after sitting in cramped positions, that we would have, in desperation, almost stretched out on the wet ground. We lay down fully dressed—excepting, of course, rubber boots. The rifles were our chief worry; we placed them very carefully across the legs of our cots.

In the morning we were wet and stiff. Despite tender care, rust had started in two rifles. On waking, we immediately looked out and breathed a sigh of relief on again seeing our beloved boat. We were less marooned on a bare untimbered land, remote and isolated from districts of Alaska more frequently traveled. If the *Northern Light* had still been in Canoe Bay where we could not have known for sure that she

was not being blown on the rocks, we would have had an added anxiety. The wireless meant our salvation in case of accident. Without it, and the yacht, our plight would have been bad indeed.

On Sunday, June 5th, after a disappointing week with only one bear bagged, and only two weeks of the hunting season left we broke up our first camp and steamed into Canoe Bay where my husband had enjoyed better luck in 1916. The entrance of this bay is about 150 yards wide, through which the water seethes in a tide-rip and boils in great whirlpools. Its tremendous force could suck a large vessel below the surface. We waited therefore until ebb tide, which was 5:30, to avoid the bore, and then cautiously headed through the narrow passage. The water was still churning in furious whirlpools. No one spoke. Water slushed and roared on both sides. Finally we passed safely out into the bay. Here we were encircled by snow-covered mountains rising above tiers of brownish hills and flats.

"Bear!" rang out from the bow. Hysterical excitement followed—most of us had never even seen an Alaskan brown bear! And there was bruin galloping along the beach, heading away from us as fast as he could. No rifle was handy. I practically fell all the way down the companionway to get any rifle and ammunition available. By the time I again reached deck, the animal was out of range. Despite this new disappointment this one bear raised our depressed spirits. We could now scarcely wait until camp had again been made.

It was decided, after discussing everything at great length, to break the hunting party into two separate parties, in order to give each person, or couple, a broader hunting territory. But it rained so hard the next day there was no attempt made to occupy the new camps.

June 7th. We breakfasted at seven o'clock. One stumbled over bedding rolls, duffle bags, and guns thrown about the main cabin in great confusion. Packing had become easier

since we had learned to take with us only bare essentials.

Everyone was in camp before lunch. More desolate, untimbered land; this time we could not even see the heartening vision of Pavlof Volcano and its more beautiful brother mountain. There were snow spotted mountain ridges on either side of the narrow channel, their bare flanks showing

The author looking over the typical Alaskan Peninsula country for any signs of brown bear. The incessant fog obscures the snow spotted ranges.

a dingy brown. By 2:30, Frances Ames, my husband and myself who were together at one camp, were ready to start hunting.

Mike and I found the seemingly barren *tundra* a veritable bird's nest. We stumbled upon a plover's nest with three small eggs that looked like green olives, hidden in a tuft of moss, but did not rob it even though the eggs would have been a grand delicacy. There were many long-billed dowitchers, resembling snipe, nesting on the marshy hummocks. The ground underfoot was much worse than the country

round Pavlof. Large mounds of spongy earth were separated, one from another, by a ditch too narrow to walk. Therefore, we hopped from mound to mound, sinking in with each step. I felt as though I were a child's jumping jack with a leg being pulled first from the left side, then from the right. The first three hours were the hardest; afterwards one seemed to ac-

"Mike" looking over the ravine and tundra that stretched ahead.

quire almost superhuman strength. If wishes were horses there certainly would have been more horses than we could have ridden. But a horse would have broken its legs on that ground. Mike carried my rifle, my extra sweater and the inevitable oilskins. We noticed trails of land-otter, mink and wolverine, and crossed the fresh track of an eleven foot bear. The animal had wandered along a stream in search of green grass and food.

"Gee whiz," said Mike, "I'd give $50.00 of my own money to have had you here when the big fella came out today! You know, Mrs. Borden, if we fellas return home with no

bear for our sports, the rest of the gang have the laugh on us."

Hungry and exhausted, but saying nothing of our keen disappointment in the new country, Mike and I reached camp very late. On entering the cook tent my husband sat there calmly cleaning his gun. After asking me "what luck" he broke the news that he had killed a bear.

While I sat down to the little table which offered a bowl of steaming hot soup, my husband continued to tell about his hunt to Frances Ames who had been in camp for some time.

"It was quite a hunt!" he was saying. "I almost had a fine big male for the Museum. Olson and I took the canoe, paddled about ten miles up the channel" (this shallow body of salt-water flats wound its way back into the mountains at the head of Canoe Bay), "and then climbed out on to the beach. We wanted to hunt that rather promising looking canyon and valley, you know," he added turning to me. "Well—we had hunted for about four hours when we decided to take it easy a few minutes and have a smoke. Olson never took his eye off the country around us; he had a pair of my glasses, but I had about given up. All of a sudden I heard him say, 'look!' There were two bears, a male and a female, about two miles below us, leisurely strolling toward the beach.—The strangest thing to me was that we had hunted that entire country very carefully on our way up the mountain. We even passed by the alders they came out of."

By this time Mike had wandered into the tent and with his usual grin greeted my husband with

"Fine work, Captain, I'm glad some of us have got a bear!" (He pronounced it Bar.)

"The two of them never stopped walking," he went on, "so Olson decided we had better start after them. We ran as fast as we could, which meant we lost sight of the bears almost immediately as we plunged down into a ravine and

scrambled through alders. Of course we had to figure out just where they would go. When we reached the spot we judged them to be neither animal was anywhere in sight. All of a sudden we saw the female. She was about sixty yards from us and chewing at roots. I didn't want to shoot her if I had any chance of getting the bull as he was a beauty—nice black skin. But she raised her head—saw us and started to run. I was afraid now I would lose both so I shot once. She dropped over on her back into the stream but just as I pulled the trigger her mate went by us like greased lightning, on the other side of the alders from where we stood. I shot at him once but by the time I had aimed at him he was out of range. You should have seen him go," he chuckled.

The speaker stopped, provokingly, to light a cigarette.

"What then?" someone asked.

"Well—Olson went over to the cow and gave her a kick to be sure she was dead. We opened her up and left her there until tomorrow morning when Olson and someone else can pack the skin to camp."

The bear was a good eight feet. Olson thought she was probably on her first honeymoon.

. . . . . .

June 8th. Another black morning greeted us. It seemed incredible. Rain pelted on our tents and a gale blew off the mountains. The season was now nearly gone. Sitting huddled in the cook tent with diaries on our laps, or perhaps sitting and not even thinking, continued to be the extent of our amusement during the second day in our second camp. We dreamed sweet dreams of dry firewood, cots that were pleasantly dry, and tents that did not leak. Also a Montgomery Ward portable house, and all the comforts of home.

The third day, nothing daunted, we pulled on rubber boots and went hunting. The rain beat on our faces. Heavy hip-boots became heavier at every step as we sank into the

swampy earth. Miss Ames and I became exhausted climbing ridges and pushing through alders. Another seven hours steady tramp—not even a sign of Bear! Camp by 8:30,—tired, drenched, and disheartened.

If someone could only invent the proper footgear for hunting in Alaska! I tried rubber boots because there was a stream, or standing water, nearly everywhere, and soon decided they could never be worn again, as their eleven pounds of extra weight nearly finished me. I tried high leather moccasins but they slipped on the wet grass, and we feared sprained ankles. Fortunately Mrs. Slaughter had given me an old pair of Bean packs with rubber feet and leather tops; by keeping them well greased and wearing four pairs of very heavy woolen socks, my feet were at last comfortable. These boots, however, were not entirely waterproof; Mike had to pack me across deep streams. Even our raincoats leaked. We were never dry!

The one pleasure of our afternoon's hunt had been the multitude of birds. Aleutian sandpipers, with their rusty colored necks and black heads, followed us along the gravel beach, and I also saw for the first time the lovely little snow bunting, or snowflake, a white bird with black wings which change to pure white in winter. There were also western, and golden-crowned sparrows, brown thrushes and occasionally an Emperor goose. Magpie's nests of twigs and branches were carefully hidden in alders. We listened to the sweet, musical notes of the Alaskan Longspur. Someone nicknamed this bird "Wee Weary Willy" because of its incessant tune. Many ducks flew out of the ponds, mallards among them. The harlequin flew up from the lagoons in flocks of four or six, and we found nests of the pintail and green-winged teal near our camp.

My husband enjoyed a friendly visit on the part of two caribou; the graceful creatures circled round him and his guide, approaching within twenty yards without any appar-

ent fear. They seemed delighted with the two men and returned again and again to follow them for quite a distance. The country near Canoe Bay must be very seldom hunted, as red foxes also came within a stone's throw of us, and even though catching our scent they did not run. We wished desperately that bears would only feel the same way about us.

June 10. On our fourth day in camp the rain continued to fall in sheets. The tents became unendurable. We decided to abandon our camp once more. Captain Borden and Olson rowed further upstream in search of better hunting country while Miss Ames and I returned to the yacht to await developments. Our two guides pitched their tent on the beach near the boat. This same afternoon we suggested to the second engineer that he take a shotgun and go off with Rocket to try and take some water- and song-birds for the Museum. Rocket was his special pet. The dog preferred him far to anyone else on the boat. I saw them land on shore and the little bird-dog nearly went crazy, strutting beside the man and gun. The two of them returned later with a lovely ptarmigan and many smaller birds. Fred reported the dog's mouth soft, and that he handled even the tiny birds with the tenderest care. One other time Rocket had a chance to retrieve while at Canoe Bay, but he usually got ashore once a day with some members of the crew.

CHAPTER V

"There's A Bear—Gee, Look!"

That night two lonely women sat in the main cabin. How marvelous electric lights, china, comfortable sofas, and the anticipation of climbing into soft beds looked to us in our discouraged frame of mind. A hot fire blazed in the heater, a godsend to us with our damp clothes and damper spirits. Suddenly we saw water pouring down from the ceiling. On hearing our frantic calls the chief came to our rescue and while he was tearing out the wood panels we heard someone in the engine room shout "Fire!" A raging blaze now poured through the pipe leading from the heater through the bulkhead.

"All hands!" cried Captain Joe. Many of the crew had already turned in, but immediately the engine room was filled with men in every stage of undress. Everyone went calmly about their work. The *lux* fire extinguishing system worked wonders.

There we were, hundreds of miles from any other human beings, and the chief added to Frances Ames's and my fright by informing us "a fire at sea is sure mean!" All around us were storm-swept islands. No boat might ever pass. During the night Captain Joe ordered the anchor watch to give constant attention in the engine room. Still another misfortune occurred. A pump was accidentally left open and the bilges filled with water.

Also three water tanks being nearly empty, this gave the crew a real job the next day in procuring drinking water. They towed two dories behind the whaleboat, and after

six trips back and forth from the beach filled one tank with nine hundred gallons. Luckily, there was an abundance of water anywhere in the country.

. . . . . .

June 16th. Miss Ames and I hopefully left the yacht after luncheon. As usual neither of us saw even a bear track. Many beautiful pairs of ptarmigan flew out from under our feet as we plodded through the tangled grass, and fluttered by us, proud of their lovely spring plumage. These birds are a great delicacy but not desirable for eating during the mating season. We found one of their nests and counted thirteen eggs. Mike and I watched two caribou; they played together like small boys and soon becoming tired lay down in the deep grass to rest. During the day we saw other caribou; my guide said they would be as scarce as bear when the hunting season opened.

After Mike had laboriously lifted me across an unusually deep stream, he inquired, "How much do you weigh, a hoondred and tirty pounds?"

"A hundred and fifteen!"

"Oh, no, you weigh more'n dat," he laughed out loud.

Mike resembled a well nourished pouter-pigeon with his round fat stomach. He was continually lamenting that we were not hunting where he had two shacks outfitted with kitchen utensils, grub, and bedding, and where there would, of course, be "plenty bars."

After the hard day we sat down to rest on a high ridge overlooking the Bay. Clear blue water lay below us and above the brown rolling hills rose snow-capped peaks. The mist-laden air was saturated with the fragrance of nature in spring. Far off, a snow slide boomed heavily down a mountainside, carrying rocks and earth with it on its downward rush. The day was warmer than any day since leaving Ketchikan, and the thermometer registered 55°.

"Too bad, Mrs. Borden, you don't see no bears, you give

him good looks too! Well, maybe we run across one some time," sympathized my guide.

The following night Captain Borden and his guide returned from their three day peregrination. They had piled a dory with one small tent weighing eight pounds, their kits with a change of underwear, and a few tins of food. Meals had been scanty: Campbell's tomato soup with a cup of tea, or vegetable soup and tea, morning and night. The last night out at nine o'clock Captain Borden saw one bear, and through the darkness and descending fog, he shot. The bear dropped but almost instantly picked itself up and ran through dense alders into the darkness. The two men searched the countryside the following morning but no tracks could be seen on the spongy earth.

Before retiring about midnight we read the *Daily News* and found it exceedingly dull; murders, holdups, baseball scores, and Aimé McPherson, the one interesting item concerned the *Victoria* of the Alaska Steamship Company. That vessel was caught in the ice some two hundred miles south of Nome as the season was late and the ice not out of Bering Sea.

Four more days passed with no better luck. Each morning we awoke with new hopes. Hunting after all is well worth many disappointments. Twice our guides found a large bear had wandered through their camp during the night, leaving huge sprawling footprints on the beach.

There were one or two warm days when the sun finally came out for part of an afternoon and clouds lifted from the surrounding mountains. The sunshine was as intoxicating as a cocktail. I took advantage of everyone's good humor and asked Captain Joe to call "all hands on deck" for pictures. The chef appeared dressed like a woman—his costume was a flowing garb of cheesecloth and bits of canvas from the ragbag; over his hat fluttered a veil of fish netting. The Frenchman was apparently the ship's joker; he hid

frankfurters in the pockets of the crew and ran off with their clothes. Many times, when the door to the pantry was left open, we could hear peals of hilarious laughter coming from the galley.

"My shelf she is all full of blackberry jam. I shall make good pie for supper and a nice little salad. I shall also have nice fire for you when you come back to boat and I won't let him get too hot or he would burn up boat," he told me after the picture was taken. The steward was laid up with a bad knee. The "halibut-cook" stood close beside him, grinning his ugly, toothless smile. Rocket left the second engineer's side only long enough to suffer having one picture taken when he bolted off, to crawl between Fred's knees where he felt perfectly safe. The sea-scouts insisted on climbing the masts or clinging to the shrouds, hoping to appear "reg'lar sailors." All they missed was the important lock of hair sticking straight out from under the sailor's cap. That, I believe, is considered very *salty*.

Late one night, three days before the season closed, Miss Ames and I were hanging over the rail waiting to greet my husband who was returning in the launch.

"Did you see anything?" we called out over the waves.

"I left it tied to the alders for Frances," was his reply.

We thought he was trying to be funny. Instead—we soon heard that earlier in the afternoon Olson announced he could see a cow and two cubs. It certainly takes a trained eye to pick up brown animals against their brown background. My husband claimed the three creatures looked to him more like a squirrel with a couple of chipmunks—they were so far away. He thought of Miss Ames who had seen no game and inquired what Olson thought the chances were of finding the bears in the morning. The guide figured that if undisturbed they might possibly remain where they were, or at least, not move far off.

June 18th. I believe Frances Ames hardly slept during

the remainder of the night that was left. The launch broke down at the crucial moment and delayed her leaving the yacht until noon—accompanied by Robert and Olson. The Bordens stayed behind and had one day of rest. When we heard the launch return about nine o'clock we scrambled on deck to hear the news. The entire crew were already there to welcome her. Someone yelled "Yes?" and our answer came back "Yes!"

After supper she described the chase. The three bears had apparently traveled considerably during the night, but were still in the same valley. The cubs were seen first. When they peered round from behind an alder patch, the hunters then realized the mother must be close by. It proved to be an exciting hunt! The cubs got away but the large bear was a beauty, the best female we procured for the Museum.

Since the Museum wanted two cubs Mike and I decided the next morning that our "best bet" was to go after those which ran off the day before. Five of us went off together this time. We left the launch and started to climb the hill toward the dead bear, unthinkingly talking all the while. While the two guides and packer skinned the bear and took proper measurements, Miss Ames and I lay on the grass a few yards away, eating our scanty lunch. It was very warm as the sun had come out for a change and we were glad to have nothing to do. By this time the guides had given up much hope of finding the cubs when suddenly Mike whispered "I think I see fresh tracks."

He left us to go back into the alders and search for any more traces of the little creatures. I heard the alders crackle and looking up saw him beckon to me. It did not take long to grab my rifle and follow. We pushed through dense alders that were just behind where we had been resting.

"See—there they are—climbing that mountain," Mike said, grabbing my arm.

We were fairly well concealed as we knelt on the ground

and watched them frolic together. Soon they started ambling down, heading toward a swift mountain stream below. We were on the opposite side of the ravine. The fuzzy brown animals were probably three years old and resembled playful large Chow dogs. Their ears stood out straight and they appeared to enjoy teasing one another. Mike was sure they had watched us from the time we left the launch since they seemed nervous and suspicious of our presence. A gust of wind unmercifully swept through the ravine when they were about six hundred yards away. In a flash they scampered up the mountainside. I could have cried!

We foolishly climbed the high mountain after them; my poor suggestion which Mike unwittingly followed, and I exhausted myself to no avail. The bears were out of sight when we reached the top, and there were at least six long valleys in which they could have hidden. On reaching the high summit we looked out over the channel and saw the launch heading toward the bay where the yacht lay, at anchor. The others had decided to go back. The skies clouded over as we descended. We spent the next six hours standing in a drenching rain with the wind howling in our faces. Mike had carried no oilskins with him because of the promising sky when he left camp. We had not ordered the boat until nine o'clock. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it. I thought of Scull's description in his *Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska.* "We had had all the thrills of hunting the bears without the nuisance of packing them to camp."

The mates on the yacht could not even guess our plight as the sun still shone on the bay while a storm roared through the canyons and up and down the mountains.

. . . . . .

June 20. The last day of the season. I was suddenly awakened by a bright light flickering across my face. In a half-dazed state I looked across the cabin and saw my hus-

band sitting up in bed—staring out through his porthole. The ship's bells chimed once—twice—three times. I glanced at the little clock on my dressing table and saw it was one-thirty.

"You have never seen such a sunrise in your life!" a voice exclaimed.

By this time I was fully awake, and sitting up, looked out of my own porthole. The small round piece of glass framed the most lovely picture I had ever seen. Dark ridges of land were outlined in purple against a rosy heaven. There was not a cloud in the sky. But this was not enough—I must see more.

Throwing on a coat I scuffled up the steps and thrust my head out of the hatch. There before me was a sight for the Gods. The tall masts and rigging were even dipped in magic colors. A deep breath seemed to make me feel deeper such fresh and exquisite beauty. Red-headed Purcell stood anchor-watch—his hair under the watch-cap shone redder than ever in the strange glow. He turned to look at me. We two watched in silence a large red sun spread its new-born rays over sea and sky.

It was two o'clock by the time I returned to bed which was still the warmest place for another few hours. By eight o'clock when we met for breakfast, the glorious morning was bathed in sunshine. Although all three of us were tired and stiff from our previous day's hunts, our spirits on this last day were high. We decided to go off in the launch together about eleven o'clock, pick up our guides, and then go up the channel to the end, where we would separate in three parties.

This we did. When the water became too shallow we stepped out of the launch and started to walk ashore. The engine was still running as we waded through the knee-deep water. Olson was always mindful of the bears and this minute he figured out that the engine would echo back into

the mountains, and perhaps chase a few beasts out of their hiding-places, the alders. He remained behind and looked over every inch of country.

"Look—a great big black fella!—See him? And there's a cow and two cubs not far away," he muttered.

The rest of us stopped to look. It was fully a minute before even Mike and Robert had spotted them. (So, bear-hunting after all takes head work as well as good eyes.)

"You and Mike go after him, Courtney," ordered my husband.

Mike looked very happy at this but on figuring out the wind and lay of the land, it was decided the hunt would be too much for a girl. And as it turned out—the men were right.

By this time it was twelve-thirty. Olson and my husband had three miles of stream to ford before they reached dry land. Frances Ames and Robert turned off in one direction (they had decided to try once more for the two big cubs Mike and I stalked unsuccessfully the day before), and we went off in another. After covering many miles and seeing nothing, Mike opened a package of sandwiches which he carried in the "sack" on his back, and we sat down to rest on the low flats between the sea and the mountains. My guide decided he would give a "good look" toward the mountainside that reared above us. It was a pleasant sensation—being able to get off of tired feet and legs.

"Mrs. Borden, there's a bear.—Gee, look at them!"

I dropped the sandwich to grab my glasses which were on the ground, and in a minute I saw two bears wandering aimlessly along a bare spot high on the mountain. If any one who reads this has ever seen one of these great beasts he will have some idea how I felt. Just seeing one was an achievement in itself. There were two bears up there!

"My God they are not ours yet—but we'll git em," cried

Mike. (Mike and I were a team by this time. Everything was "we.")

We watched for a half-hour as they wandered in and out of alders (they were just visible with the naked eye), stopping every now and then to eat, or dig holes with their paws. We now realized it was a mother bear with a large cub. The cow never permitted her offspring to stroll far away though once it disappeared in some alders and she headed in after it. The two of them slowly and clumsily descended the first ridge. I kept wanting to pinch myself, could it be a dream? We waited without moving until they disappeared from sight.

"We had better climb the ridge on the opposite side. We may lose them for good," observed Mike. "Of course, they might come down here to look for better food and water, but they might not too," he added as he picked up his sack.

After a two hours' climb, we at last found ourselves just about opposite the ridge on which we had last seen the two animals. They were nowhere in sight. Miles of country stretched on all sides, and a wide ravine yawned below. I was already exhausted after tramping probably ten miles. I just could not keep the tears away. Mike began puzzling out in which of the many gulches they could have gone. He then began to move, ordering me to follow which I did, with my rifle in my right hand and with my left pushing alders away from my face. We crawled down the ravine in a sitting position, leaped over a stream and scrambled up the opposite side. Still no signs! Then we ran fast. I was puffing so hard I could scarcely see twenty yards ahead. My legs ached in every muscle from climbing over the inevitable niggerheads. I tripped and fell. Each time this happened, and it occurred rather terribly often, the rifle fell also. Mike never knew how difficult it was for me. He was too intent, thank goodness, on finding the game. We struggled on. . . .

By the time we reached the top of the next ridge I became

suddenly frightened for fear of being attacked by the large bear who would be zealously protecting her young. Mike yelled at me to have shells in the magazine and be sure that the safety was on. "Be ready to shoot any time!" he instructed. Even in the tense excitement of the moment, stories related by guides and trappers floated one after the other through my mind. It must have been somewhat the same experience men are supposed to have just before dying —when their whole life passes by in retrospect.

Olson had warned the girls the first day to never leave camp without a rifle: he was once attacked by a she-bear with cubs. Also, only the night before, he told my husband that four natives were cuffed to death during last year, and another tale that recently happened to a friend of his.— The man and his two sons were traveling unarmed back into the mountains when a large bear suddenly sprang out of the alders, followed by two yearlings. The father had the quick presence of mind to head for a lagoon and duck into the water: there the three terrified people took refuge from the raging beast.

However—I had been told that the great brown bears of Alaska would protect themselves by moving away if given half a chance. . . . Our position was bad. Mike and I were hot in pursuit!

The man ahead of me was still trying to figure out where our prey could have gone. He called back that I should follow closer behind. Mike turned around once to remark that my raincoat made too much noise brushing against the low twigs. By this time it had begun to rain. He helped me take off the noisy article and proceeded to wind it very tightly around his own waist. In this manner we again started ahead.

Finally, after what seemed to be an interminable length of time, Mike looked below him into the bed of a fast running stream, and there he suddenly saw them. I looked

too, they were unconscious of prying eyes. How we both wished for a movie-camera! On hands and knees we climbed along the side of the ridge in order to strike for a position directly opposite. They must not look up and see us. Before long both creatures started up the side of the ravine just opposite, all the time nibbling at roots. But they must have heard the alders crackle under us.—The large bear stopped to turn her head and stare.

"Kneel down—don't be in a hurry!"

Out of breath and with my heart nearly pounding out of my shirt, saying nothing of smarting eyes and a sudden desire to swallow very hard, I managed to kneel. The bears were just visible through a space in the branches.

"You git the cow," whispered Mike. "Git him in just one shot—too."

I tried to hold as steady as possible and raising the Lyman peep-sight until it covered a spot in the back of the animal's neck between the shoulders, squeezed the trigger very gently. Bang. . . . The bear let out a roar such as I have never heard before, and fell headlong into the stream below with a great crashing sound. She had been in a perfect position to break her back with any decent aim. I sank a long—and a lucky putt!

"Gee—that's great! You needn't bother about her any more," I could just hear. "You got to git the little fella for the Museum."

By this time the cub was wild. Strangely enough it made no attempt to crawl down the hill to see what had happened to its unfortunate parent. In a flash it bounded toward the top of the ridge. By the time I threw out the shell and was ready to shoot again it was scampering off—but I shot once—twice—and it was out of sight. . . .

"Oh—Mike I lost him!"

"Never mind—we'll wait here, he's sure to come back to his mother." (I guess he had taken a good look at me and

knew that climbing the hill, which would have seemed a mountain, was quite out of the question.)

The two of us now scrambled down into the ravine toward the dead bear. And she was a beauty with a good dark skin! Bears always seemed to fall in the most inconvenient places—this one was in the stream with the water rushing

Frances Ames with her brown bear.

under her; even with my great assistance Mike could not budge the huge body. We measured her and found her nearly a ten foot bear. I stood nearby while the guide still attempted to move the awkward object to a better position—and enjoyed the most exciting and conflicting emotions. Nothing—absolutely nothing will ever compare to my feelings on realizing I had killed one of those things called "the largest carnivorous animal on earth." A trophy coveted by any, even African, big-game hunters. All I wanted to do was talk about it—over and over again. "I shot it—I shot it—I shot it!" buzzed through my tired brain.

"I think I will walk upstream and look round the other side of that hill," I announced on finally coming down to earth. Mike had started to cut through the stomach and it was not pleasant.

I waded the stream part way, then hopped over to the rocks on the other side and began picking my footing very

Mrs. Borden and her first great brown bear.

cautiously. (A sprained ankle was always an unpleasant possibility.) Mike was now out of sight around a bend in the ravine. Looking ahead the stream stretched straight before me—on both sides rose steep brown cliffs. Along the water's edge were dotted clumps of alders. It was getting dark.

My heart suddenly stopped beating. There was the second bear—not fifty yards away—sitting on its haunches—wounded—bleeding—staring at me. It was a very wise stare—too! (The animal, I found out later, was fully six feet

long and two years old, larger than many full-grown black bears.)

All in one instant's time the brown thing started toward me—whether it was dazed or knew how to protect itself by heading toward the danger, I do not know. Anyway I shot once and only knocked it down with a groan. It continued after me. I shot twice—and hit it in another leg. By this time the poor creature was lame. Three times I shot—and it fell backwards in the stream, letting out again a most terrible noise. (I guess I am no game-hunter because I can hear that groan sometimes even now.)

Well, after seeing the beast could not again start after me, I struggled back to where Mike was still working on the big bear. He saw me coming and dropping his knife, started wading upstream.

"Did you get him Mrs. Borden?"

I nodded.

"You done fine!"

Poor Mike—he had quite a job! Both bears were in the stream. We managed to pull the smaller one out on to the grass where the hair would keep better, since this little male with its fine dark skin was destined for a case in the Field Museum.

It was seven-thirty when we started to retrace our steps. The shower had let up, and left in its wake a lovely warm afterglow. Back of the jagged, irregular mountains, a scarlet sky tinted the cotton-like clouds that floated over our heads. The water in the channel was streaked in reds and purples and the snow which lay in spots on the mountains took on a rather ghost-like air. Nature spread herself for the two tired people who trudged over the inevitable brown *tundra* of this dreary coast. A lone caribou silhouetted itself against the flaming sky as it stood high on a ridge looking out to sea. Mike carried me very gently over three or four deep streams,

and even offered to pack me all the way back to the launch in case I couldn't make it.

"I've packed a sport weighing nearly two hoondred pounds," he boasted. " You don't look so bad," he continued as he looked over a sad-looking object. At first I couldn't make out whether he thought I should look sick, or if this "bad" again referred to my weight.

At last we were near the beach which meant easier walking. We could see the launch ahead and someone walking toward us. It was my husband.

"I heard a barrage—did you get anything?" he asked. . . . "Two!" he laughed.

"How about you?" from Mike and me.

"No—we had a terrible hunt. We climbed to the top of the mountain and scaled a rock-ledge on account of our wind, but when we got there we couldn't see a sign of any bears. Olson and I even rolled rocks down to drive them out but I guess they had walked away while we were still climbing. It took us four hours to get up there. But we could hear you shooting soon afterwards and didn't care any more."

Frances had seen no signs of the other two cubs and was equally exhausted.

The yacht glowed warm and inviting when we climbed the steps of the companionway at quarter before twelve. The steward had a fine supper waiting for us—but we were too tired to eat.

June 21st. Our hunt was over. . . . Early the next morning Mike, Robert, and Olson struck out to measure the bones carefully and pack the bears to the yacht. It was an all-day job. The other camp was broken up; before noon the Slaughters and Goodspeeds who had bravely remained on shore despite the fiendish climate, were with us again. Everyone immediately started talking at the same time. Such fun as we had "hashing" it all over like a crowd of "regular" big-game hunters. The Slaughters had four bears—but we

were stunned with disappointment when the Goodspeeds said they had none. They had neither of them even had a shot. (We learned later that their two men saw a female with two cubs the one morning when they were not out. It was just extremely bad luck.)

As for Mr. Slaughter he seemed to have magic about him. Toward the end of the season, after he had the number he wanted, bears seemed to follow him—he spotted one nearly every day with his keen eyesight and never-tiring energy. We figured up the total number seen in all the parties including those spotted by the crew when they went on shore for water, and believe, possibly excepting duplicates, that we saw twenty large bears and seven cubs. Our licenses permitted us to take three to each person, but we fell far short of this number. The largest male was shot by Mrs. Slaughter; which can be seen in the Museum before very long. The Taxidermist reported to Mr. Borden that it is almost a record specimen.

We now believe that False Pass, Little John, Frosty Peak, Left Hand Valley, and Thin Point (pronounced "tin" by our guides) would all have been better hunting country. We realized this in the early part of our hunt, but it was too late to change since these valleys were already filled with "sports."

We had now to leave our guides at King Cove on the Alaskan Peninsula before we could start off on the third lap of our voyage.

CHAPTER VI

The Pathetic Remnant Of A Strong Race

June 22nd. We weighed anchor at five in the morning and stood out of Canoe Bay into the open Pacific bound for King Cove. A fog partially obscured the volcanic and rugged islands which had frowned upon us for four weeks. Everyone was busy with one thing and another. Mrs. Slaughter and Mrs. Goodspeed arranged their several hundred feet of movie-film,[1] Frances Ames pressed many varieties of wild flowers for the Museum, that were just commencing to blossom before we left. I nearly froze my fingers trying to paint three bird sketches on deck.

A day's sail along the mainland brought us to King Cove, near the opening of Cold Bay. Here a Pacific American Fisheries salmon cannery is strung out along the beach, protected by a range of high snow-covered mountains. A few small shacks comprised the settlement. Barren brown *tundra*, or wasteland, was everywhere.

The guides, of course, thought we were back in civilization; particularly proud were the three men who lived here all year round. Mr. Morgan, manager of the cannery, met us and added his cordial invitation to come ashore, to those of the men who now seemed our best friends in the world. How one does become attached to the person with whom one has worked and struggled—Mike and I were fast friends! And we had made so many promises to send them all pictures, or let them know whether we were planning ever to return.

[1] We carried three Bell and Howell "Eyemo" Standard cameras with no tripod and found them satisfactory. Two are quite essential in case of accident. We noticed we had trouble with many of the cameras while in the Arctic.

On the dock looking over our neat ship and those who stood on board, were five bearded objects—white men they were, who looked as though they had stepped out of the Bible.

"Can you imagine such a thing—They haven't shaved in weeks," exclaimed the unmarried girl of our party on noticing the uncouth and unshaved males. "I bet we will take them off their high horse a bit when they learn girls can kill Kodiak bears and still wear skirts." (They were members of an Expedition who had hunted in the vicinity of False Pass.)

Well—that was that!

We did go ashore, shook hands with everyone, and answered all questions. Robert introduced us to his two happy children and we saw his shack in the center of many small houses near the cannery. I think Mike and Olson were the popular bachelors of the community. The cannery store spared us new potatoes, cabbage, crates of oranges and apples, and even ice cream made from canned milk. We searched for a bite of fresh meat, but the chickens we noticed in a back yard were being saved for a Fourth of July banquet.

The first two cannery boats of the season came in after dinner with six hundred salmon. One boat carried an enormous sea lion on its deck. These enormous mammals destroy seines and fish, and when caught they are brought to the canneries as fresh meat for the Aleuts who attack the great carcass with their knives and effect a roughly equable division on the spot. We discovered Powers and Ryan, with all the enthusiasm of youth, skinning the great ugly beast's head; they had evidently rescued it from the debris and were proudly operating on it with the idea of transporting it triumphantly to Chicago.

June 23rd. The guides packed the bears for shipping, and Miss Ames fished in a nearby stream but with no luck. The

trout were feeding on the codfish and flounder which had been tossed out of the fish boat into the ocean.

After luncheon we visited the Aleutian village. So these pitiable people were descendants of the fierce natives of the storm-tossed islands which reach across Bering Sea nearly to Kamchatka, Siberia, when the early English, American, and Russian traders first encountered this new land! It seemed incredible. We had read tales of great sea-otter [2] hunters, fishermen,—people of untold perseverance and energy. And now—they seemed a tragic remnant. In the first place they appeared to be delicate and, I understand, are very lazy. They were dressed in white man's clothes, both men and women, and if it had not been that they were "Aleutians," the name which always holds a certain fascination, they would have appeared to us nothing more than a drab, forlorn race. As for their mixed blood [3] with that of the men who have domineered them for over a hundred years,—of this they are proud; white blood in their veins more closely allies them to the great world outside. This inter-marriage and lack of marriage still continues. The women believe, in their ignorance, that if a man buys them clothes and tells them he will marry them, everything is all right.

We visited two of the little wooden shacks; that of Susie Kochutin and her husband, and that of Dmitry. Susie carried in her arms a baby which we were permitted to photograph in its swaddling clothes, but we were not permitted to see its face very clearly—Susie's baby had no nose. Her husband's father was an officer in the Alaska Commercial

[2] "Their canoes or bodarkees are made from the skins of the hair-seal," etc. . . . "pulled with great swiftness by a double paddle. The canoes perform voyages of several hundred miles for the purposes of hunting the sea-otter and seal; they also kill black whales." (*Voyages in the Northern Pacific,* written 1821, reprinted.)

[3] "The Russians live very comfortably, marrying the Kodiac and Conaslaska Indians, who are very industrious and make good wives," wrote Peter Corney to the *London Literary Gazette,* 1821.

Father Hotovitzky, with settlement of King Cove in background.

Company (she told us his name), and his native mother gave this half-breed child her own name.

Dmitry was a pathetic little man with a paralyzed face and crippled legs. As he spoke, one side of his face became so distorted one could hardly bear to look at him. Father Hotovitzky, the Russian priest of the district, who acted as our host, spoke in Russian, I thought very lovingly, to the deformed little man. We were formally introduced to him because of the grandeur imparted by a Russian grandfather whose trading schooner wrecked him on St. Paul Island in Bering Sea. The priest respected the poor soul for his white blood.

Dmitry's house consisted of two rooms. The living-room with a bench and stove, and a cupboard hidden behind blue denim curtains; the bedroom where two crude wooden beds

showed. The tiny house was scrupulously neat with its gingham curtains at the two windows, and new pots and pans. Pages from the Cosmopolitan and Saturday Evening Post covered the walls. Well known society women advertising Pond's Extract Cold Cream smiled at us from every corner, and expensive automobiles filled with pretty people, darted

Aleutians at King Cove.

by. Listerine, Fleischmann's yeast, and Palmolive soap with "The skin you love to touch" were equally well represented. Dmitry's wife was working in the cannery at the time we visited the house, but we saw their two adopted daughters who help with the laundry and cleaning.

Before the revolution, Russia guaranteed a life pension to priests who would serve seven years in Alaska, but since the war the priests have been dependent upon donations from the natives, in exchange for services.

The following morning, a southeaster was blowing a gale on shore; we pulled in the ropes and stood out to anchor in the lee of land. Later in the afternoon the wind died down and the barometer rose. We saluted the cannery and our

guides who stood on the dock waving good-by, and with three blasts of the whistle sailed away. Our course lay west and a little south along the Alaskan Peninsula to Unimak Island. At ten o'clock, in a dense fog and after a fairly stormy evening, we dropped anchor in East Anchor Cove, Ikatan Peninsula, on the extreme end of Unimak Island.

June 25th. After breakfast the next morning, we went ashore in search of a good trout stream marked on the chart. We found the lake into which the stream was supposed to flow, but no stream. Nothing daunted, we blew up a small rubber boat like a doughnut and fished in the lake with no success—as usual.

Soft green rolling hills surrounded us, restful and inviting after the niggerheads and alders of Canoe Bay. The grass was a fresh yellow green, and swept like a warm carpet of velvet down to the water's edge. We gathered wild flowers along the trail and found wonderful large purple violets, primroses, lupines, buttercups, and a flower which resembled wild hyacinth. This last mentioned species we could not find in any of the flower books; it was a magenta color with lovely hyacinth petals.

When the barometer did not change for the better, we decided to remain. Many flocks of birds fluttered across the bay toward a rookery called Bird Island, but only a few flew near the boat. We visited the fish trap near shore in the cove in which we were anchored. Here we found two lonely fishermen living in a crude wooden shack fastened to planks laid across piles over the fish nets. They gave us fresh salmon in exchange for tobacco and a few other things. Each fish averaged thirty pounds.

When least expected two whales spouted perilously near. This was too much for my adventure-loving husband. He ordered the whaleboat lowered at once. Mr. Goodspeed, Captain Joe, and two of the boys climbed in with him and off they pushed. The sail was set. The little boat sped toward

the enormous creatures who flicked their tails furiously about. I watched them, hardly breathing, and with a queer sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Once before John Borden went whaling—and that time the mate upset the boat. The men lived to tell the tale—why I do not know. When the little craft got to within twenty feet of the whales, nothing more was seen. They had sounded. Captain Joe later admitted the huge mammals were "killers." It was a lucky thing for all of us that the whales attended to the chase in the way they did. And all about the yacht that afternoon played an inquisitive company of sea-lions whose dives and plunges brought them constantly closer to our hull.

The fishermen came aboard, after shaving and putting on their best clothes, both their jolly Norwegian faces covered with broad grins. Captain Borden showed them over the boat and they ate a heaping plateful of fresh cookies. The evening was a great treat for these two men who live in a shack consisting of one room 8 x 10, miles from another human being. They casually mentioned that during a storm the waves dash over their house. When this happens they row ashore to sleep on the ground. Before saying "good-night" the fishermen asked if we could give them a book to read, and a few magazines. Among others we gave them *Well's Outline of History* which we thought might keep them busy. Our library was extremely one-sided, consisting principally of sea stories, and adventures in Alaska, tame stuff to them.

The cannery boat came in later and took from the nets 10,000 salmon. This large number of fish entered the nets that day. We had trolled on all sides of it from the launch and could not even raise a strike.

June 26th. The barometer rose slowly during the night and the wind changed, which augured a better passage toward Unalaska. The anchors were hoisted and full steam ahead ordered at 8:30. As we were about to leave the little

Some of the ten thousand salmon that came into the nets in one day at East Anchor Cove—Ikatan Peninsula.

bay, the fishermen rowed toward us in their large dory to wish us Bon Voyage.

On rounding the rock cliff at the entrance of East Anchor Cove, we had our first glimpse of Mt. Shisaldin which rises from the water 9,400 feet, the perfectly formed peak covered by snow. Close to this lovely mountain was Ragged Jack, a broken up volcanic formation which sets off by comparison the sublime symmetry of Shisaldin. We soon passed the Sanak Island group where there still exist a few sea-otters. Here, we are told, wild orgies take place among the forty native inhabitants; liquor is freely distilled; and no law of God or man prevails. At King Cove I took a snapshot of two of its citizens. She was a full blooded Aleut, and he a white man, her second husband. A year ago her first husband, and this second one, engaged in a drunken brawl. The latest suitor murdered his rival, and after serving nine months in jail, returned and married the lady in question. They were a self-conscious pair.

That day we welcomed sunshine after many rainy days. Sailing along the coast of the Aleutian Isles we knew some nervous moments, on realizing the many dangers lying in wait, along those treacherous rock-shores, for a ship in a storm. West Anchor Cove and Dora Harbor are the last two harbors on the coast of Unimak Island. In fact the shore of East Anchor Cove, where we had rested so pleasantly, was still strewn from the wreckage of two fishing schooners blown ashore during a southeaster two years before. The fishermen informed us both captains had been warned by men guarding the fish traps, but paid no attention. They were gambling together and probably drunk. In the case of a southeaster a vessel should pull into West Anchor Cove with little delay, but these two captains never lived to regret their folly. By morning, the anchors had been dragged, one ship was broken in two with all hands on board lost, while the other was sink-

ing. The men on shore managed to rescue most of the crew of the second boat.

Soon we struck the lazy Pacific swell. The sun disappeared behind black, fast-moving clouds, and the velvet sloping hills and pink rock took on a cold grey appearance that was gloomy and forbidding. The early morning hours, however, offered the most indescribably beautiful scenery we had seen so far. John Burroughs, in the Harriman expedition books, described very well the rugged beauty and color of these wonderful islands. The thermometer in the chart-house rose to 55°. (The climate evidently is very mild.)

We steamed across Unimak Bay in the north Pacific Ocean as evening descended upon the three snowy peaks, Shisaldin, Ragged Jack, and Round Top. Their summits were obscured by clouds which suddenly lifted and revealed their majestic heads blazing with gold. Unimak Pass is ten miles wide at its narrowest point and is used extensively by ships bound for Nome and the Arctic. Eleven years before, the *Adventuress* on which my husband sailed, pushed whales aside from every direction as they crossed this narrow body of water. We watched carefully and saw no signs.

"I guess the newfangled whalers and bomb-guns have about finished them," Captain Joe remarked when he saw we were gazing out over the cold grey waters.

Unimak Pass is guarded by an honest-to-goodness lighthouse such as one finds on the Atlantic coast. Four white buildings with bright red roofs cluster near the light, seeming quite a village to us after six weeks on the Alaskan Peninsula where Unga with its six white inhabitants loomed very large. Beyond this first lighthouse, and on the northwestern tip of Unimak Island, is a second light which warns mariners of incessant fogs hovering over the Aleutians and the Pribilofs. After leaving the Pass we entered Bering Sea, that treacherous, fog-ridden, rock-bound sea, the dread of Ancient Mariners.

CHAPTER VII

Islands in Bering Sea

June 27th. Bering Sea tantalized us. Perhaps because we were happy to be rid of the Pacific—perhaps because it is most certainly tricky navigating. We had turned a corner in our long voyage and were now heading up, up, towards the top of all maps, the Arctic Ocean. Each mile we sailed further north, we began to feel, was striking off a rung in the high ladder we hoped to climb. The waters we had just left are plyed by occasional cannery-boats and, once a month, a mail-boat; the waters that lay ahead are in these days seldom sailed. This particular summer even the coast-guard cutter *Bear* would not be anywhere near to give assistance; she had been declared obsolete and her successor would not leave San Francisco until too late to be of any use. This (secretly) caused some anxiety, and at the same time offered a bit of glamor; we were to be the first ship north of Nome.

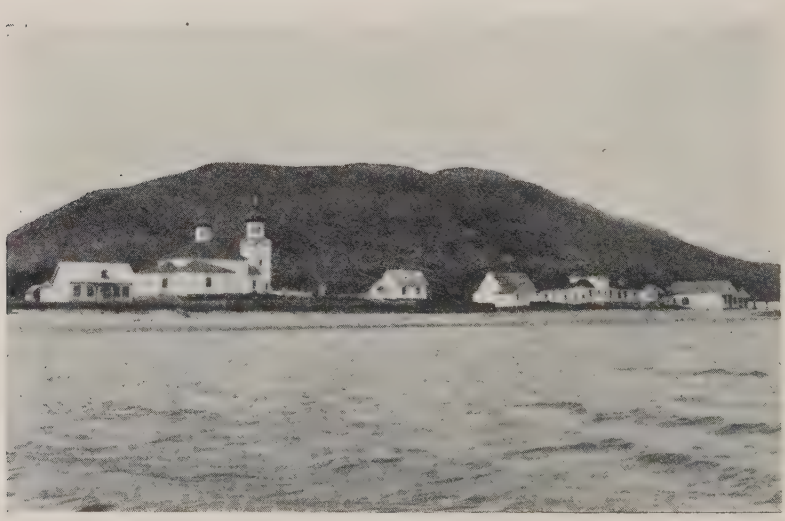
Going on deck at ten o'clock we peered out over dark rolling waves. The night was filled with a queer grey light. Above the white ship rode a heaven with no moon or stars. The pale masts swayed back and forth on a gentle swell, and the noise of a flapping jib was the only sound to disturb the peace. Ahead stretched a threatening fog-bank.

"Sunshine and roses north of St. Lawrence Island, Captain," put in Captain Joe who had again come aft to talk with my husband. When we looked doubtful he smiled, "Honest to goodness—you wait and see!"

With these cheering thoughts we went below to get a good night's sleep, planning to be on hand early in the morning

when we were due to reach Unalaska Bay. Most of us were fairly exhausted from the bear-hunt, much more so than we dared before admit.

June 28. The signals sounded. It was four-thirty. Hurriedly going above I stole out and saw fog. But through the haze a sleepy white village nestling on a soft green carpet,



The village of "Iliuliuk"—Unalaska.

was just visible. The mountains behind were hidden. It was here that Captain Cook visited the natives in 1778 and received such a warm welcome. The little Russian settlement *Iliuliuk,* meaning "the beach that curves," became more distinct while I watched—red roofs, bulbous-shaped towers on a Russian Church, white fences, and even cows were soon distinguishable. And what an enchanting harbor completely enclosed by rich green hills!—The *Northern Light* cast anchor.

Our first thought on going ashore was fresh food. So we hastened to the store and found nearly everything cleaned out by a German round-the-world cruiser which had called in the week before. We were successful, though, in finding roast-

ing chickens, milk, cream, and butter. The prices for commodities in this far-away port were a bit staggering! We had to pay $500.00 for a small steer.

Captain Joe stepped off the boat and stood on the dock, an unusual occurrence, while he watched the boys haul on

Some of our party standing in front of the Russian Church at Unalaska.

more coal and provisions. When we returned for lunch he approached with a broad grin.

"Say, I just heard a good one!" he said. "See that man who stands over there near that fishing-boat? Well, he came here about forty years ago with no money. A big native chief from one of the other islands came in with his skin-boat, met the fellow and told him he knew where there was more gold than you could shake a stick at. Well—the two made an agreement. The trader was to marry the chief's daughter in exchange for being shown where the gold was. The poor white man married the daughter, sailed over to the other

The *Northern Light* anchored off Unalaska.

island and after digging, found there was no gold. Ha! Ha! Wasn't he a fool?—He still has the daughter!"

We returned to the village after lunch and called on two or three of the white women. Unalaska has a population of some two hundred and fifty; this includes a handful of white people who have apparently made their own life pleasant and comfortable. The younger colonists were playing tennis on a concrete court most of the time we were there.

Our first night in port Captain Cochran, Commander of the Bering Sea Patrol, and Mr. Strauss, head of the Alaska Commercial Company, dined on board the yacht. Our cabins had become a bower of wild flowers, lovely yellow anemones, periwinkle-blue lupines, winterberry in bloom, and long-stemmed purple violets gathered during the afternoon. They were a solid mass of waving color along the hills back of the town. Captain Cochran commanded the *Bear* for twenty years on its patrol of the Alaskan Arctic, and retired from sea duty only with the retirement of his vessel. When we asked him what he thought our chances were for getting any Polar bears, his answer was:

"I only saw three in all the summers we cruised along the coast of Alaska to Pt. Barrow."

Mr. Strauss amused us with tales of the natives. A few years ago he asked one of the men concerning his wife and the answer was, "Drunk or sober, mamma's always a lady."

June 29th. The revenue cutter *Haida* which patrols Bering Sea as far north as the Pribilofs, stood in the harbor the second afternoon, adding greatly to the excitement in Unalaska. The two crews became friendly; the eight sea-scouts were immediately challenged to a game of baseball. Our boys were better sailors than baseball-players; they lost with the score thirteen to six. We regained our laurels however by a wrestling match which Holbrook won with high honors.

June 30th. At Dutch Harbor, two miles distant, we took on diesel-oil and water before proceeding on our way North.

Standing out of Unalaska Bay at sunset we passed Little and Big Priest Rocks; those two strange formations are welcome sentinels to the mariner after his sail through the fogs of Bering Sea. The thermometer stood at 48°. Orange and vermilion rays spread over Bering Sea as we steamed by Cape Cheerful, another landmark to the entrance of the bay. Here

The village of Unalaska—Captain Borden, Miss Ames, and Mrs. Goodspeed at extreme right.

a lovely bridal-veil falls rushes over a precipitous ledge in five tiers of filmy gauze; the sparkle of this white stream as it plunges into the sea can usually be picked up in a fog.

That night we revelled in calm sea, indigo blue water, and cloudless sky. I went on deck after everyone in the aft cabins had gone to bed and fairly gasped with the beauty that enveloped the lonely vessel as she forged quietly ahead. She was under full steam. The sails were furled. Above the rigging sparkled myriads of twinkling stars. A magic spell of fairyland was cast over everything. The great sea billowed around

the sturdy little ship. There was that mysterious elation which comes only in the face of sublime and stupendous solitudes.

. . . . . .

In Bering Sea, forty-five miles almost due west from Cape Cheerful, lies the island of Bogoslof Volcano. On October 29,

Sparks and the Chief at Unalaska.

1779, Captain Cook sighted a single pinnacle, probably a remnant of an earlier eruption, where this volcano now rises. He called it Ship Rock. In 1796 a new volcano suddenly appeared. Thunder, lightning, and black clouds of sulphur were reported by the natives of the Aleutian Islands to be issuing from a spot in the ocean where they were accustomed to hunt sea-lions for their food. For many years they dared

not approach the seething mass of unsettled waters. Veniaminoff, a Russian, made several reports from observations made by natives in the year 1820. After many years had passed, a new eruption took place. Thus, new Bogoslof appeared in 1835. The first peak, by this time called Castle Rock, guards the south end of the island, and Gwewinck, the new peak,

Cape Cheerful.

rises in the north. The island that connects these two rock formations is a spit over two miles long.

We neared the volcano at 4:30 in the morning of July 1st. Unfortunately a strong wind blew from the east, and the breakers dashing on the shore prevented our landing a small boat on the spit. Sulphurous clouds drifted around us. We could barely distinguish a new eruption which had arisen in the middle of the lagoon and was protected from the sea by the spit. Just west of Gwewinck we found hard bottom at ten fathoms, and again Captain Borden attempted to land in the lee of the rock, but had to give it up. Thousands upon thousands of birds flew off the rock on hearing our engines, and many thousands still remained in the dark niches. The air was filled with their hoarse cries; the sky around us was black

with their numbers. Strange as it may seem, we saw only Pallas murres and large glaucous gulls, although auks and puffins have been recorded there. At that anchorage the wind blew sulphur in our faces, preventing a view of Castle Rock, so we pulled up anchor and steamed slowly around the south end to get clear of the fumes. When the sulphur blew away

Sunset off Cape Cheerful, Bering Sea.

we saw the new island. A thrilling moment! We were the first ship to approach the volcano this summer and, accordingly, the first party to see the new eruption. Captain Cochran had told us that natives reported to him hearing an eruption during the past winter. Only the summer before, a yacht was anchored in the very lagoon where the new island had since blown up. As we watched, the new eruption emitted dense volumes of smoke and sulphur, and we judged from pictures we had, that it resembled in shape the McCullough Peak which rose and disappeared in 1907.

Hundreds of enormous sea-lions lay on the spit near Castle Rock, and a few stragglers came toward the yacht. They raised their huge heads out of the water and blew at us. A deafening roar was heard from the beach. The beasts stampeded in our direction.

Unable to land we reluctantly sailed away from Bogoslof and headed toward the islands of St. Paul and St. George. A light fog hung over Bering Sea the rest of the day and prevented our navigator locating the ship's accurate position; he, therefore, verified it with that of St. Paul Island by that invaluable modern invention, the radio compass.

Presently we were enveloped in a heavy fog. It was frightening, and at the same time rather awe-inspiring to watch us forge ahead, seeing nothing on either side. We would soon be where the *Great Bear* was shipwrecked. There were reefs ahead which are still not adequately recorded. Captain Borden was on the bridge all night, while we actually steered by "luck and lead." The electric sounding-machine disturbed us many times during the early morning hours. The engines were stopped while the mate in the stern and a sailor in the bow cast the lead. In fact, the fog became so thick that it was decided to turn about and proceed slowly in the direction from which we came. Bearings showed our position to be within a few miles of St. George Island—too close to be safe.

July 2nd. My husband went below at 8:30 in the morning, leaving an order with the mate to call him when the fog lifted. Within an hour the fog did lift, and he found to his own satisfaction that we were near the position he had figured out. Soon we were again on our course toward St. Paul Island, by now thirty-five miles further north. Off the point of St. George Island a heavy tide-rip sucks and swirls. Since it looks disconcertingly like a reef, the United States Coast Pilot states: "Tide-rip commonly supposed to be rocks by strangers."

The sun decided to come out which relieved everyone of a

certain tension. A delicious warm day followed with the thermometer at 56° and the deck was again a pleasant spot to spend a lazy afternoon. Fur-seals played about the ship, and Pallas murres passed us by the hundreds. They often flew straight toward us, sometimes soaring through the rigging.—And then again, as though afraid, other flocks would flash to one side and fly off, escaping from the masts just in time. These birds are similar to the California murres excepting for a much thicker bill. A few puffins turned their funny faces toward us and raising their wings flopped lamely across the waves as though wounded. One large Pacific fulmar with mottled dusky wings fluttered around the boat for hours at a time. Small auklets called "Diomede quail" bobbed above the water; (these must be the same birds Captain Cochran spoke of as being good eating).

Land was fortunately sighted before such a thick fog descended that we could see nothing ahead, and following the fog came a penetrating dampness. Without attempting to locate the Bay, the lead was heaved at once and fifteen fathoms found. Soon the fog was so impenetrable that we could scarcely see one another on deck, though the dashing of breakers upon the beach and the cries of thousands of birds told us we were near land.

The Pribilofs are tiny islands dropped in Bering Sea two hundred and fifty miles west of Unalaska and one hundred and ninety miles northwest of Bogoslof Volcano. They consist of St. Paul, St. George, Walrus, and Sea-otter Islands, and were discovered in 1786 by a Russian named Pribilof. His father sailed on the *St. Peter* with Vitus Bering, while young Pribilof was first mate on the sloop *St. George* at the time he discovered the Seal Islands. For many years previous, the Russians had heard the barking and cries of the fur-seals from the two islands St. Paul and St. George, but because of dense fog the islands from which the sounds came were never discovered. Walrus and Sea-otter Islands are still uninhab-

ited, the former being a government rookery for sea-birds, the latter, now deserted, was at one time the sea-otter's breeding grounds. The government, we were told, recently ordered a revenue cutter to transport sea-otters from the Shumagin Islands to Sea-otter Island, in the hope of raising a herd. The animal, however, is almost extinct.

Ordinarily ships cannot call at the Pribilof Islands, but we had been given a special permit for going ashore to visit the seal rookeries, by the Bureau of Fisheries, Department of Commerce. Naturally everyone on board was keen to visit the famous breeding grounds of the fur-seal. While waiting for the fog to lift, we read Kipling's *Rhyme of the Three Sealers*, the story of poachers who in days gone by waited for the annual arrival of seals at their mating grounds:

> "Half-steam ahead by guess and lead,
> For the sun is mostly veiled—through fog to fog, by luck and log,
> Sail you as Bering sailed."

The captain of our ship had only slept one hour in forty-eight. He turned in after five o'clock supper, leaving orders in case a wind should come up, to pull up anchor at once and steam out into Bering Sea. This would prevent any risk of being blow on to the beach.

The fogs in Bering Sea and the Arctic are, it seems, on the average very low above the water-line, even in summer. It happened that a year or so ago one of the cutters sailed round St. Paul's Island for nearly twelve hours through a fog—without seeing land. All this time the people on shore watched the top of her masts pass back and forth. Finally, the Naval radio station settled the matter by sending a message to the ship suggesting that they send a man aloft, which they immediately did.—When the observer reached the crow's nest he at last saw St. Paul's Island.

July 3rd. The fog finally raised. We were close in shore where a yellow beach was just emerging from the rising mist. Still no one knew our exact position on the chart; the prom-

inent head-land might have been one of three. Accordingly, my husband and Harry went off in the launch to circle the point and get a better idea of our location. Seals were barking from all directions. When the launch turned around the point they were lost for the next hour and a half. The fog once again settled its thick veil on us and even the beach was blotted out. We stared into it expectantly, hoping to see some sign of the returning boat . . . We knew they could not see us. Captain Joe blew the whistle—a shriek in the still air. This would give the men some idea where we were. Suddenly the launch appeared from nowhere—it came out of the pea-soup, just off the stern.

By this time a wind blew up. We must move. But Captain Borden now knew where we were, and where to find English Bay, a safe anchorage in a north wind. How we found it was a miracle to all but those who know navigation. It seemed to most of us that we were heading straight toward the land we had just left—we could see absolutely nothing.

We were still blinded by fog when the anchors were dropped. The loud rumbling sound of the great chains vibrated through the ship. The launch was being lowered. . . .

"The air is 45 and water 34, Captain," reported the Chief. "It has dropped several degrees,"[1] he said looking at me, knowing my curiosity on everything that happened.

"Maybe we will see some walrus tomorrow?" cried Frances Ames excitedly, remembering the last news from the steamer *Victoria*.

"Yes, there is a possible chance that the ice is still off the southwest coast of St. Lawrence Island," my husband called back as he started for the chart-room to write up his log.

[1] The water getting suddenly colder was not an infallible sign that ice was near; instead, the water often became warmer on nearing it. The temperature depended more on whether the current came off the ice or ran toward it.

"We have no way of telling, you know," adding with a smile, "I can't telegraph to some Eskimos and find out."

By this time the launch was ready and alongside the ladder.

"If you are going ashore before lunch—better hurry. I will come in later," remarked my husband.

"Sure—I'll take the compass along dis time—we'll find land all right," announced Harry who emerged from the wheel-house when he saw us look questioningly toward the thick fog.

So we went ashore, pulling up near a wooden dock. A man stood there waiting with a large canvas boat, or *baidar*, in which some natives sat ready to row us over the flats—it being low tide.

"Good-morning," he called. "We have seen your masts and wondered when you would come ashore. You're in Captain Borden's party are you not? My name's McMillan. I am in charge of supplies for the Bureau of Fisheries. Well—the boys at the Wireless Station have kept in touch with you for quite a while—I believe they have challenged your crew to some games for this afternoon."

The next thing we knew—we were standing on a dock, surrounded by eight or ten women. It was a great surprise seeing so many white women at the same time . . . and of all places—on this tiny bit of land so remotely isolated in Bering Sea, constantly surrounded by fog in summer, and in winter, the southern edge of the Polar ice-pack. We realized, of course, there were necessarily a few people on the island to check up on the valuable fur-seal herd, but had not dreamed we would find more than one or two white women. Here were more than we had seen at Unga and Unalaska put together!

"I wonder what kind of huts the poor things live in," I thought to myself as we started walking up the hill. When, to my amazement, I looked up and saw a large town, one that might be found on a Middle Western prairie. White wooden houses, red slate roofs, wireless houses enclosed by a

The government village on St. Paul Island.

white New England fence, smaller houses of white stucco, and above the largest building waved the Stars and Stripes.[2]

"We had no idea there was such a large settlement here," Mr. Slaughter remarked to Mr. McMillan.

"Yes—we are quite a crowd. Forty connected with the Bureau of Fisheries and twenty-five at the Naval Radio Station—also eight boys from the Foulke Fur Company of St. Louis. They come once a year to see about the skins. Besides that—there are about two hundred Aleuts who still remain from the bunch the Russians put here. On St. George there are only about seven whites and fifty or sixty natives. You know—our service involves two full years on either island and the third winter in the States," he continued.

"Last winter there were ten white women here and we had a swell time," chimed in one of the women. "A dance nearly every night. We've fixed up a barn and the music comes over the radio from KDKA Pittsburgh and the Drake Hotel Orchestra, Chicago. . . . Sure—we get everything in winter, but not much in summer because of so much daylight."

"How comfortable does the Government make you," we inquired.

"We're fine," answered a very cheery soul who seemed to

[2] The government took over the seal industry in 1910, and also raises blue foxes on both islands. St. George is the principal fox island, about seven hundred fox pelts were sent out from there this spring. In 1911 treaties were made between England, Japan, Russia, and the United States, each country agreeing to protect the Pribilofs and surrounding waters from pelagic sealing, to prevent the killing of the herd as they travel back and forth from the breeding grounds in spring and fall, and to keep their own poachers from sealing. Great Britain patroled the waters until war came on, but since then our revenue cutters have done it alone. Great Britain and Japan were to receive fifteen per cent of the proceeds, and Russia ten per cent.

"This convention (of 1911) shall continue in force for a period of fifteen years from that date, and thereafter until terminated by twelve months' written notice given by one or more of the Parties, etc." . . . ;

"Replying to your letter, you are advised that the North Pacific Sealing Convention is still in full force and effect."

December 12, 1927. Department of Commerce,
Bureau of Fisheries.

The Russian priest of St. Paul Island packing away seal meat. The house in the background belongs to the Agent for the Bureau of Fisheries.

be the chief hostess. "We get a house, most of our food, our furniture, electric light, telephones, and wonderful plumbing." This last item she was most enthusiastic over. "Some of the couples live in the Company's Building so they won't have to do much housework, I guess, but the doctor and his wife, Mr. Johnson and I (her husband was agent), and

Fur-Seals—Showing the hundreds of females and only a few bulls, although a comparatively small herd.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan each have a nice large house—four big rooms and a bath. Come on in and see us after the baseball game this afternoon. . . . I suppose you want to see the seals first thing—don't you?" she asked.

We continued past the Company buildings and were joined by more women. The men were all off for the day, superintending a "killing." Mr. McMillan and three of the wives followed us out to the rookery. We learned that the concrete houses, all built in a row, belonged to the natives. A decided

contrast from the description of the hovels provided for them by the Russians.[3] A Russian, Greek Orthodox Church, stood in the center of the village. The old, fat, Russian Priest, whom we passed on the way, was the image of Santa Claus.

Along the beach were strewn carcasses from the last "killing." The meat which remains, after the natives fall in and take what they want, is simply left on the ground to decay, while the village prays for a favorable wind. It was extremely unpleasant! When we reached the rocks on which the herd gathers we were terribly disappointed at the comparatively small number we saw; many seals had not yet arrived. Mr. McMillan told us the females usually come in June. The old bulls return in May and immediately settle themselves on a rock to wait and fight for their harem when the females arrive. The men have even discovered that a bull usually returns to the same rock each year. Bulls, he said, are classified as harem, surplus, and idle. The description was enlightening as to their social activities. Some acquire over a hundred wives, while others manage to hold only five. A few enormous, lonely creatures were patiently waiting for the next delegation of wives from the Pacific Ocean. The females looked so small in comparison, we thought they were young ones until the harem was explained to us. Each lovely brown cow had a tiny black "pup" which she was suckling, and at the same time fanning with her hind-flipper. It was quite a sight, despite our disappointment in the fewer numbers than expected; thousands of absurd fan-like flippers were swishing back and forth from both males and females.

The female has one pup every year, giving birth to it shortly after her return to the rookery. She then goes out to sea every few days in search of food. The male, on the other hand, never takes a mouthful of food during the entire breed-

[3] "The people on St. Paul and St. George live underground; they collect drift-wood enough in summer to last the winter; they live chiefly on sea-lion meat jerked, pickled ducks, gulls' eggs preserved in oil, etc." Peter Corney, 1821.

ing season. They say the poor old things look thin and emaciated by the time they start back south on their annual pilgrimage.

Bachelors, or bulls up to the time they are three years old, haul out on separate rocks from the rest. We were forbidden to approach too close to their rookery because of it's being "killing season." Our scent would have driven the entire herd of many thousand into the water. When the time comes for a "drive" these young males are driven from the rocks to an open place on land where the natives club and stab them to death. A killing takes place daily during a season of one month; at each killing approximately fifteen hundred seals are slaughtered. This summer's killing, they hoped, might reach between fifteen and sixteen thousand.[4] The drives take place at three in the morning to prevent the animal from suffocating from the heat while being driven.

The second time we went out there were fewer surplus bulls; more of the much-desired and beautiful females had come in during the night. New harems were scattered about the rocks. The idle males still splashed about in the water, however, and took no interest whatever in the recent arrivals. These lazy creatures must have had harems and lost them.

As for the social life of the American population of this Newport of Bering Sea, we found it very gay. Two gravel tennis courts were in constant demand and the colonists claimed that their last winter on the island was so mild they were able to play tennis during every month, excepting March. This seemed incredible to us with our ideas of ice-bound and snow-covered lands. I cannot explain it. The winters are apparently pleasant and cheerful because the men are not occupied most of the day and night with "killing," and other details of the care of the seals. These wandering crea-

[4] The 1927 government report published in the fall of 1927 announced an increase of fur-seals over the last few years, giving a total of nearly nine hundred thousand.

tures disappear by September and apparently it is difficult to account for where the enormous herd spends the winter months. Undoubtedly further south, at any rate.

The women all had bobbed hair. They were a bit puzzled when three strangers descended upon them with long hair, though we quickly assured them short hair was far more "chic." The Sears-Roebuck catalog they told us is the *Alaska Bible*. Nome is their Paris.

The baseball-game between our crew and the whites of the island was scheduled at three o'clock. Everyone turned out for it—dressed in his best. Rocket came on shore and nearly caused a riot; no dogs are allowed on the island. He was the first one the smaller children had ever seen. For once old Rocket had more attention than he could conveniently manage.

Again we were defeated, and I think the boys hated to be beaten while we watched. They got back at their conquerors by staking Holbrook against their best wrestler—and again he won with a walk-away. This they could always be sure of.

We spent the late part of the afternoon visiting in two of the houses. They were well and comfortably furnished and the young women (they were all surprisingly young) took us at once into their confidences. We heard of mah jong and bridge games, sewing-circles, and plenty of gossip. Mrs. Johnson admitted the Friday sewing-class usually ends up by someone not speaking to her supposedly best friend. . . .

The government retains a herd of beef cattle, milch cows, sheep, and reindeer for the white inhabitants, and the meat is divided equally between the families. There is also a greenhouse where lettuce, carrots, and turnips are grown. Each wife has a key to its sacred precincts. Ice cream is made by the Company's chef twice a week. This same chef presented us with milk and fresh bread. The latter we had plenty of—the former tasted better than anything else we ever remembered enjoying.

We watched lovely song birds on the bleak, treeless, moss-covered island flitting about in attempts to make nests on the ground. A beautiful snow bunting and an Aleutian rosy finch tried to keep us away from their nests. Hundreds of tiny least auklets fluttered among the seals, while larger paroquet auklets were plentiful on the higher points.

Just before we returned to the yacht, while we were saying good-by, I imagined I heard an automobile. But thought—impossible! In a minute the women all ran off toward a large motor-truck that now approached on the one road. The men were standing on the top—and all over. It reminded me strangely of pictures of troops returning to their sweethearts in the small towns of France during the Great War. Loud voices—rejoicing-and-kissing. The men had been at one of the further distant rookeries for forty-eight hours.

Some of our newly-acquired friends came out to the boat to see us. As before mentioned, Nome is Paris in their narrow life and opportunities. They looked at us with longing eyes when we admitted we were bound there for our next port. A cutter calls in at these islands once or twice a summer, and the *Eider,* the Bureau of Fisheries boat, brings their mail once or twice a summer, each one remaining not longer than a day or so. Otherwise they never see another human being. But they were a very happy, proud, and enthusiastic little crowd. It made the rest of us stop and realize all we had to be thankful for.

CHAPTER VIII

We Receive an S.O.S.

July 4th. By morning the fog had lifted. A fresh easterly breeze was blowing when we pulled up anchor and headed still further north. We watched the flat, drab little island disappear into the cold, damp air, very sorry to be leaving those pleasant, friendly people. Little did we realize that this same island would appear very green and inviting two months later on our way south, after having seen nothing but the brown, bleak lands along the Polar coasts of North America and Siberia,—to say nothing of our cruise among the great ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean.

The tri-sail, foresail, staysail, and jib were set and with the engines we averaged ten knots. The thermometer stayed around 40° and a bitter wind penetrated even through our woolen clothes and oilskins. Although it rained intermittently, we tried to spend as much time on deck as we could without becoming chilled; our alligator oilskins proved excellent wind-breakers. That morning I wore three pairs of heavy woolen socks, heavy black trousers, three sweaters, and a blanket *parka,* or garment with a hood such as is worn by Eskimos. The rest of the party were dressed similarly. As it turned out, we wore little more clothing than this while in the Arctic, and still our feet were cold despite heavy shoes and many socks. Next time, I shall start wearing Eskimo *mukluks* on my feet, long before reaching Nome. At night, we had already resorted to three blankets, woolen sheets, woolen pajamas, and socks. Nevertheless, the change came gradually enough for us to bear it comfortably with

fewer clothes than we would have needed if we had plunged into it at once. On ship-board, naturally, wind made the greatest difference in the degree in which we felt the cold. When the thermometer rose to 50° and there was no wind and real sunshine, we complained of the heat and could barely support one sweater.

My husband handed out to each sea-scout a tan moleskin *parka* for outside, and a woolen *parka* for underneath—when he overheard Ryan telling McClelland: "Say—this is the coldest Fourth of July I've ever spent." The boys had been wearing for their working outfit: high rubber boots, blue woolen trousers, watch caps, and dark blue sweaters blazoned with the legend *Northern Light* in red letters. Their dress uniform was made at Appels in New York and with white gaiters had a Naval look. Navy blouses with *Northern Light* in white letters, a blue sailor's cap, and a short blue coat.

At ten o'clock, while it was still light, we stood just twenty miles east of Pinnacle Island, that dismal scene of my husband's shipwreck eleven years before. Seven miles further away rises the bleak, uninhabited shore of St. Matthew's Island where he and his men landed and remained three weeks. The revenue cutter *McCullough* knew the *Great Bear* was somewhere in Bering Sea. So when the little schooner did not show up on Nunivak Island where she was long past due, the cutter made a thorough search for any traces. I believe the men stuck up a flagpole, and with the added aid of bonfires, managed to call attention to their Robinson Crusoe Camp when they saw the ship's masts rise over the horizon.

On the *Northern Light* we were prepared for any emergency. Captain Cochran's earnest warning to my husband had been not to depend on charts, when nearing islands or the mainland in either Bering Sea or the Arctic, as there are still rocks marked P.D., meaning position doubtful. Even the exact location of Pinnacle Island is still doubtful. The

Celebrating July Fourth! Captain John Borden at extreme right with the sea-scouts in their Arctic uniforms. Captain Joe is at right on the top row.

schedule for *abandoned ship* was posted on a bulletin board fore and aft, and the launch and two whaleboats were kept stocked with pilot-crackers, canned corned beef, fresh water, and other supplies essential to keep a boatload of people alive in case of a disaster.

When we went below for supper on July fifth, the *Northern Light* was clipping along at a speed of twelve knots. She was still under full sail and the canvas hummed in the fresh breeze. The persistent and aggravating fog continued, regardless of our wishes. We were completely enveloped in a thick mush.

"Three ships in Bering Sea tonight!" laughed Captain Borden when he came below an hour or so later, having been relieved on the bridge by the second mate.

"What—three ships close to us in this fog!" Mrs. Slaughter exclaimed. "Goodness—I hope we won't run into them," she finished, half in earnest.

"Now Joe . . . Never mind!" called her husband.

At this we all laughed.

"Sparks is in touch with the cutter *Algonquin*. She is a hundred miles east of us—coming in our general direction,—and the *Charles Brower* is just ahead. The *Brower* is a trader bound from San Francisco to Pt. Barrow," continued my husband.

Going on deck, after learning of this new excitement, we looked—and saw no horizon. Just fog! . . . Our course lay to the west of St. Lawrence Island, where we hoped to find ice-floes and herds of walrus. At four A.M. we passed and overtook the *Charles Brower,* she was about thirty miles to the east.

July 6th. At noon when the log was read and our position taken, the trim schooner had sailed two hundred and thirty miles in twenty-four hours, our best record so far. The temperature of the air had dropped to 39°. By three o'clock the first mate sighted the shore of St. Lawrence Island. Spots

of snow lay just above the water's edge which made land easier to pick up. It was a dreary, ominous looking coast that we saw. By a stroke of luck the fog lifted enough for Captain Borden to take correct bearings.

"I bet that shoal sticks out ten miles," announced Captain Joe, who was talking with my husband. Both men wore sou'-westers, slickers, and rubber boots, as it was now raining.

We were off the southwest extremity of the island heading toward the Siberian coast which at one point is only forty miles distant. We were on the west side of the line that runs through the center of Bering Sea—West side . . . Siberia—East side . . . Alaska. It was near here on the Kamchatkan Peninsula, somewhere off the body of water with the beautiful name, the "Gulf of Anadyr," that we had hoped to hunt a rare unclassified sheep for the Museum, but when we left San Francisco no permit had come from Moscow.

Everyone was on edge with excitement when we went below for supper. (Meals seemed to come much too often.) St. Lawrence Island with her off-lying reefs and shoals was still perilously close. Unknown currents were causing my husband some little anxiety. The *Coast Pilot* warns of these added dangers, but nothing much concerning them is known. We sat down to the table and were about to make a good bit of headway into a minute steak smothered in onions—when . . . Someone was running down the deck . . . Someone was nearly falling down the steep companionway steps.

"Captain—Captain—Sparks is getting an S O S!" cried Holbrook before he appeared in the doorway.

In a flash my husband pushed his chair back from the table.—He flew up the steps. The rest of us followed close on his heels. How should we feel? Excited at receiving such a message,—like small boys running to a neighborhood fire? No. I think we grasped the full significance in the first minute. The *Charles W. Brower* had gone aground off the southern coast of St. Lawrence Island. Later that night when

we were still waiting . . . waiting . . . for what no one could tell—I wrote in my diary these few words:

"9:45 P.M. July 6th. Thank God! So far we are safe—I can hardly bear to think of those poor devils out there on the rocks. And to think we got by the Coast-line safely, by the Grace of God (and fine navigation,) . . . and now we are steaming right back into the reefs. I wonder what I will be writing in my diary this time tomorrow night?" (This strange thought occurred to me again and again on the trip—I never felt quite certain some catastrophe was not lying in wait for us. Perhaps a trip like this where we were actually at the mercy of the elements, could make infidels into firm believers.)

But this is getting ahead too fast. . . . When we hurried up the steps we again looked out on the water, not daring to hope, and we still could see absolutely nothing. The clock in the pilot-house chimed four bells—six o'clock. A cold, miserable night with only one thing to be thankful for—almost continual daylight.

The *Charles W. Brower* was on a reef off St. Lawrence Island and sinking fast. Her operator sent out into the night: "Heavy seas breaking over the vessel." Our reply was, "We will come at once." After checking up the two ship's positions, the *Northern Light* was found to be approximately forty miles north and west of the sinking vessel. At the same time, the *Algonquin* wired us she was 180 miles away and would be there as soon as possible. We were soon under full sail headed in the direction from which we had come; despite a fast falling barometer, dense fog, and a dangerous coast-line that we had so carefully given "a wide berth."

Science has done wonders for the modern sailing vessel with its instruments to find bearings in fog, to steer a true course, to ascertain any depth correctly and speedily, and with the wireless. We, now, were unbelievably thankful for these aids.

"Please stay in the pilot-house and keep out of our way," ordered my husband to those of us who stood rooted to the deck.

This we quickly did. Six of us, besides the boy at the wheel, stood in that small room, staring out through the wet glass. "Terrible—isn't it?" was all any of us could say. "What has to be—has to be," someone cheerfully observed. Captain Joe passed our open door once and remarked:

"Well—too bad to have to take a fine ship like this near to those shoals—the nasty part is, no one just knows for sure whether they come out ten miles—or only two miles—! But there's no one else to go. The *Algonquin* won't get there until tomorrow some time.—All I can say is—she's darn lucky to have another vessel within five hundred miles of her!" With this parting rebuke he walked away.

"Take soundings, Harry!" ordered Captain Borden. At the same time we saw Sparks approach with a new message:

"Keel broken, wood drifting around, cannot last till morning, come as soon as possible." It was nine o'clock.

The *Algonquin* would not reach the stranded vessel until the following morning providing she averaged twelve knots. The dense fog now lifted enough at intervals so the mates thought they could see snow along the coast. Land was perhaps not more than two miles away. Soundings were being taken every ten minutes. At ten P.M. we approached the reef, four hours after the ship had sent out her S.O.S. At eleven P.M. we received a message: "Ship drifted off reef. Steering in your direction." But the captain had no idea what condition his vessel was in! Fog was thick as pea-soup.

By means of the radio compass, we kept her bearings which changed now that she was drifting. It was managed in this way: Sparks first communicated with the *Brower* on the wireless to ascertain her position, then he asked that signals be sent for one minute. In this brief period the other device was moved round in various directions until the sig-

nals reached their greatest strength, which indicated the direction of the distressed ship. In locating one's own position at sea one communicates with land stations in established positions, as we did with St. Paul.

In the meantime each one of us who were nothing but passengers, sneaked below, trying to appear unnaturally calm. We then dressed for *abandoned ship.* This meant only the clothes on our backs. I packed my diaries and precious bird-sketches before ever thinking of the necessary woolen clothes. It was then the brief entry in my diary happened.

The *Northern Light* was now running at less than half-speed, all eyes were searching the horizon for masts, our visibility Captain Joe told me, was only two miles. Ordinarily, standing twelve feet above the water, one should see a ship's mast on the horizon nine miles away. My husband received the ship's bearings and verified our position with the log. The mates continued to take soundings every ten minutes until we suddenly heard: "Very shallow captain, only fifteen fathoms!" Thereafter they were taken every five minutes. The electric-sounding machine made a weird, grating sound at best. By this time our nerves were completely on edge.

At 10:30 Sparks again communicated with the *Algonquin,* notifying her Captain we were standing by and would pick up the lifeboats if necessary. We were prepared to do everything in our power.

Captain Joe said: "We must be right handy to the reef now." We were certain of the snow-line on the coast, but the fog was lighter.

With repeated messages, and new bearings, we still could not pick up the ship. No one spoke out loud of our own dangerous situation. We all knew our allotted places in the lifeboats.

At 11:45 P.M., 165th meridian time or 2:45 A.M. Pacific standard time, Captain Borden estimated our position to be

not over two miles from the *Brower* and about the same distance off shore. "Rain and fog" he noted in log. At midnight we received another message: "No water in engine-room. Standing out SSE." We then altered our course to try to intercept her. At the same time we wired, "Do you wish us to stand by any longer?"

In a few seconds Sparks heard: "Not necessary—many thanks." After this Sparks heard their operator talking to an amateur in San Francisco, narrating a thrilling story of shipwreck which appeared in long colunms on the front pages of the San Francisco papers the next day. We decided that, after all our trouble, we would wait a while longer and speak with the *Charles W. Brower.*

About 12:30 the fog lifted a little. "There she is!" shouted Harry. We could just see her masts rise over the horizon. They looked no higher at first than two buoys standing out of the waves. All hands of the *Northern Light* were on deck. Both ships turned their bow toward a course halfway between, and we passed her stern as she lay across our bow. A crowd of men stood on her decks and lights sparkled from the portholes. Two men, one of whom was the Captain, stood in a whaleboat slung out over the stern. They yelled, in reply to our questions whether they were all right, that they were proceeding north. We did not realize at the time there was one woman on board, bound for Pt. Barrow to meet her husband. She had with her every personal possession collected during a lifetime. When we later met her in Nome she told us that she had bade them all "good-by" as she sat for five hours in a lifeboat waiting to be cast out into the cold grey waters. The waves lifted the ship free at last from the deadly clutch of the shoal.

We watched the phantom ship vanish into a mist-laden night. Our course was then shaped to pass to westward of St. Lawrence Island. The following morning we sighted an Eskimo village on Cape Chibukak, St. Lawrence Island,

where there are two native settlements. We noticed the *Brower* stood in towards the villages, in order to take on board some five hundred white fox pelts. Each year cutters transfer about 150 of the natives to Nome where they work during July and August. Captain Cochran, of the *Bear,* who carried these people many summers, had described vividly the picture of a mother and child who lay on deck sleeping with scarcely any clothes, while officers of the *Bear* paced up and down trying to keep warm in heavy overcoats.

We sighted Indian Point, or Cape Chaplin, on the Chukchee Peninsula of Siberia at 12:30. The Gulf of Anadyr lay to the southwest. My diary notes that there was no fog, no wind, and although no sunshine either, we were grateful for a fairly pleasant day. Beneath the ship—yawned twenty-five fathoms—in comparison to four thousand in the Pacific off the Alaskan Peninsula and Aleutian Isles.

Eskimos are the people of the islands and coasts of the Far North we visited from now on.—The third type of natives we met in this one vast possession of Uncle Sam. And they, to me, were by far the most interesting of the three in every respect. Undoubtedly, because they came in contact with white men at a later date. These romantic people, it is said, number less than thirty thousand souls, and are, like the Aleuts, dwindling in numbers from the white man's diseases. Mumps, influenza, and measles exact a heavy toll. In Nome we saw the common grave, marked by a wooden cross, where three hundred victims of the "flu" lie buried. According to Rasmussen, who made a trip across Arctic America by dog sled, the Eskimos of Baffin Bay and Greenland in the other Arctic differ in their general appearance, and some of their habits, from the Alaskan tribes.

There are a few Eskimos on the Chukchee Peninsula with their main encampment at East Cape, who some scientists think, may have been in Alaska at one time. On the

other hand, other ethnologists believe that these natives probably never crossed over to the North American continent, but remained in Asia whence the entire race sprang thousands of years ago. Some state, furthermore, that the Eskimos who inhabit St. Lawrence Island resemble strongly those of East Cape. But this is too important and too complicated a subject for me to tackle.—To return to my story. . . .

Before retiring, we went on deck to watch a trembling, red, sun set at 10:40, although it had not been visible all day. We joined Captain Joe in the bow, and heard him again remark on the surprisingly few whales we had seen. The sun rose at 2:07, Ship Time. (The clocks were now set one hour later than they were on the Alaskan Peninsula.)

On the night of July 8th, bound for the Diomede Islands, such a dense fog descended that we dropped the anchor. When morning came we still saw nothing. Flocks of auklets, murres, and fulmars flew over us, a certain sign that land was very near. They were flying between the mainland of Siberia and Alaska, and the islands in between.

Near midnight, twenty-four hours later, the fog cleared off. We were three miles south of Big Diomede. From our anchorage we could see two coast lines with their high mountain ranges—America—and Asia. It is only fifty miles from Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, to Nuokan on the Chukchee Peninsula, and the Diomede Islands lie halfway between. Even though familiar with maps of Arctic regions, we hardly grasped the fact that on a clear day one can look from one continent to the other.

July 9th. We weighed anchor on a wonderful day filled with sunshine, to cruise along the Siberian coast for the Goodspeed's benefit, before they must reach Nome in time to catch a boat up the Yukon. The sea was calm as glass and the temperature stood at 46°. There was no ice in sight. At 4:30 we were the first ship of the year to cross the Arctic

Circle.[1] The Siberian coast loomed bleak and rugged, the mountains dotted with large patches of snow. At times a white fog bank drifted across the summits, or along the water's edge. As we steered north the nearest extremities of the two great countries of Asia and America lay behind us.

Standing out into the Arctic Ocean we looked back upon a wide panorama of Siberia, and after studying a map of these ice-bound regions, realized that the Arctic coasts of Siberia and Russia extend over ninety degrees of longitude. Professor Nordenskiold, in command of the *Vega*, in 1878 sailed from North Cape, Norway, to Kolyuchin Bay, Siberia, in less than sixty days, a voyage of 3,300 miles. This was during an attempt to reach Bering Strait by the Northeast Passage in the Polar Ocean. The ship was caught in the ice at Kolyuchin Bay, and there wintered. This distance is halfway round the world in the Arctic Ocean, and, in miles, approximately only as far as New York to London. Stefansson, they say, firmly believes this route will soon be traveled by aeroplanes to shorten the distance between Europe, Asia, and America.

It was through Bering Strait that whaling ships sailed in search of the right whale. As we calmly steamed north of this narrow body of water, I sat on deck reading *Whalers and Whaling* (Chatterton). The thrill and romance of those fifty years or so, of hardships and privations on the staunch wooden ships, seemed very real as we sailed on their course north closer to the treacherous, impenetrable, polar ice-pack.

. . . . . .

In June, 1871, thirty-six square-rigged whalers passed the Diomede Islands. Finding the ice breaking up earlier than usual, the fleet hopefully sailed past Cape Lisburne. Four ships wisely stayed behind but thirty-two ambitious captains turned their barques toward Pt. Barrow. The season's whale catch was unusually profitable. Whales were har-

[1] This statement does not include the Greenland Arctic.

pooned, and the oil boiled down in large cauldrons on deck. Each captain counted on great success. Ice commenced to close in on them near Icy Cape.—Local Eskimos warned the mariners to follow the open water back to Cape Lisburne, while still possible, but these captains continued to boil their whales, believing the Eskimos knew nothing, thinking that a northwest wind would surely come to liberate them. The northwest wind never came. One by one these ships were crushed in the ice and abandoned near Cape Belcher, half-way between Icy Cape and Pt. Barrow. Twelve hundred men, women, and children were forced to sail three days and three nights through a narrow lead, or opening, in the solid ice-field. Miraculously, they reached successfully the four ships which had not proceeded too far north. Not a life was lost, but many a heart-ache was felt on abandoning the ships which had been home for so many years.

Five years later, in 1876, the fleet was twenty strong, and of this number thirteen ships were caught in the pack. Out of three hundred and fifty-three persons, fifty-three remained with the stranded vessels, hoping to work them free in the spring; but not one of the ships, or of those who stayed on board, was ever seen again.[1]

. . . . . .

As we sailed ahead, we noticed the water was brownish. Captain Joe informed us it was due to the disintegration of thousands of jelly fish on which bow head and other right whales feed, swimming with their jaws wide open through a seething mass of these minute objects. Hundreds of birds followed us; the kittiwake was the leader, and there were jægers and terns.

Toward evening, after a glorious day and when the sun still hung high in the heavens, we turned back and again passed East Cape, Siberia, bound for Nome. We could see

[1] *Voyage of the Corwin,* Muir.

very distinctly a small settlement lying along a flat beach a few miles west of the high and rocky promontory of East Cape. This settlement, called Ugelen, cannot be seen by ships that sail due north through Bering Strait, as it is protected by a curve in the land. Through our glasses we caught a glimpse of houses with ordinary roofs, and many Asiatic native skin *yourts* with round flat tops. The little village, not more than thirty buildings in all, resembled a painted stage-setting outlined against the sky. A Bolshevik flag waved from a pole at the extreme west end. It gave one a sensation of unreality, this desolate, miniature bit of Soviet Russia.

As we watched the fairy-like village fade into the distance, a steam trading vessel flying no flag hove into view. She was proceeding close to the Siberian shore and stood in toward the village. According to etiquette, on passing a ship at sea, the Stars and Stripes were furled from our stern, and a red flag with the black sickle and hammer floated in answer. We thought she was probably a trader plying between Vladivostok and the Lena River. We afterwards learned the boat was either the *Red October* (*Krasny Octiabr*) named for that bloody day over ten years ago, or the *Kolyma*. Both vessels are reported to carry six pounders and aeroplanes. (The *Red October* was the ship Russia used in 1924 to carry off the colonists of Wrangel Island and transport them to Vladivostock. More will be said about that later.) We could see there were as many curious eyes on her deck as there were on the *Northern Light*. They undoubtedly wondered who we were, where we were bound, and what were our intentions.

In my diary on going to bed that night—"God protect us from being shipwrecked off such a bleak and desolate land."

On Sunday, July 10th, after sailing all night through fog, we anchored off King Island, a small rock land in Bering Sea. The launch was lowered for an expedition ashore. Before leaving the yacht, however, Captian Joe suggested we

had better not land and visit the native village at this time, since should some other boat come along later and destroy the Eskimos' property, we would probably get the blame.

King Island is a small rocky promontory about eight miles in circumference, usually enveloped in fog. Sheer cliffs rise to a height of seven hundred feet from the water, against which the waves pound. In the tiny village there appeared not a sign of human life, only many dogs appeared from nowhere to bark frantically. The natives had already sailed in their large *umiaks* to Nome for the summer, and would be brought back by a cutter later in the season to their island home.

Not believing human beings would choose to live on such a stern, barren rock in Bering Sea, the government offered to transport the natives to St. Lawrence Island, where they could live more comfortably, and where reindeer would be provided for their food and clothing. Strangely enough (at this time it seemed to us incredible), the Eskimo chief refused on behalf of his people. The reason for this, we learned later, was that polar bears, walrus, and seals lay siege to their island during the ice-bound winter, whereas St. Lawrence Island is too far south. Furthermore, changing their home meant closer association with strange tribes, and losing the independence that they have enjoyed for, probably, many centuries.

That day we saw literally thousands of birds, among them murres, horned and tufted puffins, flocks of female eider ducks, a few cormorants, guillemots, and one kittiwake.

July 11th. Early the next morning we anchored in the roadstead off Nome, about a quarter mile south of the *Charles Brower*. There is no harbor within two hundred miles of this far northern town, and the lee side of Sledge Island, twenty miles away, offers poor refuge from a storm, although ships are often forced to seek it. So we were thankful to be blessed with a calm sea and a beautiful day.

Plans for the next month changed considerably upon our arrival in Nome. While we were at breakfast the Custom's officer came on board with our mail, and informed us the *Victoria,* on which was coming our guest Mr. T. Ashley Hine, ornithologist of the Field Museum, would not arrive before August 1st, delayed because of her contact with the ice. That meant an Arctic-walrus and polar-bear hunt first,—later returning to Nome for our guest.

CHAPTER IX

Through Bering Strait

July 11. Shining our shoes and brushing up the only best clothes always took a certain amount of time before we could go ashore. The engineers and some of the crew went in early to attend to supplies—and what not. When we did pull up to a make-shift landing with the launch, the Chief was returning with packages under his arm.

"Some burg!" he smiled as he stepped into the boat, ready to return to the yacht. "I'll have the pipes fixed by evening so you can take hot salt-water baths any time from now on," he added. Until then we had managed with cold salt baths.

We were planning to leave for the Arctic as soon as possible, hoping to be off by night. Before we had walked very far along Main Street we were met by Mrs. Welch, the doctor's wife, and a younger woman who has since returned to the States. The two women were charming, taking us immediately "under their wings." From then on we were shown everything! We lunched at Mrs. Neibling's, where one finds the best food in Alaska, and afterwards began our sightseeing adventures in Mrs. Welch's car.

My husband, in the meantime, was greeted by the many friends he had so favorably remembered since his first visit to Nome in 1916. Particularly helpful to him was Captain Ross of the United States Coast Guard Service. Everyone in the town, however, was cordial and friendly.

We stayed on shore all the afternoon. Driving back into the country, Frances Ames gathered many species of the most fragrant wild flowers. We then visited the summer camp of

the King Island Eskimos, along the beach just outside of Nome, where the men work as longshoremen, hauling goods on and off boats, and carve ivory in their spare time. We approached a large *umiak,* or skin-boat, resting on its side, under which sat three men busily occupied carving figures on an ivory tusk. As usual, it was the small ivory cribbage board found everywhere in Alaska. A fourth Eskimo stood nearby tinkering with an outboard motor. A fly tent was spread over one end to protect the men from wind and weather, and under this was heaped their blankets and clothes. On approaching, we received friendly smiles, but not a word did they speak as they continued in their labors.

The squaws crouched in front of their tents surrounded by children of all ages, and each woman carried on her back a young baby. They wore gingham *parkas* tied about the waist with a belt which held up the inevitable child. Some of the women wore hoods, their hair was hidden, others had long black braids hanging heavily over their shoulders. We peered into two of the tents, which were laid on the sand and gravel without a floor cloth, and there found numbers of women and children huddled together. They giggled and smiled good naturedly. We did everything we could think of to induce them to pose for our cameras, but they persistently murmured, "No-me, no-me," meaning "No." We tried money, a small looking glass, and candy, but nothing would avail. One bolder female took the mirror Mrs. Slaughter offered as a bribe, and proceeded to comb her long tresses while she held the mirror in her left hand. Two little girls of about ten years of age did pose for us, however, each with a baby sister or brother on her back. For this courtesy, we gave them each two bright fifty-cent pieces. They seemed an honest, kind, and child-like people, but they were suspicious of the strange women who assailed them with kodaks. (We later realized we had not been properly introduced.)

We said good-by and good luck to the Goodspeeds, who

King Island Natives carving ivory under an upturned *Umiak* at Nome.

The summer huts of the King Island Eskimos—Nome.

were off for a trip up the Yukon, and home by the Inside Passage. We were sorry to see them go—it seemed as though we were one big family.

On our way to the boat—we met Charles Brower of Pt. Barrow, a prosperous looking individual and a character of the North country. He has been married twice, and has several children whom he has had remarkably well educated. Two of his daughters have been school teachers in the East. His early history includes being shipwrecked upon the bleak Arctic coast of Alaska, where he has since remained to make himself an important citizen.

After supper Mr. Slaughter and Captain Borden, accompanied by his old friend Captain Ross, visited the King Islanders in search of *kayaks* or small skin-canoes, for walrus hunting. They purchased two *kayaks* and enjoyed talking with the natives who gathered around them. They

bought two *immamidiks*, or waterproof *parkas* made from the intestines of seal or walrus, for wearing in the frail boats. These garments can be tied round the opening on the outside of the craft to keep the spray from entering. My husband carefully chose a brand new one, which was comparatively clean, and was amused when the Chief proceeded to try it on—in order to show how well it would look.

After much persuasion, it was agreed that two hunters would go with us the following morning into the Arctic. However, we could not know until we saw them arriving, whether they would come or not. Evidently—it was quite an achievement on my husband's part, as these Eskimo have, at times, been roughly treated by hunters, whalers, and moving-picture men, and it was no wonder they hesitated before accepting. Captain Ross explained to us that a gathering of the clan would probably take place in camp that night, and the important question of whether two men should, or should not go, would be discussed until the wee small hours of morning.

July 12th. But two jolly, good-natured looking natives appeared bright and early. Captain Ross pronounced them "master hunter" of the island and the second best. The first was named John Wankeena, as nearly as we could make out, and the second John Ugikuma, but we called them respectively, Big and Little John. Much to their delight, they were given the cabin belonging to the wireless operator and second engineer, who in turn moved into the room vacated by the Goodspeeds.

One of the visitors who came out to say good-by dropped a cheering remark: "Nome has waved good-by to all Bering Sea Arctic expeditions and has watched each one return in part." The women of Nome undoubtedly believed us to be crazy: not one of them had ever ventured into the Arctic.—Many women have visited and hunted in Alaska, but very few go north of Nome, and none has ever been to Wrangel

Island, which lies one hundred miles north of the Siberian coast, and which was now our objective. In order to explain why we were so terribly anxious to reach this island out in the Arctic Ocean, there follows a short account of its history.

As early as 1646 reports had reached Imperial Russia of a great island lying in the frozen sea opposite the mouth of the river Kolyma. These were the first recorded references to Wrangel Island. From then on, expeditions were sent out almost yearly to search for this land, and in 1712 a Cossack, Merkurei Wagin,[1] probably landed on it. Unfortunately the members of Wagin's expedition became so embittered by the hardships they had undergone that they murdered their leader. So Wagin has never been credited with the discovery of Wrangel Island.

In 1820-23, Baron Wrangel, later Governor of Russian America, made three futile attempts to discover land by dog sleds over the ice. Finally in 1849, Captain Kellett in H.M.S. *Herald* discovered and landed on Herald Island, and reported seeing land to the west which he called Kellett's Land. This was the first time Wrangel Island had ever been sighted by a Britisher, therefore, the British have always claimed that Kellett discovered it. Again, when in 1879-80 the De Long Expedition, on the ill-fated *Jeanette*, drifted, fast in the ice, north and west of Wrangel Island, Commander De Long made unsuccessful attempts to reach the illusive land. Finally in 1881 two American expeditions in the *U.S.S. Corwin* and *U.S.S. Rodgers* were sent out to search for the *Jeanette*. They never found the *Jeanette* but both reached Wrangel Island,—the *Corwin* stayed a few hours and the *Rodgers* remained three weeks to explore and make maps. On these maps Kellett's Land was renamed Wrangel Island. The island was not again visited

[1] *Voyages from Asia to America*, by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty, published MDCCLXIV.

until 1911 when two Russian ice-breakers made surveys of the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia; landed on Wrangel Island and claimed it for Russia.

In August, 1914, the *Karluk,* of Stefansson's Expedition, commanded by Captain Bartlett, was crushed in the ice about sixty miles north of Wrangel, and the survivors of the disaster wintered on the island, taking possession of it for Canada. They were rescued the following summer. In 1921 Stefansson sent four young men and one Eskimo woman, Ada Blackjack, to live on the island, and hold it for Canada. Because of ice conditions, a relief ship failed to reach them in 1922. Three of the men perished trying to walk across the ice to Siberia, and the fourth, who was left behind, died of scurvy. When the *Donaldson* finally arrived from Nome in 1923 with a new colony of twelve Eskimos and one white man, they found only Ada Blackjack alive. She was taken back to Nome but the colonists bravely remained. The following year the Soviet government sent, on the famous *Red October,* a company of infantry which broke up the colony and carried off the little band of prisoners to Vladivostok. Here the white man died, and the Eskimos later drifted into Manchuria where they were held by the Chinese, and finally repatriated by our government. . . .

A year ago Russia announced she was colonizing Wrangel Island but no one had yet seen the colony. Nome awaited our news with interest as the Lomens, the reindeer kings of Nome, had since bought Stefansson's claim to the island.

Having read of the adventures and tragedies connected with Wrangel, we hoped desperately to be able to penetrate through fog and ice and reach this thrilling bit of Arctic land.

We weighed anchor for the Arctic at eleven o'clock, July 12th, and with three shrill blasts of the whistle announced our departure. While waving good-by to the Goodspeeds,

and listening at the same time to the echoing whistle, I felt both terribly excited and sad, nearly on the verge of tears.

"Does that whistle make you want to cry like a baby?" confided Frances Ames who was also staring out at the town we were leaving.

"I was crying, too!" whispered Mrs. Slaughter so the men could not overhear.

There was no particular reason for our nervous excitement. But not one of us on board could tell what lay ahead.

"We're off—girls!" called my husband from the chart-room. "Arctic Ocean tomorrow!" This made us "snap out of it." From then on we had the most fun, and greatest thrills of the entire trip.

It was a wonderful day with not a ripple on Bering Sea. The thermometer rose to 50° as we sat on deck in steamer chairs and watched the Saw Tooth mountains fade into the luminous haze. Our course lay toward King Island in order that the Eskimos could pick up their hunting outfit. On reaching there at 8:30 the village was on the wrong side of the rock to take pictures in the waning sun. Strange to say, there was not a bird in sight. Evidently birds in the Far North know when it is night, although the sun still shines.

We again anchored opposite the temporarily deserted Eskimo village, and the two natives hastened ashore to their winter home, in search of harpoons and *kayaks*. We followed them, and clambered from rock to rock on our hands and knees in order to climb the almost perpendicular cliff, against the face of which the twenty or thirty primitive huts are built on stilts, and lashed to the rock by walrus hide ropes. From the yacht, the huts resembled daddy longlegs crawling up a wall. These dwellings are covered with walrus hide, and the double walls packed with moss. We stood on the roof of the dance-hall which was the only level ground. Here the population gathers once a week during the long Arctic night

King Island—"Daddy Longlegs crawling up a wall."

to dance and "make happy." It is entered from the top; the other dwellings through a hole in the floor.

Moss grew here and there on the bare slope between the cold gray rocks and a narrow stream splashed over the boulders from the summit to the water's edge. "Fine water!" declared the natives. Walrus blubber was left to decay on the snow patches. The odor was terrible! The unsanitary conditions surrounding the huts contrasted strangely to the civilized clothes worn by our hosts. Both men had on white man's clothes, ordinary woolen trousers, mackinaws, and caps, with the exception of *mukluks,* the footwear of all natives of the Far North. They both looked rather clean,—we could see freshly laundered linen shirts under their sleeveless sweaters.

Near the village we stumbled over discarded galoshes thrown along the mud walk, and were amazed when one of the Eskimos appeared carrying a victrola. At the same time Big John emerged proudly from his hut, dangling a queer collection of something in his right hand.

"Capt n—Look! Me polar bears!" he shouted as he held his precious trophies aloft. We must remember he is the island's master-hunter. The things he held were ten or twelve battered, and dirty, polar-bear skulls. He had them strung together on a rope, much in the way one carries a catch of fish.

Dog sleds were everywhere! These are used for hunting seal on the ice. Dogs followed at our heels; when we asked why they wanted so many, Little John replied: "Just friends." (The animals feed on young birds and birds' eggs during the summer.) A large sign provided the chief by the coast-guard service read: "This property belongs to the Eskimo. Anyone who trespasses will be prosecuted by Chief Akola."

Until a few years ago the natives' sole food was polar bear, walrus, seal, and birds. This is still their meat, which

Our two King Island Eskimo boys greeted by their dogs on their temporarily deserted island.

they store in a deep cave sometimes for a year or more, after which it "maybe smell a little—but fine eating." But they now bring back with them each fall from Nome such luxuries as tea and flour.

We left the village at 10:30. The schooner lay off the island in a sea of enchantment. The water shimmered a pale violet blue, and the sky shone the hues of a fragile hothouse orchid. As we steamed north into Bering Sea a large full moon shed its glittering rays across the dancing waters. The afterglow of the sun still streaked across the sky golden rays which changed to pale orange and lavender as the night wore on. We sat on deck until midnight, our usual bedtime on these daylight nights, spellbound by the heavenly beauty. Still not a ripple on the placid sea disturbed the peace of this wonderful Arctic night. The men who remained on watch saw the rays of the setting sun change from one tone to another until two o'clock in the morning, when they were dimmed by a new sun which rose out of the east.

Continuing north the following morning, July 13th, we crossed the Arctic Circle for the third time. A southeasterly breeze sprang up after we passed the Diomedes and the foresail and staysail were set. We sailed before the wind northwest beyond the northeastern point of Asia. By noon we were making twelve knots in the direction of Wrangel Island. Only the fog prevented our seeing the snow-lined coast of Siberia. The temperature dropped to 40°.

Captain Borden noted in his log: "Told steward to serve glass orange-lime juice to all hands every other day." This was an anti-scorbutic measure. We still had fresh meat, however, as a result of our Nome purchases: chickens, beef, and pork, also fresh fruit and vegetables.

A storm blew up during the afternoon and the barometer fell rapidly. In order not to come upon ice unexpectedly while a heavy sea tossed us about, the ship was hove to on port tack, with her nose headed into the wind. "Blowing

hard—big billowing sea"—my diary notes. Scattered ice appeared at midnight, the sails were lowered, and the ship again hove to under double reefed foresail to await better weather.

"Heaving-to" is quite a stunt in a big wind and heavy sea. My husband ordered us to go below and not be surprised if we felt considerable disturbance. When he actually admitted this,—I was certain we were about to tip all the way over. . . . "All hands were on deck—much shouting back and forth—banging of sails and blocks. The ship took a lurch.—All the books in the bookcase crashed to the floor.—Then a huge wave roared through the deck-house portholes and covered those who sat on the sofa at the extreme end of the cabin. The rug swam in water." This description comes out of my diary.

While I sat in bed later that same night, writing the events, my husband appeared at the door with a broad grin.

"You should have seen Dahl's face when the foresail ripped!" he laughed. "Yes, we're all right now. All snugged down. So go to sleep and don't worry. We will just jog along this way with one engine half speed and keep away from the ice until the storm lets up. We tried to make it comfortable for you below deck," he added as he started back up the steps.

July 14th. The gale continued all night in its fury. After sailing northeast to avoid the menacing ice-pack, when the seas calmed a bit, we turned about and retraced our course the following morning. At three o'clock in the afternoon someone cried, "There's the ice!" Drift ice now floated toward the ship from east and west. The Eskimos were very important and very excited when they made out the ice-blink: a low white band that glistened just where sea and sky meet. The southern extremity of the great polar ice-fields that stretch across the North Pole, covering a million square miles in a white blanket, with its deadly clutch, lurked there off our

port rail. We could even see it with our naked eye. It was intensely thrilling! . . . The sea was still heavy. The barometer continued to fall. Fog fell like rain on the decks.

Steaming into this great mass of broken ice was inadvisable. The navigator who wishes to reach Wrangel Island must consider two things: the currents, and the ice which moves with each change of wind. This, therefore, was not the time to continue in our efforts to reach the island. We therefore steered a course toward land that was visible abeam, in order to learn our correct position in regard to the Siberian coast.—We were somewhere between Wrangel Island and the mainland. Perhaps we might even see some of the Coast Chukchees, or natives of the Polar Coast of Asia, those savages described by Nordenskiold after his contact with them during the winter of 1878, when his ship was imprisoned by the ice-pack in the very bay toward which we were headed.

There is comparatively little known about the inhabitants of Arctic Siberia, due to their land being tightly locked in the ice-bound fastnesses of the Frozen Sea, nearly ten months a year. In the early seventeenth century geographers tried to solve the riddle whether Asia and America were one continuous continent toward the northeast. If not, if there were an open ocean in between, then Nature had provided them with a shorter route to the East Indies. In pushing these discoveries, white men first came in contact with the savage dwellers of the bleak, Arctic Coast. This was nearly four hundred years ago. . . . Fifty years ago,[2] their habits of living, their general appearance, and their pagan beliefs were not changed in any respect. They had been subjugated by the strong Imperial Crown of the Czar of all the Russias—but were still barbarians.

Where they came from remains a problem for the scientists. They are Mongolians—probably. But from which wandering tribe of Nomads that swept like a whirlwind across

[2] *Voyage of the Vega,* Nordenskiold.

the great Gobi Desert they sprang,—perhaps under Genghis Khan in the last part of the twelfth century, perhaps hundreds of years before this powerful organizer of the Horde was born—No one can truthfully state. In those struggles which determined the survival of the fittest among the races of the steppes, those who could not withstand the onslaught fled before the conquerors. Thus, some less fortunate tribes unable to conquer and unwilling to submit were driven and driven across the snow-covered vastness of Siberia—until they reached the end of nowhere, the coast of a white frozen ocean. Here was a desolate, bleak land with no trees, frozen ground, and unfriendly elements. But here they remained—perhaps even driving the Eskimos ahead of them—to wrest a living from the great mammals of the Polar Sea.

With what a keen, insatiable curiosity we waited to approach this same wild coast. Going back on deck, so as to miss no excitement, we saw a flock of king eider drakes with their white backs and black breasts, flying toward land, also some glaucous gulls, murres, and guillemots. Large cakes of floating ice hemmed us in on all sides as we approached the shore. Sea-scouts tried with long poles to fend off the ice from the twin-propellers. How surprising to see ice colored in such marvelous blue-greens, pale violet-blues, and even a spotless white! Some cakes had been pounding along the beach; these were spongy looking and a dirty brown. The wind and waves tossed them up and down—rolled them over —knocked them one against the other. It was a riot of moving color.

Soundings were being taken by lead line every few minutes. The chart recorded no depths on the west side of Cape Serdzekamen towards which we were headed. The depth gradually shoaled from 20 to 15 fathoms. Piloting a fairly large vessel in and out of drift ice was difficult. Captain Borden remained by the pilot-house, listening to the call from the bow, directing the helmsman through the open door near

A Chukchee settlement at Cape Serdzekamen, Siberia.

him. Soundings still showed very gradual recession of hard rocky sand. "Fifteen fathoms,—fourteen fathoms,—twelve, ten." Then—"Six fathoms Captain!"—The anchors were dropped. The United States chart shows no shelter, but we found good protection from all southerly winds in a bight about eight miles west of Cape Serdzekamen.

Storm clouds scuttled across a wide grey sky; the storm was still blowing offshore. How peaceful to be safe at anchor! And it was a thrilling sensation to be near Russian territory, overlooking a tiny native village on the frozen Arctic coast of Asia. Quite unintentional—our calling on Siberia's shores, but we now intended to rest there until better weather. It was nine o'clock when, with three echoing blasts of the whistle, we announced our arrival.

A rolling coast line stretched before us: a dreary, ice-bound land. Rugged gray stone cliffs rose abruptly from the water, and in places fresh snow lay in heavy drifts. The land near the beach was covered with a coarse grass under

A typical *yourt* of the Arctic coast of Siberia.

which the ground is perpetually frozen. Pinnacled forms, described by Nordenskiold, resembling Stonehenge, reared their dark points against the cold sky line. These gaunt objects were the only way my husband knew of being certain that we were off Cape Serdzekamen. *Yourts,* or skin dwellings, squatted on a cliff above the beach, huddled together in groups on the barren, flat ground. In one group were fourteen of these barbaric huts. Smoke curled from the top of each. As we looked out over the ice-cluttered bay toward land, figures darted back and forth. Through an opening in one *yourt,* a red flame came and went. Sometimes it burned brightly, then disappeared when a figure closed the entrance. Meanwhile, children and dogs scrambled out on to a high point of land where their view of the strange ship would be better. Five umiaks were setting out from shore. The two Eskimos stood near us. Twenty-three people hung over the rail. "Natives very poor people not clean, dirty clothes, plenty louse, ladies make funny marks on cheeks,"

described Little John as he watched the approaching Chukchees. A thin line of figures still stood on the beach, staring at the white schooner.

The clouds had become blacker. The rain fell in sheets. "Hello" was shouted as the first boat came alongside the yacht. Here were hardy, smiling, brown-skinned people. Beady eyes gleamed at us, coarse black bangs protruded from under their tightly drawn hoods. "Where boat from?" inquired a young, impertinent looking individual. "Ah—Fanshischo—Ah—ha!" he exclaimed knowingly.

There were fifty or sixty savages, one of the two hundred or so nationalities formerly ruled by the Czar of all the Russias. Our jolly visitors were clad in shirred garments made from intestines of seal or walrus. The hoods were gathered snugly under their chins. Below the flounced knee-length garments were seal-skin trousers and *mukluks*. No women or girls arrived in the boats. And we were surprised at their healthy, robust appearance after the description given by our King Island natives. They wanted to trade, and when we refused because of having no permission from the Russian government, they were obviously disappointed. However we did give them some tobacco, tea, sugar, flour, and a few cartridges, receiving in return broad smiles of gratitude and bits of old ivory which were taken out of their hair-seal bags and thrown on the deck of the *Northern Light*. The same inquisitive soul continued as spokesman. Three times he asked our Eskimos, "What you do on schooner?" This was a puzzle they were terribly at a loss to understand. No matter how many times we answered his questions, he seemed to understand nothing.

One more boat now sped toward us, rowed by every member of the crew with such narrow wooden paddles it seemed curious that they could make headway. Since it was late and we were tired, we invited them all to return the

following morning "Regatte" hoping we could take pictures and go ashore in order to see the way they lived.

July 15th. When they returned the following morning with their wives and children we gave more presents. Our Eskimos, too, were disappointed that they could not trade. They wanted to bring back some faun skins which can be tanned better in Siberia than in Alaska.

We were able to get a better idea of the appearance of the natives in the morning sunshine than we had been the night before. The majority of the men were bareheaded, a round spot on the top of their heads was closely shaved. The women's hair was plaited. Their *parkas* were made of reindeer skin, but had no hoods like those of the Alaskan Eskimo. The feminine members of the visiting party were suspicious of us and screamed every time we attempted to take their pictures: one old hag pointed at a wooden carving she wore around her neck, seeming to threaten us with Evil Demons.

Surprisingly—a white man was with the Chukchees this time. He was also dressed in a reindeer skin *parka,* and by his side leaned his half-breed daughter, a very pretty fifteen year old girl. Wall was a Norwegian who had traded without a license near Cape Serdze for more than twenty years. Recently the Soviets fined him five thousand dollars, and confiscated his trade-goods and schooner. To cap the climax, both his hands were accidently blown off by dynamite, and he became dependent on his Chukchee wife and family. Wall told us he had hopes of getting his papers and being able to leave for the States as soon as possible if a ship would pick him up later in the summer. When he said his daughter would go with him, I gave her a pair of stockings, brown leather oxfords, and a woolen dress. Her pinched white face was pitiful to watch when she looked at the dress, and clutched with eager childish hands the new shoes.

"And to think we have ever complained when you see

The Chukchees with Wall in foreground.

people like that!" exclaimed the steward, as he too leaned over the rail and watched the boatloads of people.

Wall asked many questions. We were the first whites he had seen in a year's time and he was painfully ignorant of actual events. First, "Is there war between Japan and the United States?" and second; "How are things inside of Russia?"

Before long another *umiak* appeared, causing a wave of excitement among the natives since a Cossack was sitting in the bow, clothed in a red cap, blue uniform with a red sash, from which dangled a half concealed weapon. When our Eskimos spotted the revolver, without saying anything, they hurriedly went below and brought up their rifles. Everyone on board tried talking to our newest friend in five or six languages, but to no avail. We also tried to show him our course on the chart in order to impress upon him that ice and high waves had driven us to shore, but we never knew what he thought as he stared at us.[1]

[1] After our trip was over we received a far better impression of a foreigner's welcome to the Arctic Coast of Siberia. Olaf Swenson, a trader,

Captain John Borden.

By this time the storm had abated. We were ready to leave. At ten o'clock we called "good-by." The anchors were hoisted and we worked our way out through ice-floes.

wrote Captain Borden that he thinks if we had gone into East Cape (which seems to be the headquarters for that part of the world), and met the Russians in charge, they undoubtedly would have been friendly on learning we had no political or other ambitious motives against Russia. Having no information concerning the strange ship, the Cossack at Cape Serdze, of course, feared becoming involved in trouble with his superiors. (Swenson was the trader who reached Wrangel on the *Kinge and Winge*, September, 1914, and rescued the survivors of the *Karluk*.)

CHAPTER X

"'The Time Has Come' The Walrus Said"

While the engines were off, Sparks thoroughly enjoyed using his short-wave set (the use of which he had received special dispensation from Washington), and spoke with an American ship voyaging along the west coast of Australia, the name he did not learn:—the operator had no license for using the short wave. The Philippine Islands also heard from a ship in the Arctic Ocean. It was, of course, absolutely vital for our safety to have the operator able to get traffic through at all times. However, the short wave dial, he observed, is still not reliable because of "skip-distance" and not always safe in case of distress, as it is too sharply tuned. So far, very slight variations of the dial cause a station to disappear entirely.

We sat peacefully on deck after luncheon. The temperature of the air was 42 and the water 39°. Fantastically shaped ice-floes drifted past us. The water was thick with floating hummocks of ice, and again the intenseness of blue was hard to believe. The day was fresh and the air cleared to a crystal sharpness. Soft white clouds drifted lazily over the quite bare, rugged and wild land. It seemed incredible to be steaming so quietly on the Arctic Sea. Big John Eskimo climbed aloft to the crow's nest to study ice conditions and search for walrus. He broke the pleasant stillness by indulging in much unintelligible shouting with Little John. When he had been there about three hours he suddenly made signs that he wished to come down. Accordingly two of the boys hoisted the bow-swain's chair and we watched him climb into

the little seat and let himself down very cautiously. When the Eskimo landed on deck he came running back to the pilot-house. Something had happened!

"Plenty walrus—lots ice!" he cried on reaching us. The other hunter now joined him and we watched the two of them busily gesticulating with their hands. "See—over there —look!" they shouted.

We looked very carefully. Yes—there lay heaps of reddish brown mud on some of the ice-floes far away. Nothing more was discernible.

"We get *kayak*—you get guns," they called back as they rushed toward the bow.

The rest of us nearly fell down the companionway in a frantic haste to change our clothes, and bring on deck our rifles, ammunition, and two movie cameras, also kodaks. We were warm enough, that was not the trouble, but we must wear white in stalking Arctic game so that we would not be conspicuous. *Parkas* are difficult to put on at best and when we were in a hurry they seemed impossible.

Finally we were ready! The engines were signalled off from the pilot-house and even the two engineers were on deck by the time we came up again. The Eskimo hunters had everything prepared and were standing by the ladder waiting to help us down. They were always very polite.

We climbed into the launch: five of us, besides the Eskimos, first mate, second engineer, and Rocket.

About two miles away were the ice-pans we headed for. Seeing so many animals at once was very different from hunting brown bear, where we tramped day after day without seeing anything. In our ignorance, we thought each person would soon have a walrus. In fact "Walrus hunting was no trick at all" we secretly thought.

The mate steered toward the game and anchored us to a cake of ice over a hundred yards away from the great beasts. After considerable argument as to who should go

The author—"One must wear white in stalking Arctic game."

Walrus in the Arctic Ocean.

The Eskimo hunters in two *kayaks* lashed together for steadiness.

first, everyone insisting on Captain Borden's trying his luck, the natives and my husband climbed into the two fragile craft that were lashed together for steadiness, pulled the hoods of their white *parkas* over their heads, and cautiously approached their quarry.

All we could think of when we made out the grotesquely familiar forms was *Alice in Wonderland:* "'The time has come' the walrus said." The tremendous ugly creatures were a shapeless mass until their heads were raised to peer around; then they jabbed one another with their tusks and a few minutes later were again asleep. The light-colored boat with its white figures probably seemed to them a cake of moving ice.

It is possible, by watching the wind, to approach these animals to within fifteen or twenty feet. The hunters paddled closer and closer, and at last were able to climb on to the same cake of ice on which the animals were huddled. Then came the shot. Every walrus immediately plunged off the ice into the water. What looked so easy turned out to be

The three men were now surrounded by infuriated and roaring beasts.

quite a trick, as walrus must be shot through the brain and killed instantly; even a contraction of the muscles will cause the body to slip off the ice and sink. The three men on the ice-pan were now surrounded by infuriated and roaring beasts. We watched anxiously to see whether they would be attacked, but nothing unforeseen occurred. The great Nansen and Johansen and other explorers on their dash to the North Pole, have been attacked by these huge monsters.[1] We cruised up in the launch and took some moving pictures as the enraged bulls neared us, somersaulting their huge bodies in and out of the water, showing us their stupid whiskered faces as they came up snorting.

The next event was watching Mr. Slaughter try his luck. He and the two Eskimos approached another herd in the same manner. We now realized our walrus-hunt would not be over in one evening. The men were unable this time to climb on to the ice-pan which held the animals. Mr. Slaughter shot

[1] "Not long afterwards, Johansen's *kayak* received a violent shock from another walrus, which was shot dead through the eye by Nansen." *The Siege and Conquest of the North Pole,* George Bryce.

from the boat at a distance of twenty yards and again we watched breathlessly. Bang—again everyone hurled itself headlong into the water! Once more the snorting creatures surrounded us. By this time there were no more walrus on any of the ice cakes. Our guides said they would probably not climb out of the water again for many hours. A parasitic jaeger, the vulture of the Arctic, hovered near the launch. Rocket followed with his searching eyes every move the bird made. We had our hands full keeping him from jumping out of the boat.

After a large supper we sat in the main cabin discussing our unfortunate hunts. We had read a vivid account of Scull's *Hunting in the Arctic,* where the men had difficulties in procuring walrus trophies. We now understood what the author was talking about. Later we went on deck to look for more excitement. At ten o'clock the look-out cried "Walrus! . . ." Since we were in the land of perpetual daylight we again donned our *parkas* and left the yacht hoping for better luck. Before reaching the herd we were amazed to see an *umiak* sailing toward the same game, evidently trying to get there ahead of us. As they had traveled fifty miles from land in a small uncovered boat, hunting food, we stopped and let them go on. Soon they doused their sail and using paddles, slipped up to within twenty or thirty feet of the animals. Thereupon ten of the hunters crawled out on the ice, each one with a rifle, and almost at once opened up a tremendous barrage, but killed only one. (Rifles are the only product of civilization that the Chukchees have acquired. But they occasionally receive other articles from traders they meet.)

Our Eskimos also watched this performance. "Native like very much all the time hunt walrus.—Eskimos like hunt 'em walrus," they remarked.

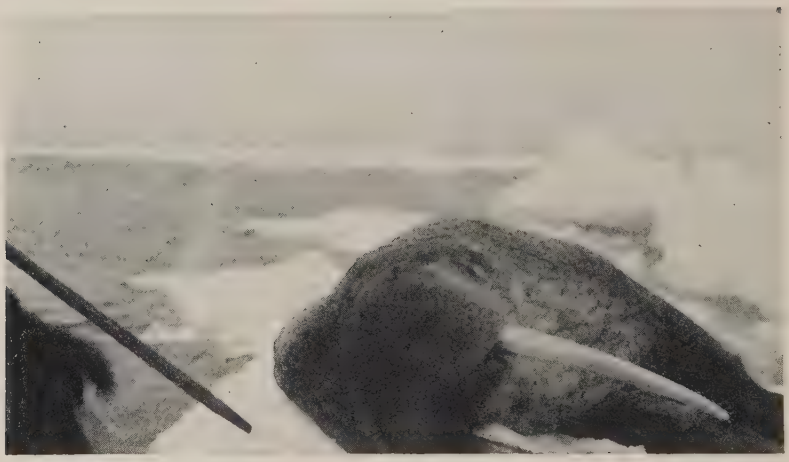
We returned to the yacht after midnight, winding our way among ice-cakes that reflected the rosy tints of filmy clouds. It was, indeed, a night of supreme splendor! The sun was

streaming through the deck-houses and portholes when we went below, and we were much too excited for sleep. Mrs. Slaughter made some delicious waffles on the electric waffle iron, and we ate six apiece. Going to bed seemed a waste of time, but after all, we had to get some rest. During our sleep, as luck would have it, Dahl declared he saw "tousands" of walrus while the yacht drifted with the ice.

July 16th. The following morning there was not a ripple on the water. Exquisite ice crystals sparkled like diamonds. Some murres, king eiders, a few geese, ivory gulls, and parasitic jaegers flew fearlessly by the yacht, while we sat on deck and enjoyed the glorious sunshine with the thermometer at 42°. I was wearing heavy wool underwear, heavy white trousers, a sweater, and a blanket *parka* with a hood under a moleskin *parka* that broke the wind. We also needed three heavy pairs of wool socks and *mukluks* to keep our feet warm and dry. *Mukluks* are made from the skin of the *oogruk* or bearded seal, and we discovered that they are the only footwear that does not slip on the ice.

Near our noon position, the *Belvedere,* a whaling vessel, was crushed in the ice and sunk in July, 1917. We continued to steam northwest, pushing our way through drift ice. After luncheon we saw more walrus. Mr. Slaughter and the Eskimos lowered the *kayaks* and proceeded toward the small floe which again scarcely held the monsters. It seemed extraordinary to us that so many of them would climb on tiny cakes of ice when there were always much larger floes available. We watched the hunter steal within twenty yards of the herd and shoot. One animal remained on the ice, hit in the one vital spot with a 180 grain Full Metal Patch, western cartridge. It took nearly two hours for the Eskimos to cut the head away from the body and, with the help of five men, get the prize on deck.

There was something doing every minute while we were in the Arctic, yet we are constantly asked what we did to



A huge Museum specimen. Walrus shot north of Siberian Coast.

pass the time. . . . Later that same day we had another exciting hunt. On sighting a new herd, the natives asked Captain Borden if they could each shoot one walrus as they wanted the meat for their families, and the ivory for carvings. After receiving permission they strutted down the companionway very pleased, carrying their own rifles.

"Capt'n gave us shells—We get walrus—Fine eating!" one of them called up to the deck as he climbed into the cockpit of the skin-boat and looked for his paddle. When my husband joined them, the little boats were pushed away from the accommodation ladder, and barely making a sound, glided off on an unruffled ocean.

After climbing on the ice and drawing the *kayaks* up after them, each man picked out his own head at which to aim: this depended first on the position the animal was in, second, on the length of the tusks. Naturally, some had much better ivory than others. We heard three, perhaps five or six shots ring out sharp in the clear air and three of the huge animals never moved a muscle. The others thrashed headlong, or flippers first, into the water barely a foot away.

A Walrus skull.

The men used the 220 grain delayed mushroom cartridge [1] which has a tremendous penetration; one shell went clean through a walrus' thick hide into the hind flippers of another animal which fell on top of it. When we cruised up in the launch both boys were as excited as children and beaming from ear to ear.

"We kill-em walrus—Plenty meat!" cried Little John who was more talkative because of a small but very valuable English vocabulary acquired during six months at a school in Nome. "Capt'n got fine walrus," he continued.

Now came the long and tedious job of cutting out the meat for the natives, and getting the largest animal on deck in order to take careful measurements and save the bones for the Museum. He proved to be an enormous monster, weighing about two tons.

After many hours' hard work in which all the boys had great fun helping, a little headway was made. Steve, however, nearly fell in the water. His foot slipped and at the

[1] We all agreed that this was by far the best cartridge for walrus because it had a blunt point and did not mushroom.

"After many hours' hard work in which the sea-scouts helped . . ."

same time struck a bad piece of ice which gave away. The presence of mind of an Eskimo prevented him from real trouble, to say nothing of a coolish bath in an Arctic Ocean varying from 28° to 31° in temperature.

In the meantime the yacht had reached the scene of excitement and the throat halliards were thrown on to the ice. The large body was then attached to the electric windlass and dragged into the water. While being hoisted very slowly out of the water, the first mate stood on the walrus' head in order to make sure the knot around its long shapeless neck was secure. One slip—and the great beast would have instantly dropped back and disappeared out of sight.

Finally the large bull was safely brought on deck and we proceeded to take measurements. The length from hind flippers to the tip of its absurd, bristled nose was about fifteen feet, and the circumference of its body eleven feet. The hide was covered with a short fuzzy hair and was one mass of warts. Our first mate, who had seen many walrus in his life, guessed its age to be close to a hundred and fifty years. The tusks were 31½ inches long and showed signs of restless battling.

While we were standing about on the forward deck which was dripping with blood and, incidentally, very slippery, we heard many amusing tales. The natives began their all night job to prepare the bones and skin. Just as we were about to walk away from the unpleasant sight Little John turned and said:

"King Island ladies skin—'em walrus—skin—'em good too!" Evidently he wanted us to know how capable Eskimo women are!

Dahl owned at one time a small trading vessel on which he sailed into the Arctic north of Norway. He claimed to have seen thousands of walrus in the Kara Sea between Novya Zemla and Siberia, and described them as being a great deal smaller than the species we were hunting in the

The Northern Light is piloted alongside an ice-cake in order to haul walrus on board.

Captain Borden with Native hunters.

Siberian Arctic. This led to a discussion on what these monsters eat as we knew they never eat fish. Apparently, a mollusc is their favorite delicacy. Although our hunters added the interesting bit of information that they had found a blue-bill duck in the stomach of one, and a pintail in another, this is not very ordinary.

"We cut walrus open, we find many clams; we clean 'em off, Eskimos eat 'em—fine eating!" further explained our hunters.

Two hundred pounds of salt were used to keep the specimen from spoiling, before it was put away in a dory to remain until we should reach San Francisco. The chef came on deck for his daily two minutes of fresh air just in time to save a sack of precious granulated sugar being turned upside down. The Eskimos had mistaken it for salt. A sack of rice nearly went in the same manner, but this was rescued by two of the sea-scouts.

We wandered back toward the aft deck-houses but did not go below. We were at last in the ocean of the Midnight Sun. How different this strangely beautiful night was from

Hoisting walrus near Siberia.

the long Arctic winter of the North when the sun never shines! A glamorous and mysterious elation stole over us. We seemed to be drifting into a great colorful wilderness: the blood-red sun was a round ball of flame which radiated sparks on every side quivering and trembling. Inch by inch we watched it drop toward the horizon but never set. Just above the line where sea and sky meet, hung salmon clouds of fog, forming a reddish circle close to the water's edge. The white vessel with its tall slender masts was the only sign of life in that prison of blue sky, ice that was painted in every hue of the rainbow, and lavender ocean. The magical beauty of the Arctic is one of those things you have to see and feel yourself, in order to understand.

About one o'clock our Chukchee friends sailed toward us again. We gave them some walrus meat, but discovered that they, too, enjoyed the hunting more than the meat for they took only the skin of one walrus and a little blubber. The chef made some tea which we handed down to them in a granite teapot and with which they were delighted. One of

A Chukchee walrus-hunter listening to the strains from the King Island victrola. (Picture taken at 1.30 A.M.)

them drank from a cup marked "Fram" which was probably given him by Amundsen during the winter this explorer was frozen-in at Cape Serdzekamen. During the tea-party our Eskimos gave a concert on deck with a King Island victrola. The natives asked for "Soogar" which we gave them, with more gifts of pipes, knives, and 30-30 cartridges. We were startled to look up and see Little John climb into the *umiak* and sit on the lap of a dirty looking individual in the stern. Remembering his lurid description of their unclean condition, and not wishing to start such a population on board the yacht, I called out: "Look out John, louse!" This magic word made him jump as though he were shot, and he landed in his own *kayak* in the wink of an eye. . . . The Chukchees raised their sail and left us at 2:00 when the sun

stood high above the horizon, to find an ice cake large enough for their boat on which they might snatch a few hours sleep.[1] When they sailed away we asked the Eskimos whether the Chukchees would eat their walrus meat raw:

"Natives put walrus skin on ice (showing with their hands how the fat side is up), light fire to blubber—make ice all round to keep away wind—cook meat. . . . Aha!—King Island natives cook food," he answered to our further questioning whether they also cook their fish and meat, or eat it raw.

An *umiak* is the most valuable part of an Eskimo's equipment, an efficient craft, fully equal to one of our ship's boats, and in some ways preferable. The *umiak* is about thirty feet long and in smooth water will hold a cargo of more than two tons yet it is so lightly constructed that two men can carry it over the ice, an important feature north of Bering Strait where a boat may be hemmed in by the ice for a long period, and inability to escape means serious suffering. A whaleboat is much heavier and the slightest accident may stove it in, while the skin boat can be jammed into ice and remain uninjured. Its broken ribs need not be repaired until convenient.

Before we went below Sparks approached us with more press news, a real event. Without noticing whence it had been sent, we read: "The king and queen are in Scotland." The news had been relayed from Rugby, England. Moscow was the other high powered station from which we could have received news at any time, but none of us understood Russian.

We had been in approximately 68° Latitude all day. The *Northern Light* proceeded under steam while we slept. Every now and then we would hear a sharp retort like a rifle shot which was large chunks of ice breaking off into the water.

[1] There is a current that runs north and a little west of Cape Serdzekamen. This current turns west, about halfway to Wrangel and then drifts again south. The natives are evidently conscious of the fact because they seemed to feel perfectly safe to be in the ice with their *umiak*. Farther north, the drift would carry their helpless boat northwest if beset by ice.

During the early morning hours an occasional heavy cake pounded against the sides of the boat. From our beds it felt somewhat like the sickening sensation of hitting a rock or scraping along bottom.

On deck Captain Borden stood by the wheel, piloting his ship through moving floes into the open ocean.

July 17th. Our course lay nor' nor'east toward Herald Shoal, which is southeast of Herald Island. We were always trying to keep from running blindly into a pocket where the ice could close in on us, while following our tentative plan which was to steer from Herald Shoal to Herald Island, in hopes of reaching Wrangel Island further to the west. The skies clouded over as we went ahead in a southeaster keeping the ice in sight on the horizon to the left; the situation became grave and exciting. After passing a large point of ice that extended east, we lost sight of the pack although single floes continued to float by the ship. A solitary puffin flew by us eighty miles from any land.

This day was fairly uneventful with the wind shifted fortunately to northwest. This change we thought would give us a chance to hunt along the polar ice-pack where polar bear are found, as loose ice would drift from the pack and make a navigable passage.

At 9:30 P. M. the first mate called us on deck to see a small spot on the horizon which proved to be in the exact direction of Herald Island a hundred and forty miles distant. Although this was too far ordinarily to pick up land with the naked eye, it is very possible we saw a mirage, or refraction of the light's rays. In a few minutes the fantasy had vanished into thin air. The average depth of the Arctic Ocean we then sailed was approximately twenty-six fathoms, in places as shallow as twenty-two.

Sparks delivered that day a cheering telegram:

"Your Kodiak bear skins have arrived in perfect condition. Please say good-by to all four as they are going into

a case. Glad your expedition so successful and with regards to you all

"(signed) Stanley Field."

At five o'clock the next morning we passed Herald Shoal, one hundred miles east and thirty miles south of Wrangel Island. Here the depth is only seven fathoms for nearly ten miles. Immense icebergs rising to a height of thirty or forty feet were held on the shallow shoal and were thus visible for four miles. The yacht had been steaming through open water all night with no ice in sight until these huge bergs towered like grim sentinels. The solid, impenetrable pack appeared to lie to northward of Herald Shoal. We saw no more ice after we left these bergs and headed northwest toward Herald Island.

When the sun came out for a few minutes at noon, my husband took observations and found our position to be 70° 35′ North Latitude—172° 35′ West Longitude. Our course was changed to head directly west toward Wrangel since ice conditions seemed to promise that we might reach our goal, and perhaps without changing our course see Herald Island in the distance. The engines were running full speed when, in the midst of our hopes, a fire occurred in the engine-room which laid up one engine. It was the second time the exhaust had caught fire in three days, due to carbon in the muffler. My husband noted in his log: "On account of ice cannot lay up engines long enough to clean out carbon and soot." Running straight into a head wind, the remaining engine made little speed; the sails were set while the engineers worked on the crippled engine.

The temperature of the water was 31° or three degrees above the freezing point of salt water, and the air was 38°. The wind was freshening every minute. After supper while we were still headed due west, the crow's nest called: "On deck Herald Island!" We tumbled up in excitement and

looked northeast to see the island forty miles away. Wrangel, we thought, could not elude us this time, but a few minutes later our hopes were frustrated by a cry of "Ice!" Large cakes soon drifted toward us on the northwest wind. Still hoping it would be nothing but loose drift ice, we continued winding our way through the floes which became larger and greener looking than any ice we had yet seen. Shortly Captain Joe from the lookout reported great ice-fields solid ahead of us, and on each side to the sou'west, west, nor'west, and north. We were running into a bight which would be safe only in case the wind did not change from blowing off the pack. If it did we would be closed inside the ice field without much chance of ever being set free. If caught here the strong northwest drift would carry us to certain destruction. There was nothing to do but turn and run. My husband had been on watch thirty-six hours at a stretch and on my remonstrating with him, he said, "Don't bother me. My only thought is to get you three girls and the sea-scouts safely back to San Francisco." It was due to his calmness and fine knowledge of navigation that we remained safe from the treacherous, encircling mesh of polar-ice. He made a thorough study of the movement of the pack, carefully marking it on the chart, then—by watching the wind,—he was fairly certain of our channels of escape. Also I believe he had read and studied the accounts of every successful, and unsuccessful, voyage that has sailed north into the Siberian Arctic—profiting by their experiences.

Our position was fifty-five miles east of Wrangel and forty-three miles south of Herald Island, 330 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and 180 miles from the Siberian shore. We were swallowed up within the Arctic whiteness of the North. The great Polar ice-pack, that relentless terror, nearly surrounded our little ship on its sweep across the Pole of Inaccessibility and a million square miles of unexplored territory. Cape Serdze, where we had anchored several days previous,

my husband and Captain Joe observed, must be once again entirely ice-bound.

We were in about the same position in which the *Jeanette* was beset by ice, in 1879, and never again released. That expedition had left San Francisco, favoring the Bering Strait route to the North Pole, and hoping to find that the Japan Current would open a way before them. Some scientists at that time thought Wrangel Land stretched across the pole to Greenland and the navigator hoped to drift to Wrangel Land before winter set in, believing it to be a possible continent or archipelago. De Long, Commander of the Expedition, made several attempts to reach the mysterious land after the *Jeanette* was trapped but a broad lead or rift in the solid ice opened each time before the trip could be accomplished. The imprisoned vessel then drifted in the ice to the north and west of Wrangel Island and during her first winter, that land now demonstrably an island, was frequently seen to the south. After nearly two years of keeping healthy under distressing hardships, her crew and officers were forced to abandon ship in June, 1881, and make for the Siberian shore with three small boats and seven sledges. One boat was never heard of again. De Long's and Melville's boats reached land near the Lena River. After a vain search for native settlements, De Long and all but two of his heroic companions died from starvation and exposure. Melville's men were saved.

It was also in about these same waters that the two whalers, *Mount Wollaston* and *Vigilant,* were lost during the summer of 1879. The men on the *Corwin* sent out a search party two years later and this was their report. "A boatful of natives came aboard (Tapkan Siberia) and told a story concerning the destruction of the lost whaler *Vigilant* and the death of her crew. Three Chukchee seal hunters, they said, while out on the ice last November, near Cape Serdzekamen, discovered the ship in the pack, her masts broken

off by the ice, and the crew dead on the deck and in the cabin. Three men were lying in bunks, and one on the floor. The hold, they said, was full of water so they could not go down into it."

Muir went on to list some of the articles taken off the ghastly vessel by the natives, which he admits, sealed the fate of one of the two missing ships. Nothing was heard concerning the *Wollaston.*

So it is no wonder that Captain Borden, Captain Joe his right hand man, and the two Norwegian mates had to muster all their wits in figuring out the course of the *Northern Light.* The Eskimos gave some assistance with their inborn knowledge of the treacherous winds that roar over the ice, pushing before them the further extremities of the solid pack.

We stayed on deck to again watch the midnight sun flare in the northern sky and drop to the horizon at 12:43, a thrilling sight on a July night in the most northerly ocean of the world only 1,100 miles from the North Pole. These thrilling long nights colored by the white glittering unnatural rays of twenty-four hours of sunshine, were full of a nervous energy, a sort of hysterical exhilaration. To come on deck and repeatedly see a sparkling, glaring, radiance was a great lark. But I really believe very much of it would get on one's nerves. It is quite impossible ever to rest with any real relaxation. . . . The *Northern Light* was piloted to open water where we drifted calmly enough during the night, thankful not to be near the Alaskan coast, from which we would have been compelled to escape as hurriedly as possible. The coast from Cape Lisburne north would be frozen solid with the northwest wind. In July, one is often not able to navigate as far as in August, when the ice-pack has had more time to drift north. On the other hand, at the later date, there is more chance of the water freezing into a solid sheet of new ice. It is this new ice that would rip our launch and whaleboat to

pieces, and also tie together the extreme ends of the old ice—leaving no possible avenue of escape.

July 19th. When we went on deck the next morning there was no ice in sight, but by noon ice-floes were again abeam. The ship was turned south, sometimes a little east, and then again west, following the edge of the tight ice, which was becoming larger and higher than any seen before. We cruised slowly at about three miles per hour while the mate on watch stood in the bow and directed, by signaling with his arm, to the helmsman. Every so often we hit! . . . The boat would shudder and then go ahead. . . . We experienced that day our lowest temperature recorded on the trip, or 29° above zero. Fog hung over us and a fine mist made the decks disagreeable. The Eskimos, however, were delighted with the fog, thinking our chances would be better for finding "polar bear." Saddle-back seals swam lazily among the ice, also a flock of eider ducks a hundred miles from land. The glare on deck was so strong we wore dark glasses to keep from getting snow-blindness.

Our course lay towered Cape Vankarem on the Siberian coast, 110 miles to the west of Cape Serdzekamen. The wind was from the north and the standing water on deck froze. Although working through large ice all day, no signs of walrus or bears. On our pointing toward pools of water nearly hidden in hollows of the ice, the Eskimos declared, "Fine water!"

When morning came the northwest wind had shifted to a sou'easter. The engines were started half speed, but our progress soon became impossible with a falling barometer and increasing wind; our situation was sufficiently hazardous until the foresail and staysail were set and we turned away from the ice until the storm should abate. Although the forward deck was dripping with heavy seas, we were warm and comfortable below deck. Here we would always find the steward ready with apple-cider, grape-juice, or orange-juice

diluted from a bottled product and exceptionally good, and probably a freshly baked cake or cookies. We never found many hardships in the Frozen Sea. As for the sea-scouts, they were happiest when the seas were rough. While off-watch they took hundreds of pictures of the storm.

We were safe, thankfully, from ice fields, and so far as we knew—no ships were within a thousand miles of us. It seemed strange to sail day after day, and never see a mast or a smokestack; neither did we see a whale. Even as we turned east and south toward the Alaskan coast not a ship hove into sight. . . . In 1848 "the first whaler passed through Bering Strait [1] and a full cargo was obtained, because of the abundance and tameness of the whales. . . . Yet no less than forty-seven have been crushed hereabouts and swept away northward to nobody knows where." This was written in '81; since this date there have been many more tragedies added to the lost Fleet. . . .

In this same diary Muir mentions sighting six or seven whalers at a time, an ordinary daily occurrence. These sturdy barques with their bold Captains who braved the Arctic ice and November storms that blow a gale off that desperate headlong, Cape Horn, are no more. What dreams we dreamed of looking toward the horizon and seeing the *Wanderer* stand toward us, with her sails full spread, ready to pursue her valuable cargo. And once again turn back to New Bedford after her long and hazardous cruise. What if she did wreck her tall masts and broad hull on the reef at Cuttyhunk . . . ? Her name is enshrined forever in the history of those "going down to sea in wooden ships. . . ."

And—on June 20th, 1927, the Russian steamer and the *Northern Light* were the only two ships in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia and Alaska.

During the heavy seas that day the only casualties were the Eskimos, who appeared on deck a short while before sup-

[1] *Cruise of the Corwin,* Muir.

per for the first time. Both looked exceedingly unhappy and the younger one approached me quietly—

"How are you?" he whispered.

"Very well, thanks, are you sick?"

"Not yet!" he lowered his eyes and continued: "Hope better tomorrow." Then as though he did not wish to hurt my feelings he added, "Fine schooner!"

We chatted for a while in infantile monosyllables until the disconsolate two felt well enough to drag themselves into the chart-room to look over the map, glance meaningly at the compass, exchange disparaging comments in clicking gutterals, and look out over the water. In a few minutes they retired, still polite but too obviously seasick. Their final good-by: "Maybe ice and polar bear tomorrow."

Although not seasick, we felt the cold considerably during a storm. Often I crawled fully dressed into blanket sheets pulling five blankets over me.

On the afternoon of the 21st the grey sea quieted down and on again approaching the ice, we saw walrus herds. It was then that my husband and Mr. Slaughter discussed from every angle whether it would be at all advisable for a girl to take a chance on an encounter with a walrus, while in a frail *kayak*. They would have been happier if we had been content to remain in the launch, and shoot our trophy after it had been harpooned. But we kicked at this—wanting to take our own chances in the sport.[1] After an abrupt and decisive decision, Mrs. Slaughter went off with the Eskimos. The yacht was fairly close to the prey she was about to stalk in the skin-canoe, which would have been some advantage in case of sudden danger. She had profited by the other two hunters' bad luck and with the aid of the men had

[1] "A walrus came up close beside the *kayak*, threw itself on the edge of the boat, took hold farther up the deck with one fore-flipper, and tried to upset the frail craft. . . . Nansen struck at it with the paddle, while it in turn struck at the *kayak* with its tusks. The *kayak* sank." *Seige and Conquest of the North Pole*, Bryce.

figured out exactly where to aim. (It was not until the finish of our walrus hunt that we found out that a shot in the eye was deadly.) Having learned one must shoot ten inches behind and below the ear, an appendage almost invisible on a walrus, Mrs. Slaughter took such careful aim that after she fired—the animal never moved. Our husbands, although pleased, were, I think, a bit taken back by her immediate success. Frances Ames and I could not resist the temptation to tease them as they stood on deck looking out toward the ice,—both smiling faintly.

The launch set off, carrying both large and small movie cameras to Mrs. Slaughter who was the photographer of our trip. Rocket jumped into the boat as it was being lowered, and climbing on to the seat, wagged his curly tail furiously. His floppy black and white ears and one black eye gave him an appearance of good-natured bravado. The little springer rubbed his black nose against the engineer's sleeve, always begging for something. When they drew up to the ice we watched the engineer throw out the anchor, step out with the dog in his arms, and proceed to drop the dog on to the dead walrus. The strange part of the whole performance was that Rocket liked it: he probably would have sat there longer if no one had called him off.

From the yacht a few minutes later we noticed that something had gone wrong. Someone was hurt! . . . The *kayaks* had been pushed into the water and both Eskimos were starting back, with the others returning in the launch.

"I cut his hand," cried Big John tragically as they came up the ladder. The other was squeezing his right hand very hard and trying to act brave: he wore the same expression one would see on a child eight years old who runs home to his mother for sympathy.

"My knife—she slipped," he continued almost tearfully.

Mrs. Slaughter took the patient below to the main cabin where she doctored the bleeding hand. It bled so profusely we

were afraid at first one of the main arteries was cut, but after bathing it she explained to the little native "Nothing serious."

This accident ended our hunting for the day. Big John was so crestfallen he could hardly climb back into his *kayak* to finish the job of skinning the walrus.

A little later—the second engineer came up to me with a broad smile: "Mrs. Borden—we haven't a bird-dog any longer—we have a walrus-dog," he laughed.

An old lead bullet of a type obsolete for more than twenty years was taken out of the head of Mrs. Slaughter's specimen. The old bull walrus take a tremendous amount of punishment without being disabled. And they get it. They are constantly a prey for traders, natives, and ivory hunters, and their carcasses are found in great numbers strewn along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

CHAPTER XI

"Tikeraq"—An Arctic Village

July 22nd. The next day we tacked first one way, then the other to keep within sight of ice and yet safely out of danger of being rammed by the heavier cakes. A north wind commenced to blow a gale and whistled through the sails and up and down the masts. We had been planning on staying near the ice in hope of a calm dawn and a possible hunt for bear, but by midnight our hopes were again dashed: the sun rose on a tempestuous ocean, the sails were set, and both engines ordered full speed ahead.

The Arctic Ocean, at best, is perilous navigating and a constant source of nervous tension for the Captain of a ship. The winds seemed to change almost instantly, and the only comfort was in the fact they were liable to die down as quickly as they had blown up. The ice-pack itself continued to be the greatest menace. Besides, we were hundreds of miles from any harbor. The United States coast pilot gives only one harbor on the North American coast from Unalaska to Hershel Island, and that is Chamisso Island in Kotzebue Sound. And in comparison, the Chukchee Peninsula on the Siberian coast has many "anchorages reported."

July 23rd. Our course now led toward Pt. Hope on the Alaskan coast where we hoped to find some shelter. Those on deck saw several hundred geese flying south. The chef was so ill he admitted frankly he wanted to die, but there were also three sad looking objects stretched out on sofas in the main cabin who did not worry much whether lunch was cooked or not. When the sea-scouts heard we were still able to be

seasick after four months on the ocean—they were disgusted and declared the chef sick enough for everyone.

At eight o'clock land was visible. . . . By midnight the ship nosed behind the protection of a long brown gravel spit extending out into the blue sea. Peace descended after thirty-six strenuous hours. Although we had not seen the sun all day it was broad daylight when we went above, after hearing the rumbling of the anchor chains, and looked out at a perfectly flat, barren point of land known as Pt. Hope. There in front of us lay one of the oldest Eskimo settlements on the Alaskan coast: *Tikeraq,* "a pointing finger."

Groups of human beings and dogs seemed to literally tumble out of mud houses that looked like overgrown anthills from where we were, in their haste to reach the long, endless, sand beach.

"Everyone of them is dressed in red," observed someone. And they were:—probably twenty natives stood there staring at us, each one clothed in a bright red, billowing, *parka.*

No rest for the weary! Before we had a chance to go below and sleep, we could see three *umiaks* set out from shore. It was after one o'clock—quite an odd hour to have to receive callers. . . . The midnight sun was sixty miles further north but a new sun was rising; sea and sky were bathed in the fresh colors of a glorious morning. Once again we would not climb into bed before three o'clock.

"Good morning!" called a white man who sat among the Eskimos.

"Will you come aboard?" Captain Borden invited him, as he dropped the ladder.

"I'm the Board of Education school teacher. I thought perhaps you had stopped here with mail," he said. Our visitor was a large, heavy set man, with a pleasant face. He wore a reindeer skin *parka, mukluks,* and a cloth cap. We went below to the main cabin where we indulged in our usual midnight refreshments. He became very talkative, and in a few min-

utes we learned that he and an Episcopalian Missionary were the only two white people stationed at the settlement. We were surprised to find there any white men. Pt. Hope had been nothing more than a speck on the chart until a storm blew up,—and we sought shelter. Then it loomed as a calm haven of rest! Soon we saw there was a settlement on the long piece of land—then we were thrilled at seeing human figures on the beach. Now we were being told that we could attend church the following morning and that Archdeacon Goodman, the other white man, would be delighted to see us. When we again looked out toward the beach, it was hard to believe—two white men isolated on that wretched, dreary land, and they could not offer to one another the clean, human warmth of friendship.

After the school teacher left the boat, we snatched four needed hours of sleep. When we awoke, we were too tired to accept our visitor's invitation to attend services in the Church, conducted by Mr. Goodman. The crew, however, started ashore early, some went to Church where they sat on wooden benches, in the midst of three hundred Eskimos. We waited until after luncheon before we climbed into the launch and steered toward the beach.

The natives flocked out of their turf igloos that squatted on the ground like English bulldogs defying any enemy. They were all clad in their Sunday best, since work and even hunting is forbidden on the Sabbath. Men and women stood by their whalebone doorways surrounded by clusters of young children; the boys, a clan unto themselves, lay on top of their hovels to have a more uninterrupted view of the strangers. The men wore white drill *parkas* over their civilized trousers and most of them had mustaches. The women were clothed in the usual flounced calico *parkas* and we saw many shingled heads as well as long braids. The flowing fur that waved about the *parka* hoods nearly covered the pleasant little faces of the small girls.

The Eskimo Mayor of Tikeraq with his wife and family.

The first building we came to was a white frame schoolhouse, and here our friend the school teacher sat on the steps with his Eskimo wife, and very young baby of ten months who was surprisingly white.

"I think we will call on Mr. Goodman, now," I hesitated before saying.

"Sure—he'll be glad to see you," was our answer.

We found the Episcopalian mission hospitably presided over by Archdeacon Goodman, who left Trinity Church, New York, after the death of his wife to devote his life to these primitive people of the Frozen North. He was a man of fine type, a gentle, educated man, and one entirely wrapped up in the stark, unselfish years that lay ahead. Mission buildings clung together at the extreme end of the settlement; above them waved the Stars and Stripes. The rectory was built of wood, a dingy green in color, with a basement in order to raise the little house off the huge snow-drifts which cover the bleak *tundra* during the Arctic Night. Behind was the sea—ahead was the sea—No protection was provided against the lashing fury of winter in those desolate regions. The church, and a crudely constructed, very small, hospital (but there are no doctors or nurses) made up the bold little group that represents the Christian Church.

The Archdeacon had painted his doorway a roman red, as he described it, and the walls of the scrupulously neat living-room and kitchen had been freshly painted an olive green. His tiny dining-room he had conceived as flooded with imaginary sunlight, it was a clear yellow to warm his spirits during the long dark Arctic winter. The kitchen range was new and his china ingeniously arranged in racks. Our host showed us with pride the bread he had baked the day before, and gave me a recipe for frozen pudding, which he was planning to try this winter when his window ledge will serve as an excellent ice box. We ascended a quaint stairway and

found ourselves in a spotless bachelor's bedroom. Above his narrow iron bed hung a cross of the Church and a small painting of Jesus. An electric reading light hung over his bed, run by his own Delco System, the only electricity in this outpost of civilization. On one book shelf he arranged his ecclesiastical literature and on another a collection of very modern fiction: *The Man Nobody Knows, The Unchanging Quest, Sorrell & Son,* and a few old timers such as *The Spoilers* and *The Silver Horde.*

"Come with me and I will show you lettuce and radishes growing under glass in the Arctic!" the Archdeacon suggested as we were leaving. Also he insisted that we see the dog kennels with the two Greenland Eskimo dogs, who had traveled from Greenland to Pt. Hope with Rasmussen. The Deputy Marshal of the district, a handsome, strong looking individual who spoke splendid English, was feeding the long-legged and intense looking animals. He was a half Cherokee Indian and half Portuguese, who served as cabin boy on the *Belvedere* when she was wrecked many years before and had remained on the coast ever since.

An ancient Eskimo graveyard was not far away. Hundreds of whalebones marked the great hunters. A famous chief of early days lay buried in solitary glory a few yards distant, and over him towered the longest whalebone he had procured during a temperamental and bloody career. He is said to have had many wives, but, with no written records, his glorious history has been exaggerated. In earlier times at Pt. Hope, corpses were buried on raised platforms, strapped to the board where they decomposed, and must have smelled terribly. The remains of more lowly subjects were thrown to the dogs. They now bury their dead. The ground here, as on the Siberian coast, is perpetually frozen at a depth of two feet, the surface being covered by grass.

A profusion of wild flowers covered the flat, unattractive

Mr. Slaughter and Archdeacon Goodman standing by the Eskimo graveyard in Pt. Hope.

land: Arctic poppies, fragrant blue forget-me-nots, primroses, yellow daisies, buttercups, tall waving blue lupines. We trod on a blanket of softly swaying tendrils of ravishing color. Snow buntings nested among the hummocks, and bees and butterflies darted to and fro among the scattering pollen. Many sandpipers flew up from the lagoon and other birds we had no time to watch. The land itself was drab in color and there were no trees or shrubs. Although we understood the temperature on the northernmost coast of Alaska occasionally reaches 85° and 90° during July and August, it was only 55° the day we were there.

The natives we saw were far inferior to the Chukchees in physique and to the King Islanders in every way. Captain F. W. Beechy, R.N., on his polar expedition in August, 1826, describes thus the natives of Pt. Hope:

"The persons of our new acquaintance were extremely diminutive, dirty, and forbidding. Some were blind, others decrepit; and all dressed in greasy worn-out clothes. They looked wretched. Their hospitality, however, was even greater than we could desire; and we were dragged away by the wrists to their hovels on approaching which we passed between heaps of filth and ruined habitations filled with stinking water, to a part of the village which was in better repair. We were then seated upon some skins, and bowls of blubber, walrus, and unicorn flesh were offered—the village consisted of *yourts* excavated in a ridge of mud and gravel which had been heaped up parallel to a beach."

The remains of the *yourts* described so clearly by Captain Beechy were situated a few miles beyond the mud dwellings of today and were now being used as refrigerators. Four years ago, 120 houses were counted in the deserted village which is gradually being washed away by the sea. Primitive implements of carved ivory and jade, which the Eskimos are beginning to realize are interesting to white men, have recently been excavated from underneath the mounds. We

made an important collection of these articles which were pressed upon us by the male population, and they are now part of a much larger collection that we presented to the Field Museum. There were ivory *labrets* formerly used by the men as chin ornaments, whaling knives, flints, and crude stones for killing birds. The stones were fastened together and the process was to pull the string, fling out a stone, and catch the bird by the leg. The wooden masks, resembling human faces, for ceremonial dances and employed by the medicine-man for curing unknown diseases, fascinated us. The most surprising curios were bone handles with a slab of green stone which we figured out to be jade brought hundreds of years ago from Siberia, or traded by the Chukchees. Our King Island Eskimos informed us, however, that this semi-precious stone has been picked up in the mountains back of Kotzebue Sound.

The *igloos* that the Eskimos live in today stand above ground, mere hovels of moss-covered whalebone. We called on the native mayor and were nauseated by the stench of seal blubber, and intestines lying in the main entrance. The center chamber was a small square box, used for sleeping and eating, into which light penetrated from an aperture in the mud roof. Across the opening stretched a tightly drawn parchment covering made of the guts of the *oogruk*. Four squaws sat on the floor, each holding a small child and anxiously watching the supper that hissed on a very modern stove. Sugar, tea, and tobacco, luxuries beyond the reach of the less fortunate Chukchees, were in evidence. Beyond the main chamber we caught glimpses of blankets and clothing hanging on the wall, though the only bed we saw was a narrow plank of wood built into the main chamber. They evidently roll up in blankets and stretch out on the floor. The oldest woman, a terrible old hag, became ecstatic over my gay colored coat, although Mrs. Slaughter was wearing a far more attractive blue *parka* which did not attract the

ugly woman at all. She was evidently struck by bright colors and showed her pleasure by pinching me. First the old thing pinched my *mukluks,* then trousers, and finally the beautiful coat over which she nearly lost her mind. I became absurdly embarrassed at the incomprehensible chattering which ensued over my costume, and after feeling more sharp pinches from bird-like claws, I called back to Mrs. Slaughter I would meet her outside. On turning to go, I asked the squaws if they would come out to have their pictures taken. They were charmed!

Many of the women's chins were tattooed with three small lines, a general distinguishing mark of the fair sex along this coast; "this is effected by drawing a blackened piece of thread through the skin with a needle, as with the Greenlanders," states Captain Beechy. The women had their teeth much worn down, because of chewing skins to soften them before making mukluks, parkas, etc. There were many hunchbacks, a few cripples, and nearly everyone we saw was cross-eyed. Mr. Goodman told us ninety-six per cent of the population is tubercular.

The school teacher found it imperative to demand that families "de-louse" their offspring before sending them to school which has compulsory attendance. The Board of Education also supervises the reindeer herd of approximately seven thousand domestic animals which provides clothing, food, and revenue for the Eskimos. Their main source of food, however, has been from time immemorial the whale which is rapidly decreasing, the catch for the past year being three in comparison to thirteen the previous year.

During the months of November, December, and January, a certain amount of trapping is done,—the red, white, and cross foxes, and weasel are indigenous to the country. The pelts are turned in, sent out by dog sled, and finally reach Seattle where they are sold in a bazaar. Some Eskimos have accumulated their savings. There were three frame houses

A young hopeful of the Eskimo village Tikeraq.

built by the more prosperous men and soon there will be more, although we were informed the men are extremely lazy, and care only to have enough on hand to keep them from cold and always possible starvation. Pt. Hope at one time served as a whaling station, but the day of the whaling vessel plying through Bering Strait into Arctic waters is gone.

That afternoon the sea-scouts had a beautiful time beating the Eskimos at baseball. They had at last found someone who fully appreciated their athletic abilities. Afterwards everyone proceeded to the general store which was opened for our benefit. The storekeeper had opened his store on the preceding Sunday, a lapse severely censured by the Archdeacon. For this offense the erring merchant was deprived of his cross and by the time we arrived he had nothing to lose. So we bought three polar bear skins, some faun, and white deer skins, and here saw the remnant of the bolt of red calico out of which the women had fashioned their spring wardrobe.

On our walk toward the beach we were accosted by the sly natives who wished to sell everything they had. The school teacher had just explained that they usually hold back a few precious trade goods for the possible trader who might call in during the short navigable season. They then ask whatever price they think the visitor can pay. . . . But few ships are ever seen by this little group of human souls dropped upon such an unfriendly land.

As we were waving good-by to our many new friends and waiting for the launch to pick us up, we heard considerable yelling and excitement behind us:—a ship's mast was just visible above the horizon. She was a Hudson Bay Steamer bound for Hershel Island, west of Pt. Barrow. I do not think they entertained many hopes of her standing-in toward the long thin point of land, nevertheless the sea of hopeful faces was covered with disappointment when she continued on her way.

The Archdeacon returned with us aboard the yacht, and on entering the main cabin with its warm and almost luxurious atmosphere of comfort, he exclaimed tragically, "Home and mother!" During supper he talked of the Eskimos with a real sense of loyalty to these very recent members of the Church. One story of a brave old woman who in three years lost her only three sons on the ice hunting polar bear and seal, brought home to us a clear picture of the strenuous and heart-rending events which occur in their daily life.

CHAPTER XII

Dodging the Polar Ice-Pack

July 25th. We weighed anchor bound toward Nome to pick up our guest Mr. T. Ashley Hine. "A beautiful day with a fresh breeze" but a head wind and head current impeded our progress and necessitated tacking for better weather and smoother sailing. Accordingly we sailed southwest toward the Siberian coast steering a course between Cape Serdze and East Cape. We had also to avoid wide shoals off Cape Prince of Wales. The school teacher had begged to be taken to Nome as he had some affairs to attend to. Since our Eskimo guests already added to the usual number of twenty-four or five, every bed was occupied, he was obliged to sleep on the bench in the officers' mess.

The steward and several other members of the crew now complained of colds. We noticed that every time we visited a town or settlement someone on board started to sneeze or cough almost immediately. Otherwise, for five long months there was no illness of any description. "Have posted orders on the Bulletin Board in forward quarters that in case of illness they must report to me at once. Too many amateur doctors on this boat. They usually try all the favorite remedies suggested by the crew before I am called in,"—my husband entered in the log.

We crossed the Arctic Circle the next night for the fourth time. After seeing a fog bank ahead, we went below—again deprived of seeing the Diomede Islands which guard the entrance to Bering Sea. Bering Strait was veiled as usual in white puffs of fog hovering between sea and sky.It was exasperating!

July 27th. Because their ancestors have lived many hundred years on a tiny island situated in the middle of the foggiest and most treacherous body of water in the Far North, the King Island natives have inherited local knowledge extremely valuable to the mariner. They showed both my husband and Captain Joe how to approach small islands or high promontories in a dense fog providing there is a wind: by directing the course to the lee side where the fog always lifts enough to reveal land. This maneuver is called *ookab;* there is no English translation. My husband tried the experiment on reaching the Diomedes. . . . A thick mist hung over everything. . . . We reached the lee side of Big Diomede and immediately the sun shone bright; the tall rock island was disclosed, although to the north, the fog bank still blotted out any vision and rushed continually between the islands with the wind.

As we sailed southward the pale nights became noticeably darker although it never got too dark to read a book on deck; was never darker, in fact, than a somewhat overcast day. As we approached Nome the red sun set over dark hills about 11:30 and rose again at one, warm rays continuing to tint the sky until a new sun arose. The temperature at Bering Strait and that of the Arctic as far north as Wrangel differed on the average by only seven or eight degrees. The lowest record we had experienced so far in the Arctic was slightly below freezing, and the average temperature was about 40°; the average temperature we recorded within two hundred miles of Nome was between 48° and 50°, sometimes reaching 60°.

South of Bering Strait the next morning the vision was clear for fifty or sixty miles: we could see the mountains of Alaska on one side and the Siberian coast shimmered in the luminous haze off our starboard rail. The natives wished to stop again at King Island for a reason they mysteriously withheld, and when they had been put ashore we watched

them hop from boulder to boulder in excited haste like mountain goats. On their return, they hustled still mysteriously to the forward deck and we pretended not to notice them. A few minutes later Little John joined us near the pilot-house, where we were standing enjoying the shimmering, golden sunshine, and announced, "Now Capt'n, you can come see your *kayak*."

"My *kayak?*" my husband looked a trifle puzzled.

I followed, and witnessed the formal and touching gift of a *kayak*, harpoon, poke, and *immamidik*. They were childishly happy in their ability to please "Cap'n"; their black eyes fairly sparkled with delight. Little John explained: "Wood in boat seven years old—skin new every two years." —And then—"You give Museum."

The gut coat and harpoon was given by the older and more silent John. We shook hands all round,—and nearly kissed.

After supper we stayed on deck to enjoy the scenery. Land was so seldom in sight during our long trip that it was almost a novelty. The natives were already there, staring longingly at their beloved coast, and they proceeded to ask questions showing a real intellectual curiosity and a mingled simplicity and penetration.

"Where white man come from, maybe Europe, before he come America?" inquired the younger.

"Yes, most probably."

"Maybe Eskimo natives come from Siberia long long time ago," he observed, adding: "Who find America?"

Christopher Columbus was a new name to him, but he walked to the chart-room, found a pad and pencil, and came back to where we sat. He then rested the pad on top of the deck-house and proceeded to draw. We were amazed when he turned round and showed us a pretty fair outline of Spain and the countries near it. Then followed this conversation:

"Where do King Island natives get medicine?"

"Government—native boy good doctor!"

"Are you married—Johnny?"
"A-ha!"
"How old is your wife?"
"Oh—'bout seventeen."
"Have you any children?"
"Three!"
"How old was your wife when you married her?"
"Oh—'bout sixteen!"

Eskimos apparently never know their correct ages, unless a missionary has been there at the time to record the birth. The Pt. Hope school teacher overheard our conversation and told Captain Borden later he considered the two King Island boys far brighter, quicker, and keener to follow the ways of white men than the Eskimos among whom he lived.

We proceeded under full steam toward Nome in order to reach there before the *Victoria* should weigh anchor for Seattle. Hundreds of post cards and letters were hastily stamped in hopes of getting them aboard the steamer since the captain wirelessed that he would wait until our arrival. On nearing Nome, the snow which we saw in spots on the rolling hills of Alaska as we sailed north two weeks before, was almost entirely gone. The second mate expressed surprise at finding the temperature 68°—real summer weather.

That night was again one of magic! Fading rays of bright sunlight flitted across the fleece-like clouds on our left, tinting them salmon pink, lavender, and orange, while the sharp, bare, precipitous and rugged flanks of the coast mountains jutted out of the sea in varying hues of brown, green, black, and blue-black. Further to the right, the sky over the grim black hills changed from a warm thick yellow to the fresher tone of day. The new sun was up long before we went to bed. We stood in the roadstead overlooking the sleeping town of Nome as the ship's clocks chimed four bells. The *Victoria* lay at anchor, restlessly awaiting our arrival, and another ship, a four-masted trader, rode near us.

Before we dropped the hook, Captain Ross came alongside with a large sack of mail and a hearty welcome to the *Northern Light* after her two weeks in the Arctic. It was four o'clock by the time we sorted the mail and everyone stood around meanwhile with eyes greedy for their letters. We were nearly three months out from Victoria and were receiving mail for the second time. Strange as it may seem my news caused me more unhappiness than anything else, since the letters, written six weeks before, were telling me that my children had been desperately ill with whooping cough. We had known the children were ill, but had had no idea how seriously. Sometimes I am afraid I showed how hard it was to be the cheerful hostess when my thoughts were really thousands of miles away.

After a scanty four hours' sleep and a hasty breakfast we started for shore. For us who had read of its former glamour and romance, Nome appeared a depressing city. Each deserted house might have meant lost hopes. But there were many lucky ones, too, among those twenty thousand men, women, and children who arrived in Nome in '99, able to take out fortunes in gold. There were others who found none of the precious ore but remained to eke out a meager living. Of course, there were still others of that straggling, increasing number who sacrificed everything, discovered no gold, and have since drifted to different parts of Alaska, hoping that their ship will come in.

Nome ten years ago had a population of some ten thousand, but year by year the number dwindles, and today there are scarcely eight hundred inhabitants. The closed and dilapidated shops, hotels, banks, and the abandoned army post each tell a tale; the crumbling buildings present the weird sensation of a deserted stronghold. Despite this mute changing of a city into a tumbledown village, Nome can boast of an atmosphere found nowhere else in the world. Truly the last act in a thrilling melodrama of adventure and

passion, and there are a few enterprising citizens of this proud little town, who are attempting to stage a new play instead of sitting down to watch the curtain fall on a drama so real. Nome seemed very dear to the faithful hearts of its permanent audience, and there would be many heartbreaks if it deteriorated into a trading-post of small account. Since there is no harbor, Nome unfortunately can never be a seaport.

In the afternoon we were taken just outside the town to see an unusual sight: a domestic reindeer herd that had wandered from the mountains to the sea, a distance of some ninety miles, to escape mosquitoes and heat. The graceful creatures were strolling unconcernedly along the beach when we found them and looked for all the world like "Donder and Blitzen," of Santa Claus fame. Their skins are used for *parkas* and the meat shipped out to the States.

The social program for our afternoon and evening's amusement was strenuous: a tea given by the "Nome Kennel Club" and a public reception in the evening. The tea took place in the log cabin, an attractive and friendly building made famous by Amundsen and others, and my lasting impression will be a large room with a polished wooden floor and beamed ceiling, a blazing log-fire, and great copper jars heavy with the most exquisite purple iris. These delicate wild blooms were gathered from the foothills—the country was a bower of sunshine and flowers, despite the fact that June first still saw the marshy land covered in a white blanket.

In the old days of Nome the log cabin, we were told, was the meeting place of a secret organization. Mysterious initiations took place; nightly gatherings caused whispered excitement in the town. Each member carried his own gold key. Around the walls of the log-panelled room dangled great iron hooks used to chain the new member before hazing, and each name, spelled backward, had been carved on the rafters. All went well until the wives of the members became suspicious.

These Junos raided the sacred precincts one New Year's Eve. From then on that pleasant thrill of belonging to a secret gathering faded. The log cabin gradually fell into disuse, becoming merely the occasional meeting place of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Nome Kennel Club is an organization to promote dog racing, or "Good Clean Sport." Each winter, when Nome settles down to the long Arctic night and complete ice-bound isolation, dog races provide the thrills. In 1916 Captain Borden presented the club with a cup for a Marathon dog race which has been held annually ever since. The fastest time, one hour and fifty-six minutes, has been made by Leonard Seppala with his Siberians. This year we presented the Kennel Club with a silver plaque on which had been engraved the names and times of the several winners, and which is to remain in the club as a permanent record.

Besides, dog teams have been the only means of transportation across the vast snow-covered wilderness; just recently an aeroplane service has been started between Nome and Fairbanks.

At half past seven, after having returned to the yacht for a bite, and to dress for the reception to be given in our honor, we landed on shore and walked to the scene of gayety. We were surprised to enter a large pretentious building with rows of electric lights, galleries, and stage boxes, where men and women of Rex Beach fame forgot the Arctic blizzards that howled outside. The program arranged for us was certainly one we could never enjoy anywhere else: Eskimo dances and Leonard Seppala—King of the Arctic Trail—with his fine Siberian dogs.

We returned to the yacht after a rough trip in the launch—just in time to avoid a storm. By morning the wind had changed and was blowing hard from the southeast. Although the wireless operator and Mr. Hine were not yet on board, and half of our provisions were still unladen, we hastily

Reindeer herd on beach outside of Nome.

pulled up anchor, bound for Sledge Island. That little land is not more than a mile in length, and we dropped anchors on the lee side only to be buffeted back and forth for two days by a tide running at right angles to the wind and heavy sea. Our dispositions were put to a supreme test. A telegram from Stanley Field congratulating us on our walrus hunt added the one bright spot.

August 1st. The wind died down enough on the third day to permit us to return to Nome. Here we laid in a supply of articles in case we should again meet the Chukchees in the ice: a case of tea, case of 30-30 ammunition, ten boxes of lump sugar, ten packages both of chewing and smoking tobacco, and several large boxes of matches. The steward managed to return with beef, mutton, pork, lettuce, carrots, beets, turnips, cabbage, and grapefruit, also a devils food cake dripping in chocolate frosting. Nothing ever looked so beautiful.

Mr. Hine, while waiting for us, stopped at the hotel and made trips back into the foothills for bird specimens. He collected fox, golden-crowned, and Savannah sparrows, an Alaskan longspur, red poll, and a golden plover, rare in that vicinity. The plover, he explained, migrates through China and India to Australia and Polynesia covering many thousand miles. The Eskimos came on board just before we sailed, seemingly delighted to be with us again.

We weighed anchor at nine o'clock, leaving Nome for the fourth time, and headed north toward our beloved Arctic, far more determined than ever to reach Wrangel Island. The incessant Bering Sea fog clung to us until midnight when the sky became clear. The wind changed from southeast to due north as we proceeded on our way.

August 2nd. We stopped at Fairway Rock, a small granite formation five or six hundred feet high, to let Mr. Hine shoot water birds. The soft colors of green, yellow, pink, and lavender were lovely rising out of a dull blue sea and as the fog

Mr. T. Ashley Hine, ornithologist of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

came and went we had a full view of the turreted, castle-like rock. We could just see thousands of little heads above a soft green carpet, and after the first shot millions of birds flew in all directions. We there acquired murres, paroquet auklets, horned and tufted puffins, pigeon guillemots, and a glaucous-winged gull. The feathers of the tufted puffin are like silk. It was interesting to compare the many yellow vermilion, orange, and scarlet vermilions in the bird's legs and claws,—the colors still brilliant in the first hour after death. In fact, a notable change can be seen almost instantly in the flesh part of a bird as the warmth of life leaves its body. What surprised us most about the Arctic water birds is the exact similarity of coloring of male and female in auklets, murres, and guillemots.

A Diomede Island Eskimo.

We sailed toward the Diomede Islands six and one-half miles distant and for the first time in five trips they were visible, so close together that they resembled one island. On Big Diomede lay large patches of snow in recesses of the steep rocky sides. This Russian possession is inhabited on the north side by Siberian natives.

We anchored between the two islands, in seventeen fathoms. The American natives on Little Diomede are settled on a low-lying gravel spit and we did not find their village particularly interesting: an ordinary frame schoolhouse where a native teacher presides, and small wooden huts cluttered along the beach. We could see however remains of former dwellings which probably resembled those of King Island.

Before long some Eskimos greeted us from a skin-boat. They asked to come aboard. The men had little to offer in

the way of trade: only ivory beads and a few pairs of moccasins. While the others chatted with our King Island boys one man talked with us in fairly good English, informing us that two *umiaks* had just departed for Nome with ivory and skins, and with a fair wind would reach there in about twenty hours. Through this conversation we then satisfied our curiosity regarding life on the Diomedes: "Three men and some ladies live on Big Diomede," he said. One of the men is consul, and permits the Alaskan natives to trap foxes there during winter. We also learned that the two tribes speak enough alike to be understood, although our friend declared: "Rooshian natives talk slower."

"Maybe East Cape natives come tonight. When they want sugar, tea, or flour, they come over see us. When we want reindeer or any skins, we sail over see them. Natives always friends, many hundred years—white man no," he continued. We wondered whether their expected visitors were Chukchees or Siberian Eskimos. Our friend then volunteered further information: "No white man on Big Diomede. Rooshians come sometimes, but never visit Little Diomede." In a different strain: "We get fresh birds' eggs all time and could fill our *umiak* for you with thousands of them."

Skins from the North American continent have been found on the markets of interior Siberia and Russia, having passed from hand to hand among natives of the polar region of both continents. The barter takes place on these tiny islands dropped in the middle of Bering Strait. They now get good prices for their trade goods: Peterson, a trader, had already called at the island twice and taken off their furs, paying them $42.50 for a good white fox. The natives seemed prosperous and with their overalls and caps were not as interesting as the Pt. Hope Eskimos, nor nearly as pleasant as the King Islanders. Two or three of the men must have been half-Chinese, while all the others were more Chinese in their physiognomy than any we had seen.

According to an age-old tradition among natives of these two islands, the two were, at one time, one large island with a stream running through it. Long, long ago, a side of the mountain fell down and buried the village. The sea then rushed over the mountain stream and made two islands. . . . In Nome my husband later acquired a collection of ivory carvings, valuable to a museum of Natural History, which had been dug up by the natives themselves from an upper and two lower stratas of earth below the present settlement on Little Diomede. There were three distinct periods of civilization represented. We added this collection to the Pt. Hope articles and presented them to the Museum.

Perhaps the tools and Eskimo playthings found on the lowest strata were buried thousands of years before the more recent pieces. Strange as it seemed to us, the first stage of development was a far more enlightened one artistically: the carvings and scenes being infinitely better drawn than during the later era. The earlier ivories depicted sealing, hunting, and fishing along the shores of the Polar Ocean, and some were carved to resemble animals' heads and eyes. The ivory was fossilized and hard as stone, dark brown and black in color. Whether it was mastodon or walrus, we do not know. The more recently fashioned implements, which perhaps have not been used in the last hundred years, were clumsy bits of jade, flint, and ivory, and were carved scantily, if at all.

From information one way or another we were led to believe the Diomedes are probably the seat of the oldest Eskimo settlement along Arctic shores. Perhaps because the natives were in a geographical position to trade with both great continents.

The only new species Mr. Hine took here was a least auklet, a tiny, exquisite, little bird. But a whiskered murrelet flew on the deck;—when one of the boys picked him up very

gently he made no struggle to escape, just looked very tired and surprised.

Sailing north, we again encountered a heavy fog before entering the Arctic Ocean, and looking back hours later we saw the fog bank rolling above the sea in clouds. The temperature dropped from 53° to 45°, and, with a head wind and strong current working against us, our progress was not rapid. We now crossed the Arctic Circle for the fifth time. I, fortunately, spent the evening making water color sketches of two birds (we had early learned to "make hay while the sun shines") but was looking forward to doing a lot of work the next day. I also wanted to write extensively in my diary and finish Stefansson's book on Wrangel Island before we should reach there.

August 3rd. While at lunch the following day, as luck would have it, while we were busily eating and totally unsuspecting, food and dishes crashed to the floor for the first time on the trip. A storm took us unawares. In a few minutes three women had gone to bed.

Our course was changed to sail north as far as possible, following the edge of the pack-ice west to Herald Island. By night the wind died down. "Two rainbows and a sunset of lavender, pink, and blue,—promises well. Feathery clouds of salmon pink drift across a clear blue sky and the barometer is rising," I find on turning over the diary pages. At midnight the sky was still quivering with red from the sun's rays as we again neared the "Land of the Midnight Sun" which was by this time several degrees further north than it had been three weeks before. One hundred and fifty to two hundred miles further north made a tremendous difference. The temperature dropped to around 40°.

Unfortunately, sailing north we ran out of the promised fine weather, as we again neared the Alaskan shore and Pt. Hope. A northern phalarope, the smallest of the North

American swimming birds, was shot about twenty miles off shore. This little bird has a rubber-like bill and is of the snipe family. The combination of a rough sea and a desire for shore birds drove us to anchor in Marryatt Inlet, northeast of Pt. Hope on August 4th. Frances Ames gathered here many different kinds of flowers (during the summer she pressed over a hundred and fifty varieties for Museum study) and Mr. Hine collected old squaw, stellar eider, western sandpiper, sharp-tailed sandpiper, and Arctic tern. The last mentioned bird migrates further in a year than any other bird of whose habits anything is known; its flight is estimated at nearly three thousand miles. Rocket nearly went crazy when he found himself once more on dry land and had an exciting afternoon retrieving birds. Our first mosquitoes were frightful and a few large ones traveled out to the ship.

The weather looked dirty out at sea. The barometer continued to fall. We rested at anchor in six fathoms all night off a coast of the same treeless brownish-green *tundra* as we had seen on the Siberian side. A night of rest now and then gave the engineers as well as the mates and sailors time to breathe. The forward deck, after supper, was noisy with wrestling matches and games of every description. The natives contributed their "bit" by bringing on deck their victrola and playing favorite Philippine (meaning Hawaiian) records. After amusing the crew they came sauntering back to us. Mr. Hine began asking them Eskimo names for his specimens, and each answer was a combination of sneeze and gargle. When we looked puzzled and asked them to repeat, they thought it exceedingly funny. We now started the game of—Eskimo pointing to a rainbow, or something, and asking, "What you call that?" After our answer they would proceed to tell their name for it, and then roar with laughter. They were really nothing more than school boys. During the evening a baseball landed overboard; the natives immediately lowered the double *kayak* and paddled toward the miss-

ing plaything. When they returned to the yacht they told me "Waves too small, waves big—go like hell!"

The chef had a birthday, which inspired him to the heights of baking a superb chocolate cake and making caramel fudge. The cake was placed in a tin box on the sideboard and when the chef asked for it, the steward told him we finished it in one meal. He immediately made an identical cake. Books, music, and food were the wine-women-and-song of the long voyage.

August 5th. The next day was beautiful, thank goodness, and a glorious day in the Arctic is more wonderful than anything any of us had ever seen anywhere else in the world. We realized why explorers, such as Stefansson and Amundsen, continually return to the Frozen North and gladly undergo many hardships along with the glorious life. We had heard in Unalaska that "north of St. Lawrence Island the sun would shine." We found it to be true. Good weather in the Polar Sea meant calm waters, radiant sunsets, and the long white nights burning with sunshine, more exquisite than any hour on the blue Mediterranean or any clear white day in Switzerland. The North has a weird, intoxicating beauty which is indescribable. No one can grasp the full ecstasy of an Arctic summer night without having drunk deep of its spell. . . . A thrilling element of hovering danger followed us always. There were no harbors for hundreds of miles at a stretch and no lighthouses of a civilized coast to guide us. I think I may possibly have enjoyed it more than some of the others, fully realizing that with small children at home, my husband and I might never again sail these waters.

The temperature that morning was 67°, having risen nearly 30° since the overcast day two days previous. We weighed anchor and steered north toward Cape Lisburne, a promontory 2,500 feet high, from which point the land turns east and north to Pt. Barrow. The bare, brown rugged hills of limestone and flint came down to the sea, and in a few

places rolling *tundra* sloped gradually to the water's edge where breakers were pounding incessantly. A desolate land!

We stood on deck, hoping, perhaps, to see brown bear through our glasses, since natives at Pt. Hope told our Eskimos six large bears had been killed that summer in the mountains back of Cape Thompson, probably barren ground grizzlies. Brown bear are also found from Pt. Hope to Pt. Barrow, although we heard of no one but natives who had ever hunted them. The Pt. Hope school teacher informed us that white sheep had been killed in the mountains—of a species not yet classified (perhaps the *Ovis Dalli*). If we had known all this before leaving Unalaska, we would never have left behind the two canoes with outboard motors. "The Kukpuk River that we traveled yesterday looking for birds is sixty miles long on the chart, but this means little, since the Noatak River in Kotzebue Sound is several hundred miles long according to local Eskimos, and is marked only fifty miles on the map." (Diary.) . . . It was about in this position that the *Daniel Webster* was trapped by the clutches of the pack on July 3, 1880. Her crew barely escaped immediate destruction as she sank an hour after her hull was crushed. They were unable to carry any food or clothes with them, and had to depend on seal and oil meals given them by the Eskimos living along the coast. After considerable suffering they were eventually picked up by other whalers. . . .

Sparks reported the *Charles Brower* reached Pt. Barrow safely. The men on board her during the hideous night when she pounded on the reef, could scarcely have hoped that Providence would guide them a thousand miles further north. In my diary that evening: "How cheerful everyone is when the sun shines and the sea is quiet."

Hoping for luck—enough to avoid the threatening ice until we reached Wrangel Island, we steamed north in order to make sure of its southern extent. Having encountered no ice along the Alaskan coast we then turned west toward Herald

and Wrangel Islands, proceeding on the course known to sailors as the "Outside Passage." Our chances of reaching Wrangel were better than before; the Arctic would probably be more open. The amount of ice in any area, we learned, is determined by prevailing winds; a steady southeast blow for several days will pack the ice miles further north. There are summers when navigation to Wrangel is impossible at any time. We of course could not take any chances on being caught in the pack north and west of Alaska, and off the Arctic coast of Siberia, or our helpless vessel would drift to a cold, unmarked grave. On the other hand if a ship is caught in the ice of the European Arctic it usually drifts south into open water and freedom. The danger was so constantly with us that I began to feel that the pack was a giant octopus, thrusting its deadly tentacles in all directions. The mere word "ice" brought shivers and goose-flesh. My readers may think I overestimate this silent, white enemy and wonder why we continued—but they must remember that we were sailing in search of Museum specimens in the graveyard of the seven seas. More ships have gone to "Davy Jones' Locker" in the waters north of Bering Strait, considering the comparatively short span of years since the Bering Sea was first discovered, than on any other body of water in all the world. The great polar ice-pack, that fiend of the North, continues to take its relentless toll. While writing this book I feel, every once in a while, it must be fiction.—Were we actually there,—at the top of the world? And in an occasional nightmare, even now, I see ships—and human beings—struggling—shuddering—being sucked to their doom—nothing left up there—only the great tossing ocean and the angry ice—forever trying to destroy every living hope. . . .

All sails were set in a fresh breeze after passing Cape Lisburne. The thermometer dropped to 48°, falling still further until it had dropped 25° in twelve hours.

On August 6th we ran into fog. Captain Borden observed

that each of the four times we sailed between 168° and 171° West Longitude or due north of Bering Strait, we always found fog. A bottle, with the name of the ship, its position, the master, and date, was thrown overboard every night as per instructions of the Hydrographic Office to determine the direction of the current. Natives can find grape juice and red raven splits bottles drifting along shore any time next winter.

The Eskimos were so frightened just before we again encountered Herald Shoal in a fog, remembering the formidable icebergs which were caught there before, that they would not go to bed until the dangerous reef was avoided. Fortunately for their peace of mind the fog conveniently lifted at the crucial moment before reaching the shoal, and there was not a single cake of ice in sight. This was most surprising! The enormous bergs had drifted, probably, northwest.

We still saw no ice at 70° 50′ North Latitude; it was toward this approximate position that the survivors of the wreck of the *Karluk*, while encamped at Waring Point on Wrangel Island, thought they could see a separate island extending beyond, and further away than Herald Island. From this northeast point of Wrangel, the new and hitherto undiscovered land was apparently visible to them on clear days and reliable persons claimed to see it at least twenty times. The question arose as to whether this was a fog bank or mirage; the answer was, that the outline remained the same every time. . . . So—when we reached the supposed location—we cruised back and forth over Borden Land (named for the Canadian Prime Minister by Captain Hadley in 1914), and although visibility was not high we saw absolutely nothing. Crossing the approximate position, soundings of twenty-five fathoms were found. We then knew there could be no land just there, and were almost convinced the men must either have seen a mirage or a further peak of Herald Island partly obscured in fog. The boys in the forecastle as well as the officers had taken turns reading Stefans-

son's *Adventure of Wrangel Island*, and, I believe, everyone was certain a third island would be waiting for us to explore. However, there still remained a slim chance of land not being visible to us in the haze. More will be told of this later.

A rough and heavy sea soon rolled us back and forth, but we kept high hopes of not meeting ice before reaching Herald Island. The engines were run at slow speed to steady the boat and soundings were taken as we approached the treacherous waters around Herald. Everyone who could leave his work was on deck. At last—a desolate granite formation loomed out of the fog. Nearing it, we watched high waves pound against sheer, dark rugged cliffs. There was no beach or possible approach for a small boat except in a dead calm. The island seemed far larger than we had supposed, judging from maps, and, owing to its peculiar formation of bold, irregular, and precipitous headlands, it was impossible to ascertain its exact size. We cruised round three sides until a reef on which ice rose and fell, lay abeam of us as far as we could see,—on the map ten miles off the northwest point. Here, the *Lucretia*, a New Bedford whaler, was wrecked in the summer of 1887. . . . Large ice cakes were clinging to shore. The Eskimos hovered near the pilot-house, looking very green, and were half frightened to death the entire afternoon. It was a place they had never before been. "We very far away from home, that reef very dangerous," Little John expressed actual fear.

We also shuddered when we saw the cold, bleak rock and thought of the four men of the *Karluk* who tried to keep alive on this forbidding, grim land. Stefansson's *Karluk* was caught in the ice in the summer of 1913 just east of Pt. Barrow (Stefansson had gone ashore to hunt caribou), and for several days each member of the crew could have safely reached shore, but they optimistically believed a lead would open and free them. The vessel then drifted helplessly west and was crushed five months later about sixty miles north of Wrangel Island. After abandoning ship, Captain Bartlett

ordered two mates and two sailors to go ahead and make camp on Wrangel. Owing to some confusion on their part the four men started toward land which turned out to be Herald Island, and were never again seen alive. At about the same time four scientists who had voyaged in the Antarctic, and therefore differed in their opinions as to ice conditions and climate, decided to separate themselves from the main party. They started off in the same general direction as the mates and sailors, in an attempt to walk over the ice to Siberia. They also were never again seen alive. . . . Eight years ago Captain Louis Lane reached Herald Island, and here on the northwest spit found remains of four human beings still in their sleeping blankets with the tent collapsed over them. Parts of a polar bear and seal were close by, so they could not have starved to death. He thought these were remains of the mate's party and that they must have died from exposure or suffocation rather than from lack of food.

A post stood on the summit of the high, rugged southeast point of the island, a dangerous climb for the man who had placed it there. It would certainly have been impossible for a man to exist on the bare, jagged peaks. There were murres, pigeon guillemots, gulls, and two puffins flying around us and on the island may have been white fox though there can hardly have been any larger life. Herald Island is uncolonized, although Russia claims it. It was from this promontory that Kellett on *H.M.S. Herald* first saw Wrangel Island to the west.

Although many whaling and trading vessels have cruised these seas at one time or another and most of them were able to visit Herald Island, few ever saw Wrangel.

The thermometer registered 37° at eight o'clock, but it seemed much colder because of a bitter north wind. The water was only 34° on the southwest side of the island and was 41° fifteen miles further away, due to the current.

Leaving Herald Island we steamed west. Plans for hot coffee and waffles on reaching Wrangel about two o'clock were completed before turning in shortly after nine. We thought, of course, we would surely reach our goal this time. The distance between the two islands is only forty miles and the possibility of clear sailing and no ice was excellent.

August 6th. That night Captain Borden and a mate sighted Wrangel Island at 10:30. After a continuous watch of thirty-six hours my husband then went below, but two hours later was suddenly awakened by the engines being signalled off. Hearing much confusion on deck he dressed hurriedly and disappeared; in a few minutes I heard: "Ice ahead!" . . . Ice! Ice!—What a word!—The water was now 29° (one degree over the freezing point of salt water).

By midnight the island was in clear sight about eight miles from the yacht. While others slept peacefully I sat up in bed, listening to loud voices that wafted through the port-holes opening on deck. This was too much. Climbing down from the high bed I pulled on my heaviest trousers, two sweaters, two *parkas*, and the invaluable *mukluks* over many woolen socks, and started up the steps. Crowds of men, muffled in warmest clothes, seemed to be talking together—everyone was staring out toward land not far distant. A cold grey night. Threatening wind clouds sailed over our heads. The sea below was heavy. It rolled against the heavy hummocks of dirty ice. No one paid the slightest attention to me.—I shivered, pulled the hood of my *parka* over a felt hat and tied it closer around my neck.—My hands were cold so I made use of the heavy Indian gloves that were on the cord round my neck. There lay Wrangel.—We were steering north in a forlorn hope of finding a break in the loose and drifting floes—this I overheard my husband tell Harry, second mate. Excitement became more and more intense. When we reached the northeast extremity of the partly obscured island we

encountered a solid ice-field, stretching in an ominous, unbroken line as far as the eye could see. Although we were scarcely four or five miles off shore such a big sea rolled in that it was impossible to enter a lead in the churning pack. The *Northern Light* then cruised boldly back and forth along the edge of the ice searching for a chance to work through. It everywhere presented an impenetrable front. During an attempt to get round the island we reached 71° 30′ North Latitude, our farthest north till then.

While we stood north of the island, I stared out over the bare, black cliffs which seemed to rise abruptly out of the ice at its base—we were still too far away to satisfy ourselves that we had honestly reached Wrangel—and again the wrecks of the *Karluk* and the *Jeanette* assailed me with its hideous story. There to the south of us jutted Waring Point where some of the unfortunate survivors of the former managed to keep alive from January until September—while others died of scurvy at a further distant camp. And a Canadian Ensign had twice fluttered daringly in the cold winds that blew off the Polar ice-fields on to the sheer rock, and rolling barren hills. It may have been from this same point that Captain Bartlett in the winter of 1914 said good-by to his men, and started bravely forth in the face of many hardships in a desperate attempt to walk across the ice to Siberia where help might be found.—The men waited—and waited—another winter such as the last and they would probably all succumb to its ravages. In the meantime Captain Bartlett landed on the Arctic coast of Siberia, and from there got to Nome. Many rescue ships then made unsuccessful attempts to reach Wrangel—and had to turn back. Then,—at last—in September after all hope had dwindled,—a boat appeared from nowhere.—It was the *Kinge and Winge* in which Swenson had managed to wind his hazardous way through leads in the ice along shore.

Turning my head in the other direction there shone nothing but an endless sweep of ice. Out there—a thousand miles or so—challenged the North Pole.[1] The veil that hid it from view—and continually lured ambitious, strong men to their doom—had been torn away by Peary, Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Byrd. How simple it seemed—to be able to fly from the deck of the *Northern Light*—still further north—out over that field of both solid and floating ice. . . . The thought was positively tantalizing,—but one mishap and the man in the plane would be helpless to escape a miserable death. . . . One glance at the immense fields of ice and "more power" to them—those men who flew across there in airship or plane.—And Stefansson with his ability to live off of the frozen white Arctic for months at a time.—They are great men! . . .

But the schooner was turning.—The wind seemed more violent.—We were heading south.

"Coffee—Sir!" announced the steward who had come on deck, muffled, too, in his *parka*.

"The only thing we can do is to steer south,—follow along the east coast,—and perhaps along the south coast—so we can see how ice conditions are," my husband then announced. "Solid fields of ice are undoubtedly set against the north, west, and southwest shores," he continued.

The immense, jagged hummocks that had broken away from the main pack were tossing against the rock sides.—Dreadfully disappointed, and annoyed at the new turn in events, a tired object disappeared below. The ship now sailed once more toward Siberia. We hoped to return after a day or two, anticipating a change in the movements of the pack. Going back to bed I jotted in my diary: "Curses—No Luck! —In my wildest hopes now, do not even expect to *see* a polar bear!"

[1] For those who do not realize offhand, Spitzbergen is much nearer the pole.—I think it is about 600 miles from the goal.

August 7th. At eight o'clock the next morning after many more hours of trying to get into the ice, the island seemed a stone's throw away. Snow lay in long, irregular patches on the rolling land. Berry Peak, 2,500 feet high, was lost in a mist which hung between sky and water. We would have liked to look for the supposed Russian colony that we read of in the *New York Times* a year ago, but this also had to be given up. The haze persistently blocked a very good view and the swell prevented our cruising close to the edge of the ice where we could watch for polar bear. We had passed a comfortable night though, which was much needed since no one had slept the preceding night because of the violent rolling.

August 8th was a beautiful day and everyone enjoyed the sunshine and the comparatively balmy weather. Books and the portable victrola passed the time. We even lay comfortably in our deck chairs. Neither ice, seal, whale, nor walrus interrupted our peaceful colloquies. Three parasitic jaegers and a large flock of black birds, called whale birds by the Norwegian mates, and a few northern phalaropes were the only living creatures we saw. I have forgotten of course to mention the murres which were always so plentiful that we would have expected to find them roosting on the North Pole. The chef prepared a delicious supper of curried mutton, combination salad, and doughnuts. My diary notes "Living high in the Arctic." (That same diary amuses me now.—I have found almost more references to what we ate—than I have of anything else.)

At seven o'clock the ship reached a particular expanse of water that had never before been sounded. The coast pilot states "Ice is always to be found,"—but no ice was in sight. Soundings were taken for the Hydrographic Office in parts of Long Strait, between the Siberian coast and Wrangel Island; twenty-five fathoms was the average depth with mud bottom. (The bottom of the Arctic Ocean that we sailed

seems to be almost level; nearly every recorded depth is around twenty-five fathoms, or 150 feet.) My husband also took the first recorded soundings in certain positions along the east and south coast of Wrangel Island itself. The temperature of the water ranged from 40° to 37° and the air was about 47°.

A heavy fog came up suddenly. What to do? Captain Borden first set the course east to avoid running through fog into an ice-field. Later he decided to try and anchor. This would keep the boat fairly near both the island and the ice-pack for a possible walrus hunt in the morning. . . . We then cast anchor in Long Strait in twenty-four fathoms. An extraordinary sensation! Anchored in the formidable Arctic Ocean eighty miles from Siberia and forty from Wrangel. (At one point on the southwest corner of Wrangel Island the distance to the mainland is only seventy-five miles, but the distance differs greatly with the uneven coast line of Siberia.) For the third time during our voyage we were anchored in an open ocean. An emergency met with apparent safety. The other two times were in Bering Sea, in the vicinity of St. Lawrence Island, and on approaching the Diomedes in Bering Strait. This last time, as it was rough, the anchors dragged and caught along the bottom, but, on the whole, the night was a comfortable one. We did not worry since we were safe from ice and reefs.

August 9th. Fog, and more fog! We started at half speed the next morning to search for walrus, this time southwest until we reached 179° 30′ West Longitude without seeing any ice. Ten miles further west—time goes ahead a day. We turned at this position and steered southeast, keeping a safe distance from the ice until the fog should clear.

Some of us had about given up any idea of ever getting any closer to Wrangel. While we were reading, I could see my husband, Captain Joe, and the Eskimos talking together near the chart-room. Then—they walked toward us.

Searching for game north of Siberian coast. (Picture taken at 11.30 P.M.)

"Wrangel Island—Maybe—!" smiled Little John with a cigarette tightly held in the corner of his mouth. (The two boys were never without a cigarette. They were fast friends of the steward—and their supply of *Camels* was inexhaustible.)

"Maybe—polar bear!" added Big John.—All he had left in his mouth was a burning stub.

The four men had the impression, owing to the steady wind, that Cape Hawaii on the southeast point would this time be free.

So we turned and proceeded slowly toward Wrangel. Drift ice, the small flat cakes on which walrus are found, was met at midnight and was still with us when we awoke the following morning.

August 10th. "Walrus ahead!" the Eskimos cried from the forward deck, while most of us still lay snug and warm in bed. It did not take me long to scramble out of bed, add a few clothes to those I had gone to bed in, drink a cup of coffee and tumble up on deck. Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter and my

husband had shot their walrus and wanted no more. It was either Miss Ames' turn or mine. She had begged me to try my luck first as I was ready, and game does not wait.

On deck there was the usual bustle and confusion of an early morning. Part of the crew were swabbing down decks while others were shining the brass that was so troublesome to keep bright in that damp, foggy atmosphere. The Eskimos were waiting—and looking out over the water.—The herd was not far away.

We left the yacht and glided off in the *kayaks*, stealing noiselessly toward our prey. The water was smooth and day overcast. The two men in front of me chattered like a pair of magpies as they paddled, keeping close watch of small bits of ice which we skimmed through with the lightness of a bird. They stood up in the cockpit, now and then, to see more clearly the pan on which the great beasts lay, and also to find a safe passage between cakes which loomed large above our frail little craft whose gunwale barely rose above the water's edge. When we got to within 150, or perhaps 200 yards, the natives sensed that the animals were becoming restless. They hurriedly pulled their white drill *parkas* over their heads, leaned low over the cockpits, and turning round to where I sat balanced on a cushion, barely whispered, "Do what we do." In this moment of breathless suspense we stayed absolutely still during a period of unusual disturbance on the ice-floe.

The experience was a much more exciting one than I had imagined on watching others; the old heart pounded hard and seemed about to burst. We circled round the floes near the animals until we could hide in safety behind a high, irregular hummock. Waves were sucking in and out from under the spongy ice, making a loud cracking sound, and were dashing against the cake we were intending to climb. By skillful maneuvering, Little John quickly jumped on to the ice and held the bows of the *kayaks* while I clumsily

crept out, followed by Big John. My *mukluks* were new and it was extremely difficult to keep from slipping. At any rate, climbing on an ice cake would have been precarious without natives who knew good and bad ice. The walrus were now about thirty yards from us on the further end of the same floe. Ice was banked directly ahead to a height of about four feet, and I knelt in a hollow, conscious that both knees were soaking wet and that my balance on the sloping ice was anything but secure, afraid to lift my head because the beasts were again restless. I could feel their stupid faces peering in our direction.

"Now shoot 'em," whispered Big John, who was watching the situation with the experienced eye of a hunter who has to depend entirely upon his hunting prowess for nearly everything he has. I raised my head, lifted the rifle and very carefully aimed the Lyman peep-sight at the vulnerable spot on the warty hide of the animal nearest me, although it did not have the longest tusks. Afraid even to take a breath, I pulled the trigger,—and hit!—An agonizing moment. . . . One of the brown monsters remained on the ice-pan.—The others instantly slid into the water.

"Shoot 'em again," faintly came to me from out of space. My guides feared the shot had only momentarily paralyzed the muscles and with one quick lunge the prize might suddenly slide off. Its hind flippers were so perilously near the edge. I shot again! . . . The three of us then felt our way on hands and knees to the dead animal. Every minute I feared my feet would go out from under me. The Arctic Ocean yawned on every side.

How delicious were the next few minutes! First Little John threw his gloves on the ice and shook my hands violently, then his companion did the same. They were terribly excited and pleased with my luck, grinning from ear to ear. Their delight was half the pleasure of the hunt.

We then had an orgy of picture-taking. The two Eskimos

would rather have had their pictures taken than eat—we discovered. If we seemed at all backward in snapping them—one would say: "Picture?"—and then the fun began. The two boys were now taken in every conceivable pose, standing on, or near the ugly, bleeding object.

Little John was socially the most attractive because of his ability to talk: "Last time we go Nome I felt little bit sick—Captn's wife had no walrus," he exclaimed, and after rubbing his stomach: "Now all right. Capt'n Borden fine man, we like Capt'n," he added a second later. He then proceeded to discuss Captain Joe who had evidently spent an unsuccessful morning in the crow's nest. "Old man nice but he's got bum eyes—can't see nothing!"

It seemed the Eskimos had spotted walrus early in the morning, and not until a half hour later had Captain Joe rung his bell in the crow's nest to notify those on deck that walrus were ahead.

As we climbed into the *kayaks* I looked toward the yacht and wondered why it had not started in our direction in order to make an easier task of hauling the walrus head on board. We returned to the boat in a glittering path of sunlight. (It was nine-thirty P.M.) A white radiance suffused both ice and water. Beyond the two silently moving canoes lay the white yacht.—She had also caught the halo of sparkling light, her sides fairly gleamed. The world that encircled us danced with light. On the blue sea flickered a dark shadow—a long thin reflection of two tall masts. Such quiet yet wild beauty—such serene splendor—peace from the world that is too much with us—why do the explorers and scientists not tell us of this Arctic?

But we were gliding closer to the fairy-like ship. People were cluttered on the poop-deck, looking away from us. We heard a shot! *"Oogruk!"* cried Big John, nudging the other in the ribs. Soon we noticed an object floundering round in the water making a considerable splash and commotion. Mr.

Slaughter had his Springfield in his hand and was intently watching us—why . . . ?

We reached the boat. Before we had hardly touched the ladder, Big John had hopped out, was scurrying down the deck. "Hurry up—get out!" shouted Frances Ames, "the Eskimos have to harpoon the seal Roch has just shot." By the time I climbed on deck the agile native had gathered together his harpoon, poke and line. In another instant the two of them were back in the skin-boat.—Away they went, paddling for dear life.

In the meantime the seal kept rising to the surface. Mr. Slaughter had made a fine shot and penetrated the animal's head where there are no bones to break. (When an *oogruk*, or bearded seal, is killed, it usually sinks immediately, depending on the amount of fat it has, or on the amount of air it happens to be holding in its lungs.) A picturesque and exciting moment! The native hunters judged about where the creature would reappear, and in a flash we saw the harpoon dart out of the master hunter's hand into the body of the plunging creature. It remained fast. He then dramatically threw out the poke which was attached to the harpoon by a walrus-hide rope, raised his hands in the air and clapped heartily for his own success. The little drama was carried out in true native fashion, and we procured a fine *oogruk* for the Museum. It was a lovely animal, very small in comparison to the clumsy, enormous walrus, with a pearl grey skin and thin graceful head. A wiry beard bristled from either side of its sleek nose.

When the Eskimos returned to the yacht they grinned self-consciously—Big John particularly—as it was he who did the actual harpooning. After congratulations were over, Big John smiled and said:

"Two winters ago polar bear come King Island—one man kill 'em one—one man kill 'em two—I" (pointing to himself) "kill 'em FIVE!"

Big John at left—Little John at right with head of walrus shot by Mrs. Borden and *oogruk* shot by R. B. Slaughter.

After the two successful hunts our course was laid east and we jogged comfortably along during the night at a high speed of 2/10 knot, just holding our own in a northeast breeze until the fog should lift and we could turn toward Wrangel. The Midnight Sun had gone still further north. The nights were gradually growing darker. Going back to my diary: "A fog pours in.—Bad News! Wonder what twenty-four hours will bring forth? As it is two-thirty,—must go to sleep."

CHAPTER XIII

Wrangel Island and Polar Bears

August 11th. There in the glistening morning sunshine lay the goal of our desire: the island. We were the first white women ever to reach it. Around its rock-strewn shores clung a narrow band of shimmering ice. The patches of snow on the steep shale cliffs were white and untouched.

Everyone was nearly beside himself with laughing and hilarious excitement. The Eskimos had already climbed on to the furled mainsail, and were straddling its broad width, with borrowed glasses glued to their eyes. The sea-scouts, too, were elated.

"May we hang our flags to the shrouds?" asked Ryan. In a few minutes the Jackson Park and Columbia Yacht Club pennants fluttered, one above the other, from the turnbuckles. These little flags waved into shreds before the boys took them down, preparing to bring back in triumph "flags that had flown at Wrangel Island."

Mr. Hine was equally excited. His thrill lay in the prospect of bringing the first birds from this Arctic island to the Field Museum. As for the rest of us we were prepared with both cameras and guns.

At ten o'clock we were close in shore between Pillar Point and Cape Hawaii. The menacing polar ice-pack lay solid on the north and west coasts, and we realized would encircle the bleak island again with any northerly wind, but our only chance of seeing a polar bear lay in remaining near the pack itself.

We continued to look over the drift ice near shore. Sud-

denly—"We see polar bear!" cried both Eskimos in the same breath.

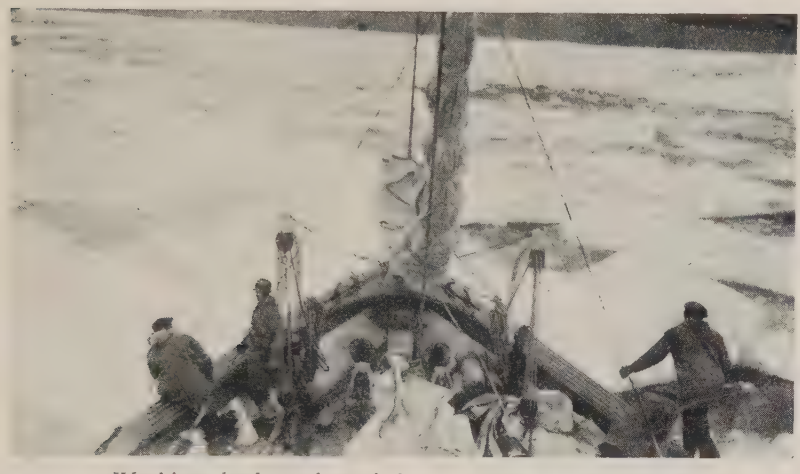
Nothing can adequately describe our feelings. "Polar bears! Polar bears!" rang over the ship. . . . Here were the wild beasts we had sailed thousands of miles to find. I believe we did not know whether to laugh or cry in our frantic excitement.

"Look at them!—They are just standing there," called Mrs. Slaughter. . . . Yes—there they were—two huge white bears on that gleaming streak of moving ice. We could even see them with our naked eye. Whether they saw the boat we didn't know, because bears are supposed to have poor eyesight. But their smelling powers are excellent. . . . Both animals were evidently startled. They began lumbering from ridge to ridge. A heavy swell, the remains of a storm, unfortunately blew on to shore.—The whaleboat was being made ready.

Then followed the usual argument on who should go off first. "No—you go!—Please go!" was all I heard. In the meantime the game was moving faster. Consenting very reluctantly, Mr. Slaughter stepped into the boat which still hung on the davits, followed by the natives and Dahl. They were slowly lowered into the water. "Good-by" he waved.—Off they went. The rest of us hung over the rail, as excited as though we were ourselves approaching the two beautiful white creatures we could still see.

The little wooden boat rose and fell on the large, swelling waves, nearly going out of sight in the valleys between. From where we watched, it looked as though every wave would sweep over the four men. Finally they neared the ice. In our suspense we were almost nailed to the deck.

The two bears approached the oncoming boat, one from the left, the other from the right and very close to the water's edge. We saw the Eskimos raise their arms. The bear on the right continued to amble toward them with a slow, steady



Working the bow through ice to reach Wrangel Island.

gait, its head moving back and forth between the shoulders just like the polar bears in any zoo. We knew Mr. Slaughter was by this time within rifle range of this last animal. . . . A sickening moment of waiting.—We thought we would see it fall.

But no—in another second the boat appeared to be turning away. It was heading toward us. We watched them row back to the yacht.

"Too much swell, I guess," exclaimed Captain Borden.

He was right. A heavy northeast swell pounded against the ice hummocks, making it out of the question ever to get the body off the ice, if he had shot. Besides, moving ice surrounded them. It became exceedingly precarious to remain longer and take the chance of being dashed to tinder in a second's time. Apparently the Eskimos and the mate were so excited at witnessing our expedition's first polar bear hunt that they had paid little attention to the imminent danger. Mr. Slaughter was not anxious to take any unnecessary chances.

After they came on board, and the boat was hoisted, we

Returning from a polar bear hunt—Wrangel Island.

continued to steam along shore with everyone on deck searching for more excitement. It still seemed like a wonderful dream: Wrangel Island and polar bears! . . . There was no sign of human life on this east coast. Sheer granite cliffs rose high and forbidding toward a rolling brown, cold looking land. Two large river beds wound toward the sea, banked with snow and heavy drifts which lay in the gulches. There were no shrubs of any kind, it was the usual grim land such as we saw on the dreary ice-bound wastes of Siberia. It is not necessary to mention there were no trees: the last trees we had seen were in the Inside Passage in May, and the next ones would be in San Francisco.

After lunch we proceeded within the lee of Cape Hawaii. Here we spotted three more bears. These were also unapproachable since they were too far within heavy drift ice through which a small boat could not possibly penetrate.

Since no soundings had been previously recorded on the chart from Pillar Point to Cape Hawaii, Captain Borden ordered soundings taken. We were two miles off shore: the

results showed between ten and thirteen fathoms with black sandy bottom.

At 2:15 we saw another bear not far from the yacht. Once again the whaleboat was lowered. This time Frances Ames, one sea-scout, and the Eskimos started off. We watched them stalk the animal unsuccessfully in the boat for over an hour; whether their wind was wrong or the beast was naturally restless we could not tell from the yacht, but their prey never stopped walking away from them. From the deck the hunt looked terribly mismanaged. The bear was moving when Miss Ames left us and we did not think the whaleboat allowed for this in striking for a position behind their quarry. Later we understood that the hunters had pulled toward the only open lead through the jagged hummocks. They were unable to reach the disappearing animal because of the large cakes which were pounding up and down and drifting steadily, changing the boat's position from one minute to the next. The second disappointed party turned back towards the yacht at four o'clock. From the stern where our view over the ice was better, we could still see the bear lying in a hollow between two large cakes. It was completely invisible from the small boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter and Mr. Hine, with the first mate and second engineer, started off in the launch to continue the pursuit. Captain Borden was busy in the chart-room and rather than have too many in the launch, I remained on board with him and watched Miss Ames and the natives climb from the whaleboat into the launch. On passing the yacht they called out that the Eskimos believed it quite useless and very dangerous to continue hunting among the enormous cakes that were jamming together on the swell.

The writer continued to stare longingly at the bear just stalked, while my husband took a sight and wrote up his log. Before long—hardly possible—but a second monster appeared far in the pack, asleep on the highest pinnacle of ice

available. It seemed even more inaccessible than the first. I said nothing and looked further. Almost immediately two unusually white creatures suddenly loomed from behind a large round-topped cake of ice. This odd shaped cake we had been calling "igloo"; it was always necessary to name the fantastic ice-shapes by appropriate names. When one sighted game on such a long expanse of white drifting ice one was forced to mark the location by certain irregular cakes, since the ice traveled fast, and, with the yacht drifting at the same time, the exact position could not be retained by noting snow patches or formations on land.

While I watched, the two beasts wandered down to the very edge of open water which meant comparatively easy hunting. My husband, on hearing a yell, ran out of the chart-room. By this time there were four animals now visible in the same general direction. At this intense moment Sparks came aft with a message from the children who,—sorry to say, were just then far from my thoughts. But, pulling myself together, I read it to make sure all was well.

Sparks! . . . "Take my glasses!—Keep your eye on those four bears so you can tell just exactly where they are when we come back. We have to get our white *parkas* and rifles. . . ."

When we came on deck again, hardly three minutes later, the cow and cub were nowhere in sight.

By this time the entire crew was on deck. "I thought they were foolish not to stay over there," remarked Harry the first mate, referring to the party in the launch. When we hurried down the steps everyone shouted good luck.

What a moment as we started off in the dory with the second mate in the stern and two sea-scouts rowing! It did not take long to reach the fast moving "igloo" which was at the very edge of the ice. We circled round three sides in a lead of open water filled with mush ice. No signs of the two lovely creatures. They were gone, no telling where. But

we did not lose hope. We steered out into open water. Again no traces anywhere!

"We'll find the others, then," hopefully from the mate.

Entering a lead, or opening, between formidable and restless ice-hummocks gave one a queer sensation; when looking back one saw no passage-way. Soon we were tightly wedged in between towering houses of ice that nearly rolled entirely over as they tossed on the swell. The scraping of mush ice crackled under us and every so often it was impossible to avoid crashing into a cake. Crunch—crunch was all we heard. —A sharp brittle sound. By this time the space was too narrow for the men to row. The four men paddled while I looked ahead. As we wound in and out the drifting floes we again looked back to see the large bobbing ice entirely encircle us. There was no way out visible. Even my husband felt we were not particularly safe.

"Sure we're all right," optimistically answered the mate who had had more experience than Captain Borden with polar ice. Nevertheless, we were in the very probable danger of being rammed to pieces, in which case we were prepared to hang on to the overturned craft if possible until we could crawl on to an ice cake and signal to the yacht. Captain Borden had left instructions with Captain Joe to take charge in his absence and keep track of the two hunting parties from the crow's nest. Little did we know that we were out of sight after passing the igloo.

There was something so glorious about hunting bears within the lee of Wrangel Island that danger itself was glamorous. The men now paddled very carefully, piloting the bow ahead as the huge cakes separated. We struggled on, endeavoring to wind our tortuous way toward a monstrous brute we could now see lying on the highest hummock. No other animals were in sight. Our former fears of accident were immediately forgotten as all eyes looked toward the enormous beast which we conjectured to be a

she-bear and two cubs. The mate was excited enough to steer his boat through anything. The boys imagined they were living in *The Arabian Nights:* one wished hard and a polar bear appeared.

Finally the large cakes jammed together and we could penetrate no further but we were not more than two hundred yards from the great somnolent object. Most unexpectedly it lifted up a black nose and sniffed the air suspiciously. I was in the bow so that rather than attempting to scramble out on to the heaving ice, not only because of the danger but it would have lost time, my husband hurriedly changed places with me. As he kneeled in the bow and pulled the trigger, we watched the bear raise two large hairy pads which we had taken for cubs. Captain Borden had made a pretty shot that hit just below the back of the neck and broke the back. He used the 220 grain soft-point Western Cartridge.

"Gee, Capt'n, that's great!" shouted the mate and sea-scouts in a chorus. "That's what we came to the Arctic for," added one of the boys.

The ice was constantly changing. It was decided to take me back to the yacht before tackling the dead animal. Our trip out was as difficult and exciting as our entrance, since the former leads had closed up. When we emerged from the labyrinth of ice and reached open water, the boat seemed, amid the restless desolation of ice and sea, as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. After putting us aboard, the mate asked two other boys to accompany him, leaving us at about 6:30 P.M., to skin the bear. Meanwhile the launch returned with another successful hunter: Miss Ames had shot a walrus. This terminated our walrus hunt, as each person now had one.

We went below for warmth and relaxation. Sometimes I was Caliban secretly fearing the elements, but on this night of many thrills, the dangers and the possible fate of sea-farers were soon forgotten. The victrola played incessantly

and we sang loudly to our favorite tunes. Strange as it may sound on reading this, while sitting snug and safe at home, we knew we were safer on the *Northern Light*, although riding out a storm, or piloting through dense fog among reefs and shoals, than we would have been crossing State and Madison Streets, Chicago. (While writing last night—a crash resounded outside my window—four people were killed in an automobile accident.) I even reasoned to myself that in a train wreck one would have little chance of coming out alive, but in a shipwreck on a well-equipped yacht one would generally have time to prepare for exposure and hardships. How different it all seemed before sailing from San Francisco last April! . . . Striking out in unknown waters seemed a hazardous undertaking. There were moments when I secretly longed to wake up some morning and find our plans a dream, but how foolish! Now we can truthfully admit that the five months' trip was an experience so marvelous that we could never duplicate it. None of us, I am sure, would give up one day of that wonderful voyage on the high seas; fresh air and health, serene peace, and glorious adventure.

While we were below—the mates and crew anxiously watched for Dahl and the sea-scouts. After a long, rather frightening vigil, they saw figures stand for a moment on an ice cake and then disappear. More anxiety! At last the little party was seen to reach the hummock (it had drifted two miles) and to begin work on the carcass. Several hours later they returned safely. . . . The two boys spent the rest of the night keeping their bed fellows awake by the hair-raising tale of being nearly stove-in. The opening between two ice cakes had suddenly closed but they had managed to drag the boat up on a small unsteady bit of ice and there they had remained until further progress was possible.

The large male bear measured eleven feet from its nose to tail and was a fairly good summer skin, although yellowish in color. Wallowing in seal and walrus blubber is a bear's

The white King of the Arctic was tied behind the whaleboat.

summer amusement. Winter skins are always best. Mr. Hine encouraged us to believe a good taxidermist could bleach it out perfectly white.

Mr. Hine shot no birds in deference to the bigger game hunters, but saw six Brant geese, pigeon guillemots, murres, and kittiwakes, also a sabine gull. Dahl informed us that on his return to the yacht he found a female walrus asleep with her young on an ice pan. Because he was hastening to reach the boat he did not stop to capture the small creature. A baby walrus has no teeth and we would have had to feed it on a bottle. A friend of my husband once tried to take a young walrus back to Seattle. It thrived on flapjacks all the way from the Arctic, but on being given to a zoo was fed fish and soon died.

The yacht had drifted during the afternoon. We were about a mile and a half south of Cape Hawaii in eleven fathoms. Captain Borden had been anxiously watching the ice ever since his return from hunting. Our position was

Eskimos and Miss Ames with her walrus near Wrangel Island.

doubtful. Ice was fast surrounding us. We were literally caught in a bight. As soon as the bear was hoisted on deck the boats were raised, and we headed toward open water which Captain Joe could still see from the crow's nest. To reach there we had to work out of the colossal floes, many of which were grounded and rose twenty or thirty feet above water. The ice changed constantly. (If we had not steamed out when we did, anything might have happened. By the following day the floes were packed solid over this area for two or three miles.)

At eleven o'clock we headed east. The wind grew fresher and the sun dropped below the horizon. A cold grey night.— A bleak island lay behind us. Whether we would be able to return there the following morning we could not guess. The vital plan for the moment was to free ourselves from the clutches of the ice: the great formidable pack might drift off the north and west coasts. Though our nerves were at a high tension we carried on as though no one was in the least afraid, going below at midnight for our usual

Hoisting a polar bear on deck.

"snack." Suddenly the steward opened the pantry door and almost hysterically (which did not help much) cried: "Madam, the chef's porthole has been smashed!" . . . We had heard intermittently the thud of ice ramming against the sides. In these moments we would look at one another wondering what next. (Our worries were really unnecessary

because the ship's construction could resist tremendous pressure.) We had watched, before going below, the bow as it rode up on the ice and either broke through, or pushed the cakes aside. When we heard this latest event we tried to appear more unconcerned than ever. But I went on deck. From there it seemed we were in a veritable prison of ice. "Never mind the porthole, we're busy watching propellers!" remarked my husband when I approached him.

Harry came up. I remember he had a comic habit, when walking, of pulling up his trousers first with one hand, then the other. It's a wonder he did not lose them in an off-moment of forgetfulness. He had a funny story of recent happenings in the galley. When the crash was heard in the officers' quarters, all those below rushed to the rescue and found the temperamental Frenchman standing in the center of his cabin, trying to push the ice away from his porthole with a poker.

Standing on deck—watching the little ship swing one way then the other—sometimes backwards—was a hair-raising experience. At least I thought so because I was thoroughly alarmed. The long poles could do absolutely no good. Even now I get excited, remembering those hours we spent trying to reach open water, which in actual miles was not far distant.

A tremendous relief came over our tense feelings when we at last reached freedom. New ice resembling white feathers skimmed above the surface of the clear grey water which registered 30° while the air was only 31°. We were glad that the wind remained favorable and the barometer high. The Eskimos stood close behind us, clad in their reindeer-skin *parkas*, very proud of a pair of dark glasses that my husband had just given them.

August 12th. The next morning, after keeping safe from danger during the cold white night, our position was ten miles off Waring Point in a light northerly breeze. The swell

had subsided a great deal, but the sky was overcast with only occasional sunshine interspersing the fog squalls. We then went south by Waring Point toward Pillar Point looking for game. Between these two prominent capes rose a most extraordinary rock formation. It overhung a sheer cliff, resembling, strangely enough, an old Roman fortress or battlement. Shades of turrets and battering rams!—But still no sign of a Russian settlement, or even of a human being.

Just before reaching Cape Hawaii, whence we had escaped the night before, we spotted two female bears with cubs, unapproachable because of ice packed solid for two miles into shore. The glare was blinding. It was hard trying to watch continually for animals of the same color as their background. The natives stood on top the chart-house while my husband sat on the mainsail, directing the ship's operation through an open window in the pilot-house below him, and looking for bear. Hour after hour, until our eyes smarted and watered and everyone complained of a headache, we continued to search. (Fortunately Wyeth's Collyrium proved soothing for strained eyes.) Each hunter had his turn. Many pairs of eyes were necessary. Fourteen hours on deck spent in this strenuous tension nearly wore our nerves to a frazzle. The excitement and thrill is all that kept us at it. The sun came out to warm our spirits (and our feet), as we proceeded along the east coast.

Wrangel Island is approximately seventy-five miles long and twenty-five wide. So far—we had been steaming along only one shore—the east. We knew from the chart that there is a good harbor on the south coast where both the *Corwin* and the *Rodgers* anchored in 1881. There also Stefansson's little colony had landed in September, 1921, and made their camp. But they each met a tragic death before August, 1923, when a relief ship arrived a year too late, an unavoidable occurrence because of ice conditions that would not permit

a ship to reach the island the previous summer. And Ada Blackjack, their Eskimo seamstress and cook, survived alone, nearly out of her mind guarding the dead body of Lorne Knight who, because of illness, was forced to return from their first attempt to reach the mainland. An attempt made for several reasons; the chief probably a desire to reach Alaska in order to organize their own expedition to Melville Island. Ada Blackjack was alone when the *Donaldson* arrived. The three others were never heard from again, after bidding good-by to the woman and Knight.

A stark barren island—shadowed by tragedy.

We now sought Rodgers Harbor as the logical place for the recent Russian settlement, the probability of which we were strongly doubting as we had carefully watched for any possible trace of human life or activity. We had expected at first to find the colonists out in the ice in their *umiaks* hunting bear, seal, or walrus, but as time went on we began to imagine the rumor of a Russian colony was only newspaper talk. Berry Peak was invisible behind low hanging clouds. Patches of snow streaked along the bare hills, as we steered west, skirting close to the south coast. Along this side there appeared practically no ice between us and shore. In many places there were wide open leads where a boat of any size could have entered without the slightest difficulty. We talked of taking the launch and going ashore, but in order to pick any possible flowers, we would have had to scale abruptly sheer, rugged cliffs.

"We will wait until we see Rodgers Harbor—there, we know we will find a beach," was the consensus of opinion.

While we were slowly cruising along the south coast we paid more attention to our search for game than to the probability of any village. As before mentioned, after hunting near shore for two days, and seeing no flagpoles, huts, or

Dahl, McLelland and Ryan.

people, we had about come to the conclusion that the Russian colony was either a myth, or else that the unfortunate settlers had either perished or been taken off this same summer.

The Eskimos and my husband were straddling the main boom, and with the exception of the boy at the wheel, and the chef, the rest of the twenty-five people on board were standing in groups in the bow. Here we could kneel (not very comfortably), on the deck, and rest our elbows on the bulwarks which were lower than the teak railing around the poop-deck. In this manner it was easier to look through glasses for a considerable length of time. As long as our knees held out—we remained in that awkward position. It was a lovely bright day, not warm and yet not cold if one was properly dressed. A light northerly breeze blew in our faces, bringing a fresh salt tang.—Every once in a while we would enjoy the same sudden realization that comes when one first reaches the seashore after living in a city—the keen sensation of an exhilarating sea-breeze. The swell had almost entirely subsided by afternoon. The white ice and blue water shone in the clear, crystal light. And above rode a splendid blue dome.

Abruptly and unexpectedly someone cried, "Look!" . . . I do not remember whether it was a member of the crew, or not, who first saw the sight that was to cause so many stirring thrills. "Look . . . Smoke!" The voice actually shouted. Then ensued a stampede toward the side of the boat nearest land.—Most everyone had been staring out the opposite direction where the ice cakes were being thoroughly examined—there being very little ice between us and shore.

"A village . . . A village . . . A village!" hoarse cries echoed from one end of the vessel to the other. Everyone jumped up and down—pounded the nearest person on the back.—The chef stumbled out of the officers' hatch.—Someone loaned him a pair of glasses—pandemonium reigned.

Out there on that hillside were houses! . . . We could

announce to the world that there is a Russian settlement on Wrangel Island! . . . A delirious, sensational, and intoxicating moment. The intoxication came from our burst of pride. We were the only people on earth, excepting those on the ship that had deposited these isolated souls on the bleak island, who had seen this recent historical event.

England herself made no further attempt to explore the land her Captain Kellett had been the first white man to discover. The United States Government made no effort of actual occupation to follow up the explorations accomplished by the scientists on the *Rodgers* and the *Corwin*. Canada, despite the energy and patriotic ambition of Stefansson, seemed apparently uninterested in making a third attempt to fly her ensign on the tragedy-ridden Arctic Island. Instead—Soviet Russia read Stefansson's agitation in books and the press.—If Wrangel Island would ever be a base of supplies, a landing base, for trans-Arctic travel—Russia must hold it for herself. Some may say, "What is the advantage of Wrangel Island to any country?" Perhaps none—just at present. But history records other isolated islands in other seas that seemed entirely inaccessible and useless at the time they were claimed. In the twentieth century these have come into their own since all the world has become so closely woven into a net of intricate complications.

We were steaming nearer and nearer to the tiny group of houses we were watching so intently. Smoke poured out of only one chimney, curling lazily through the crisp, cool air up into the mountains behind. The dwellings were clustered on a gravel beach fairly close to the water's edge, well protected from the fury of north winds (much better situated than the Eskimo village at Pt. Hope) by Berry Peak and other mountains. There was no flat ground visible except the narrow beach in the center of Rodgers Harbor. The ridge of land rose abruptly out of the sea and continued ascending toward the blue foothills and loftier peaks beyond.

Before we found ourselves directly opposite the village we spied what we deemed to be a possible look-out of some sort hanging over a high steep ridge two or three miles east with an excellent view of the harbor, and to the south, east, and west. Since it was too far away for us to see very distinctly at that height, one cannot state positively that it was a fortification. In the only two books, however, that we have found available containing observations of men who have reached Wrangel, we read nothing concerning a strange rock formation just below the top of the highest ridge in Rodgers Harbor. The boys who lived there for one winter in 1922 are gone.—So with the exception of a handful of *Karluk* survivors, and Mr. E. W. Nelson,[1] a member of the *Corwin* expedition on August 12, 1881 (a strange coincidence that the date should have been August 12th—to the day forty-six years before our expedition reached there), when it formally took possession of the island in the name of the United States, there is no one with whom we can compare notes. In our minds,—after we had stared at it until our eyes smarted, there was no doubt but that this ominous appearing spot on the land was made by man. It appeared to be a fairly solid affair with openings, supposedly to mount guns.

At any rate, it is to be expected that Russia would fortify this newest acquisition of her already sprawling possessions.

Therefore it was with obvious trepidations that we looked over that wild land in front of us, perilously near.

There were so few large ice-hummocks that we managed to stand in toward the village, about a half mile off shore. On deck lay cases of sugar, tobacco, tea, cartridges, canned goods, and other necessities of life. Also we hoped to send out for these wretched people, any radio news for the outside. The launch still hung on the davits, but the second engineer

[1] Former Chief of Biological Survey and author of may books on Alaskan and Arctic mammals and birds.

and mate were ready to lower it on a minute's notice. The engines were rung off, the Stars and Stripes were flung out from the stern. Three blasts of our whistle echoed shrilly against the brown mountains.

At first we saw no one. Except for the smoke it could have been an abandoned village. There were three small, well-built wooden houses (resembling those of Montgomery Ward construction). From the center house smoke continued to rise. Huddled near these larger houses were ten or twelve much smaller dwellings, either skin *yourts* or tents, we were not sure. Further to the right were three other houses, probably wood, but certainly not mere native hovels. While we watched, hoping for some sign of human activity, a woman came to the door of the house from where we had seen smoke. (Evidently this was the main headquarters for the little band of so-called exiles.) Her dress was light colored and flounced along the hem of the skirt, much in the style of the calico *parkas* worn in summer by the Pt. Hope Eskimos. Details of the dress we could not see, but on her feet were the usual *mukluks*. She stood there, it seemed to us, several minutes, but no other sign of life was noticeable. . . . We blew the whistle again,—merely a friendly salute. (If only others could imagine how terribly exciting it was to stand there—not knowing what would happen next.—My heart was in my throat most of the time.)

When still no other people were visible a red flag of the "Union of Soviet Socialist Republic" suddenly flung out from the flagpole behind this same house. Someone had at last admitted our arrival. . . . Afterwards we stopped to wonder what those people were thinking about, undoubtedly gathered together discussing the strange ship that had interrupted their splendid isolation.

A few minutes later quite a considerable number assembled on the beach, looking out toward the schooner. There was one woman, we knew, and many dogs. We thought that they

would immediately find their *umiaks* and set out toward the boat, in the way that we were visited by the Chukchees. But no—there was no boat of any description along the beach. —They made not the slightest attempt to speak with us.

That was a strange turn in events! These human beings, perhaps thirty or thirty-five Cossacks and Siberian natives in all, were living on a desolate, ice-bound island, not far from the very edge of the Pole of Inaccessibility. The great polar ice-pack hemmed them in on the north and west coasts, leaving them only the exceedingly slim possibility of a navigable passage opening in the drift ice near the island again the following summer—perhaps not again for two or three years. Yet—they did not make a move to beg for any supplies we would undoubtedly be carrying. . . . Hard to understand!

What a scene! . . . A barren, rugged island spotted with snow drifts.—A tiny little group of dark figures huddled together at the base of the highest mountain, staring curiously at a white yacht that lay calmly on a clear blue sea. Pillars of white ice glided by. On the deck of the boat stood other brown and white-clad figures—gazing toward land. Above all floated white clouds, and a glorious warm sun played down upon the tense, human drama.

Whether the Cossacks kept the natives from coming out, whether they had no boats,—whether they one and all feared us,—perhaps we may never know.

As anxious as we all were to climb on those shores—to be able to collect specimens of flora and fauna on that much-wrangled-over Wrangel Island—Captain Borden did not permit anyone to go ashore. We were glad enough to be safe on the yacht, in those uncertain ice-filled waters.

How we would have enjoyed giving food or help to those lonely, stranded inhabitants! . . . But we reluctantly and even sorrowfully left them to continue in their desperate struggle for food and existence in that ice-bound solitude of the Frozen North.

While we are still at Wrangel Island one must mention an item relayed by the San Francisco *Examiner,* on August 28th, which Sparks received on his daily press news. "Fifty men and women who are voluntarily in exile on the barren Wrangel Island to help establish as colonists the claim of the Soviet Government as against the United States and Japan for its possession, are being succored by two aeroplanes. The island is a desert of ice." . . . The last statement is of course grossly incorrect. There was no snow even on the summits of the mountains, just drifts lying here and there, left over from the winter before. Captain Borden wired the *Examiner* the correct description of the island, but as far as we know, it was not published.

Further news of Wrangel and other Arctic gossip was gleaned by Captain Joe in San Francisco on our return: the most important being that the observer in the plane reported several members of the little colony had died during the year. . . . True or not—very possible.*

Also Captain Borden later received still further interesting news from Swenson: [1] "Thank you for the letter you left at Cape Serdzekamen. The *Kolyma* got to the Lena River this year, she stopped at Cape North and from there a plane flew across to Wrangel." (The plane he speaks of was probably that mentioned by the *Examiner.*) Swenson, in the same letter, offered my husband the remains of a hairy mammoth found on the delta of the Lena River. The remains consisted of tusks and lower jaw, which we in turn gave to the museum.

But I must return to more excitement that followed. When

* Just before this book went to press Mr. Stefansson informed me that the annual reports issued by the Russian Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, are to the effect that the colony has been prosperous, that they have suffered no hardships, that game has been abundant, and that everything on the island is promising.

[1] The man I have previously mentioned concerning his supposition of a friendly treatment by the Russians, and also the rescuer of the crew of the *Karluk.*

the bow of the boat turned away from the village we once again looked over the ice for game, thinking for a while it would be rather useless as any bears, walrus, or seal would be pretty well cleaned out near where the natives had been hunting food. Nevertheless, when we were no further than a mile and a half or two miles off the settlement, we saw a beautiful creature, a magnificent fellow, sitting on his haunches, watching every move we made. He was fat and healthy, feeling entirely pleased and certain of his invulnerable protection by the icy wilderness. While we stood in the bow looking at him, he sat quite motionless, only moving his head and long furry neck, wiggling the black tip of his white nose back and forth, trying to smell the strange and very large animal that had intruded on his own particular privacy. He seemed to entertain no fear that we were a formidable enemy: the polar bear is not like the great brown beasts of Alaska, continually hunted; he is accustomed to be the accepted master of these frozen waters. He could not have been ambling round the village for any length of time, it seemed to us, or the hunters would have seen him. (Taking for granted the men had some sort of a skin boat in which they could hunt sea mammals to prevent scurvy or ultimate starvation.) He had probably just come off the solid ice-pack which was not far to the west along this same coast, drifting along, wandering from one house of ice to another, now and then finding a dead walrus on which he could put away a fine meal or perhaps even attacking one of the great pronged beasts. Perhaps we were the only human beings who had been near enough to insult his nose with our peculiar human scent? Perhaps the schooner was the only ship he had ever seen?

This lovely white four-legged monster, the undisputed and mighty King of all he surveys, must have begun to wonder whether maybe the unfamiliar slow-moving object was not

something of which he must be wary, because he stood up on those four furry pads, turning his neck all the way round to see whatever there was to see.—It suddenly came over him he had better put a little more distance between him and the nuisance that still remained. . . .

In the meantime the hunters had quietly lowered the whaleboat and were stealing toward him. The huge bear started to amble off but halted again to thrust out a black-tipped nose in the direction of the second and smaller intruder that was now closer to him. Then he smelled danger! He began to run. Bang! . . . He jumped off his pinnacle of ice into the water below. He came toward the cruel enemy.

It was then we first realized that Eskimos are deathly afraid of a polar bear. This savage beast has meant destruction of Eskimo hunters, women, and children. . . . They would not paddle nearer to the wounded prey that was thrashing angrily in the water, much too close. Instead they wanted to back away—jumping up and down in the boat, frantically excited, trying to scare off the offending, raging animal. We stood by, hardly daring to breathe at the thrilling scene enacted before our eyes. The whaleboat,—a hunter standing in the bow,—gun raised, two frightened natives, and a plunging, furious beast.

Bang . . . Bang! And there was no more motion in the water. . . . The white King of the Artic was tied behind the whaleboat.

On reading stories of Arctic explorations one understands that white men, too, have been attacked by this wild beast: among recent expeditions both Nansen and Amundsen have had narrow escapes. And the white bear is very apparently a terror to the natives of the Arctic Coast.—The prowess of a big hunter depends on his ability to kill their fiercest enemy.

When the bear was hoisted on deck Rocket was there to

Rochester B. Slaughter with his polar bear shot near Russian village—Wrangel Island.

sniff at him, paw him, then back away,—returning to get a better look. He never could fathom in his dumb mind what were these huge, strange-smelling creatures.

After living through an afternoon such as one would read of in thrilling stories of adventure, we went below to calm our overwrought nerves in the restful main cabin. Since we expected to be compelled by ice conditions to move on almost at a minute's notice, Captain Borden remained on his high perch looking for more Museum specimens, until the natives could finish their supper and relieve him. (We often wondered whether they thought a steady diet of white-man's food was "fine eating?")

"On deck!" floated through the port-holes. A hot tomato soup was just appearing as the astonished steward saw our heels. The excitement was a large bull walrus sleeping on his back in the water not far from the yacht, his two long tusks sticking absurdly straight out in the air. The funny whiskers were clearly visible and most of his clumsy neck was above water. Big John lowered his *kayak,* and grabbing his weapons paddled swiftly and silently to the floating object. We saw the primitive harpoon thrust into the huge body. Out flew the inflated poke. The enraged beast disappeared below the waves—came up—again went down,—bellowing and snorting. The poke danced about on the water, reminding one of a cork on the end of a bamboo line when the fish gives a fierce pull. The Eskimo took time to raise his arms in the air and clap for his own success. Then—he turned abruptly and started paddling toward the yacht. We continued to be amused at the bobbing object on the waves, its movements becoming faster and more violent.

The native had evidently forgotten his rifle. When we looked again, he was back in the *kayak,* heading toward the disturbance. Then,—unexpectedly, and for the fast approaching hunter, most distressingly, all motion ceased! . . . The walrus had managed to extricate himself from the entangle-

ment of line and poke. He was free. (We were glad. The main reason my husband asked the native to harpoon the creature was simply because we wanted some movies of a typical native hunt. These we took at the beginning.)

A perplexed and dejected native scrambled out of his little boat a few minutes later. "Line—he broke!" explained Big John, looking a bit chagrined.

After this hunt we went below to finish our interrupted supper. But it failed! "Bear" was now shouted. Fortunately for our digestion, the creature was too far out on the ice to reach, and we were able to devote almost another ten minutes to eating in peace and quiet. The chef luckily was never annoyed by inconvenience, and, by some ingenious device the food remained hot and unspoiled.

At 8:30 someone spied a stupendous white beast near the water's edge. (Some bears looked astonishingly yellow.) It was Miss Ames' turn. My husband and one Eskimo paddled her in the whaleboat very cautiously toward the ice. Before they reached there, the animal dove into the water and our huntress had an exceedingly trying hunt. The whaleboat bobbed up and down on the swell.—The bear was fast swimming away from her. She became exhausted from standing in the boat and the strain of shooting in an awkward position. The Eskimo again feared being attacked. Furthermore, my husband could not paddle because he too must have his rifle in readiness. Then he heard a hoarse cry: "John, you've got to shoot—I'm all in!" The bear was by this time getting out of range. He shot twice and missed, but his third struck between the shoulders and killed instantly. This hunt also we had watched from a grand-stand seat.

In the meantime another monster, on hearing the shot, had loped over the large uneven cakes down to the water's edge, and was curiously gazing at the hunting party. When they reached the schooner Frances Ames was naturally sick

with disappointment. It was a hard moment for everyone. We were all equally sorry for her. My husband regretted he had had to shoot. The bear was a large male with good fur, the most perfect specimen we took. After the animal was hoisted on deck the whaleboat was again headed toward the ice without giving the heart-broken girl a word of explanation. We at once realized my husband's idea was to make her forget the bad half hour. They were headed in the direction of the second bear.

The boat was out of sight on entering the ice. We continued to peer out over the pack in the direction in which they had disappeared. Just once,—for the fraction of a second, a bear's head showed above a high jagged hummock. We thought we heard two or three shots but it might have been ice breaking away, this retort could be heard almost any time all day. I looked at my watch—an hour passed, and then another half-hour. At last we saw the bow of the little boat coming out of an open lead, swing toward us, the men paddling in our direction. They were so far away—shouting would do no good.—We waited. When they were halfway between the ice and the yacht we thought we could see something white towing behind. "She's got a bear—isn't that great!" cried Mrs. Slaughter.

In another few minutes they were alongside; the Eskimo was the most pleased of the lot, although I know that Holbrook and Steve, the sea-scouts who were lucky enough to be in on the hunt, were just as excited. (All eight of the boys tried to hide a secret admiration for the youngest member of Captain Borden's party.)

"I never had such a night in my life," she gasped, as practically everyone on board helped her up the accommodation ladder. "I'm so all in I could laugh and cry at the same moment—look at me—my hands shake and my knees are knocking together." As tired as she was, eager figures stood round, longing to glean every detail. "I didn't have any

idea where John was taking me when we started off the second time," she panted. "I was so crushed and humiliated I didn't much care. Think of missing a bear with the entire crew watching!" She could not forget the first hunt.

"Never mind that—tell us what just happened now," said Mr. Slaughter.

"Well—we rowed round that big ice over there and could suddenly see nothing but ice on all sides. Big Johnny Eskimo was sitting in front. All of a sudden he turned round and whispered: 'There's polar bear!' (They never left off the word "polar." That exciting word, whether pertaining to ice, ocean, or beast, could put the fear of—almost anything— in a human breast.) "I looked up and there he stood—just his head and shoulders showing above the top of the hummock. He was sideways to us. John Borden, the Eskimo, and I climbed out on to the big cake of ice—John told me to shoot for the base of the brain. My muscles were still shaking from the first hunt so I thought I wouldn't hit the broad side of a barn. I shot and knocked him down.—We couldn't see him any more. Imagine!—We hurried back into the boat, pushed round through the ice, until we stopped right opposite the side of the cake he had been on. There he was" (about thirty feet away) "standing on all fours—looking down at us. I thought he would jump in the boat—so did Big Johnny —he looked scared. Part of the rough ice still covered his body—we could only see head and neck again.—John yelled, 'Shoot quick!' " (Ten feet more and he would have gone out of sight. The bear was pretty sick and dazed, and was looking all around him.) "I shot again and he disappeared. . . . We then rowed all round the cake. I was so excited I didn't know what I was doing, and there he was. He had fallen into a hole in the ice and was just breathing."

"And it was the devil's own job to drag him out," broke in my husband. "We had to chop away ice, tie ropes on him,

and all six of us tried to budge him. I guess it took us over an hour to get him into the water." [1]

After this bit of excitement the engines were ordered half-speed ahead. Captain Borden decided to anchor for the night. Another bear was seen but too far in the ice. In all we saw nine polar bears in one day, and four were hoisted on deck—quite a hunt. But then—we had worked hard enough and gone thousands of miles to reach that mysterious, fog-ridden, ice-bound island!

Since it was a clear, calm night, we anchored off Cape Hawaii in nineteen fathoms, after steaming far enough out to be safe from ice on its southward drift. Waves gently lapped against the boat, making a faint rhythmical sound, a soothing, regular tapping. The natives were up all night preparing the specimens. This was nothing unusual for them as they are accustomed to many sleepless nights after their own successful hunts.

August 13th. The next morning we started hunting at eight o'clock and the Eskimos seemed no worse for wear. The swell had entirely subsided for the time being. At ten o'clock Big John called "Polar bear!" While quietly watching Mrs. Slaughter stalk this animal, we saw another one gallop up from behind a high hummock in the direction of the hunters. I was the only person left still waiting a turn. Captain Borden decided to work the *Northern Light* into the pack at once as the animal was already restless, rather than approach the unusually large, towering cakes in an unwieldy dory, the whaleboat being out. When the yacht struck an open lead the dory was lowered. My husband, Little John, and I hurriedly scrambled into it.

We then found ourselves lost behind high walls of moving ice. We could see nothing beyond. Most unexpectedly we

[1] Miss Ames used the 180-grain open point Western Cartridge. There had been some doubt as to whether this bullet would penetrate the large bones.

came upon the mighty white beast, at least I thought so. It was standing on a high, flat cake, staring at us, and a powerful looking creature it was, firmly planted on four huge aquatic pads. Plainly and simply a good case of "Buck fever" set in. Instead of shooting at once, I turned and asked, "Where shall I aim?"

"The black spot!"

Being terribly excited, I looked and saw many black spots. Fortunately the bear obligingly stood without moving anything but its nose. Shooting in a cramped position from a boat seemed very complicated for an inexperienced person. I shot once, just as the monster leaped into the air, knowing instinctively I had missed my aim completely. In a flash my beautiful prize disappeared behind the ice hummock and we never saw it again.

We paddled hopefully round the cake but found only water and slush ice. No signs of bear! A dead walrus in which my quarry had evidently been wallowing was hanging over the ice. The crushing disappointment: my own failure was too much! When the whaleboat approached I felt too humiliated to even look at the successful party.

"I didn't get my bear either, Courtney," called Mrs. Slaughter pathetically. Of the two of us she was the most wretched. She had wounded her game and due to the heavy drift-ice could not stalk it further, thus losing all signs of the vanishing animal.

The two white boats stole toward the yacht like a funeral cortège. Although we think it amusing now, life for the next twenty-four hours seemed pretty black. We thought of course our one chance of bringing home a polar bear had come and gone.

Later on, when life appeared a bit brighter, my husband told me what Little John whispered as he leaned over to him in the boat just after I missed my shot: "Capt'n, King Island ladies often miss bear. We say nothing, pay no 'ten-

tion, they—just ladies!" Perhaps if he had repeated this remark before, the funny side would have dawned on me sooner. Instead, I actually felt looked down upon by the Eskimo hunter. To be compared with his beloved "womens" was indeed a compliment.

That night the ice changed considerably. The water dropped to 29°. The barometer began to tumble downwards, while a southeast wind gave us cause for alarm. It might easily be imperative to leave Wrangel Island before many more hours.

When morning came I was worn out from a sleepless night of worry for fear the ice-pack would decide to close in on us. But couldn't seem to find any of the necessary sympathy from my husband! He had carefully figured out the wind, tides, etc., and refused to be excited by feeble protestations of female members of his little expedition.

Lady luck was kind! She favored us with one more beautiful day. By seven in the morning there was no wind, a flat calm, and gorgeous sunshine. A succession of four days of perfect weather was much too good to be true, despite the fact that we had earned it after tacking back and forth those five days, waiting for the fog to lift and the furious storms to abate. Besides, this was our third attempt to reach that exciting bit of land. Wrangel Island!

On nearing Cape Hawaii, which seemed to be the place where most bears were found, all hands were on deck. All eyes peered over the ice. It was necessary to work through an extension of the pack in order to save several miles. We again watched, spellbound, the bow of the yacht, as it shoved away the ice. It was necessary to back off two large flat cakes which remained on the keel, and the propellers continued a real anxiety. When particularly large floes loomed ahead, the engines were stopped entirely and the boat steered very cautiously. Fortunately it would have taken a peculiar shaped formation below the water to reach the

Mrs. Slaughter with her fine specimen.

propellors, but such a formation might have come along at any moment. Some of the hummocks rose early as high as our masts and we had difficulty in getting around them.

When our hopes of seeing more game were highest, such a dense fog suddenly enveloped the ship that we could not see two feet ahead. It was caused by intense sun rays on the ice with no wind. Quite discouraged we went below. Mrs. Slaughter and I became further resigned to our fate! Cheers sounded when the fog cleared on a light wind. Some of us were eating lunch at the time while Mr. Slaughter and my husband were on deck waiting for the Eskimos.

"Come on girls—there's a bear!" called a voice.

Mrs. Slaughter hurriedly went for her rifle, and pulled on her white *parka*. This time the dory was lowered and Captain Borden decided to paddle the boat himself. The Eskimos were too excitable.

In my notes of the day: "While looking for Kodiak bear half the fun was lost in not having the pleasure of watching others. It is marvelous being an onlooker at polar bear hunting. Mrs. Slaughter shot her bear and how I did

envy her. Supposing we do see another bear and I miss it again?"

While almost everyone was watching the hunt and the yacht was peacefully drifting, the steward yelled, "Madam, there's another bear!" Big John Eskimo had gone off in his *kayak* to help pack Mrs. Slaughter's bear to the boat but the remaining native ran up to me, crying: "Get your gun—get your gun!" . . .

Thank goodness—this time I was successful! If another miss—my disgrace would have been complete. . . .

The two bears were hoisted on deck—both large males weighing probably around 1,500 pounds. Although the Eskimos and Dahl made a fine job of skinning and pickling the skins, they were in pretty poor shape when they reached the Museum. Apparently this could not have been helped since the oil secreted by a polar bear in summer acts like an acid and burns through the white fur.

All six bears were males and unusually large, measuring within a few inches of one another in length, from ten feet two inches to eleven feet. Dahl told us he had never seen six such uniform sized animals taken out of one place. In one summer near Franz Josef Land two or three hundred bears are taken during the season and brought to Norway. This means large numbers of animals are killed before they attain any great size, the average found there are seven or eight feet, and smaller. (Of course, some large polar bears are shot in the Greenland Arctic.) We saw eleven bears the first day, and nineteen the remaining three days. Of this number four were cubs. It seemed almost incredible! It is impossible to tell whether or not we counted some of the same animals twice, as the ice was always changing, but at the same time many more were undoubtedly lost to us as they lay asleep hidden behind ice hummocks. A gun-shot seldom disturbed bears that appeared nearby during the hunt: they have not been shot over often enough to know fear. Instead they often

walked toward the men to satisfy their curiosity. Also—the shot probably sounded to them very much as though ice was breaking away, an ordinary event in their far northern haunts. There is no telling how many we could have shot; but we carefully restricted ourselves to one trophy apiece and a fine male for the museum. Our hunt was over. We then concentrated on birds. Mr. Hine went off in the launch toward evening. He was particularly interested in taking two species of both murres and guillemots distinct from those he found on Fairway Rock and the Diomedes: Pallas murres and Mandt's guillemots; also some glaucous-winged gulls. He found most of his specimens near the rookery on Waring Point.

We found all the game south of Pillar Point, although we steamed back and forth for four days between Cape Waring and a point a short distance beyond Rodgers Harbor. This is the weather side of the island and we believed the bear congregated there to feed on dead walrus, which had been killed along the Siberian shore from East Cape to Cape Serdzekamen, and had drifted with the current. We saw very few seals for the animals to feed on and surprisingly few live walrus, but a carcass was found not far from every bear shot. The polar bear, apparently, is willing to take his meat a little high if he can thereby avoid the discomfort of attacking a large bull walrus.

Before the night was over we saw a most perfect specimen not far in the ice. "Polar bear!—Fine polar bear!" cried both Eskimos in a chorus. They climbed down from the top of the pilot-house, and ran toward my husband.

"Capt'n—Natives like hunt polar bear—Natives eat fine polar bear meat,—use 'em skin!" pleaded the two happy, excited little men. (They were strong and sturdy but their feet and hands were no larger than a small boy's.)

"All right, you two boys go after it," my husband answered. "Here is my gun—one of you can use it."

So off they went in a dory. We watched them scale a sheer, high, hummock. The bear was soon lost to us on the far side of the ridge. When they reached the top we heard, I think, six shots.—Then they disappeared over the sharp edge. More shots. A few minutes afterwards both men reappeared, and standing on the very top of the large ice-cake, outlined against a cool grey sky, they looked toward the yacht, raised their arms in the air—and clapped heartily. . . .

Primitive man had conquered the beast. King Island would honor the returning heroes!

We hung over the railing—waiting to add the congratulations they so longed to hear.

"Me polar bear. . . . Me first shot!" called Big John. Again he was the master-hunter. When they were hoisted on deck in the dory, and the precious beast was there also, we flocked to see it. The bear was indeed a beauty: the only female we had taken, with a thick winter coat and long white fur.

"I give him Captn's wife!" announced Big John very pleased.—So, we now had a lovely female to add to the Museum case.

Having accomplished everything and even more than we dared hope for on leaving San Francisco, our thoughts turned toward home, and the flags were hoisted. From the main mast soon floated a lovely thin streamer over a hundred feet long with thirteen stars in a row, followed by the red and white stripes. It was our Homeward Bound Pennant, following the time-honored custom of whaling ships on the Artic after they had boiled down their fill of whale oil. In those brave days the streamer had a foot in length for every man on board and was flown on entering each port on their return, whether the voyage terminated in San Francisco or continued around Cape Horn. The sea-scouts' small and important flags still waved from the shrouds. The ship was in holiday attire. . . .

Herald Island was visible in the clear atmosphere forty

miles away. It distinctly appeared to be two separate islands, one further away and considerably lower than the other. We had seen this optical illusion almost all afternoon and after many hours it still retained the same shape. Of course, we again had visions of exploring that land mentioned before as Bordenland which some people believed might possibly exist. The high granite headlands stood boldly above the horizon outlined against the evening sky, while a long low stretch in between was clearly visible. We steamed closer to make sure; and the two resolved themselves into nothing but Herald Island. Now and for all time any new land in that position has been refuted. We were a bit disappointed although we had sense enough to realize an undiscovered land in that location was in 1927 practically an impossibility.

Before reluctantly turning away from our hunters' paradise everyone came on deck to watch the lavender-tinted hills of the island, and the pink afterglow of a wonderful Arctic sunset. Over the bow hung a large round pink moon covering the white vessel in its silvery radiance. By ten o'clock we were under full sail. The sea-scouts beamed with delight and everyone forward and aft rejoiced in a splendid climax to a long successful voyage. We had cruised for four cloudless days along the shores of this thrilling Arctic island. We had been sailing for many weeks along the white upper crust at the "Top of the world." And we were the first white women ever to reach Wrangel Island. Our party was the first to see the Russian village. Anyone with a spark of romance in his or her city-bred soul could not help but feel the enchantment of that pale but glowing night. A magical lure gripped our senses. A fresh breeze blew almost caressingly, the flapping of the sails filled one with passionate ecstasy. It was a moment when one could easily appreciate a sailor's love for his ship, far greater than his desire for home. A fair wind, a fine ship and we were homeward bound!

CHAPTER XIV

The Chukchees

August 15th. The *Northern Light* began her gradual descent southwards. Searching for better weather we found ourselves in a strong northwest current. Our accustomed head wind met each time between Wrangel and the mainland, was with us. By afternoon the wind had moderated and the fog lifted. It was pleasant, although too cold and windy for sitting in steamer chairs.

The forward deck hummed with activity. Cleaning the skulls, and tagging both skull and skin with each person's name, after preparing them with plenty of salt, took a good deal of time. Dahl, who had experience of this kind in the "old country," was occupied in flensing the skins, laying them over a table he had specially constructed for the job.

While I was watching him, Little John approached me rather surreptitiously. Something extremely important was on his mind.

"Mrs. Capt'n—I like very much trousers Capt'n give other John," he said in a stage whisper.

"What kind of trousers were they?"

"Like 'em trousers you got," he answered.

It was all I could do to keep from smiling in his face. He was begging for the pair of trousers I had worn every day in the Arctic and had on that very minute. "Oh—These! We will have to see what can be done about it," was my somewhat veiled rebuke.

"A ha!" he said as he went back to his work on a bear skull. (Big John had fallen on the ice and needed a dry

Dahl flensing the polar bear skins.

change. That was how he came into possession of the coveted garment.)

Needless to say twelve hours later the two natives were strutting about, prouder than two peacocks, clothed in Capt'n and Mrs. Capt'n's white *parkas* and grey Hudson-Bay cloth trousers. Later it came out that someone had confided to Big John that he had better take very good care of his new trousers as they had cost thirty-five dollars—this was immediately repeated to the one less fortunate.

When Captain Joe heard of the incident he laughed long and heartily. "Captain will give him the schooner next," he retorted.

Phalaropes flew by while we stood on deck, in flocks of four or five, their wings a silvery flash in the clear air as they soared above the waves. There was one beautiful Sabine gull. At 8 P. M. the low undulating coast line of Siberia was visible at a distance of about sixty-five miles. Near midnight we again went on deck to find it raining and were amazed to

see the most ravishing after-glow while we stood in a downpour. One-half of the sky was fiery red as though reflecting flames from a boiling furnace, the sea below a deep blue. The flaming scepters blended into orange while soft cumulus clouds displayed delicate blues and lavender. The sky, water, and horizon on the other side were grey, cold, and unbeautiful.

The after-glows in the Arctic showed more enchanting and exquisitely lovely colors than one can possibly imagine. The magic scenes will remain forever in our memory. Perhaps the beauty seemed more powerful and impressive to us who had become accustomed to unfriendly skies, fogs, and treacherous seas such as we had sailed through on the Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea. . . . We were soon sailing in a southwest wind. Prospects were excellent for another comfortable night. The temperature of the air rose from 40° to 47° and the water from 36° to 43°.

August 16th. The next morning at eight o'clock Cape Onman came in sight. A fine warm day with a light northwest breeze and smooth sea. The sails were furled as we cruised along the Siberian shore under full steam and passed Cape Onman a mile and a half off shore.

The Siberian coast line is high with precipitous cliffs, and very irregular in outline. It is divided in many places by low alluvial ground and seems to disappear entirely in these long stretches to rise again many miles away in a bold promontory. It is easy to understand the conflicting opinions among natives and early Russian explorers as to just how far the Chukchee Peninsula extended to the east. One could imagine many high rock islands standing by themselves, separated from the mainland. The mountains are from two thousand to three thousand feet high and are seldom near the coast, but usually separated from the ocean by a strip on which lagoons and sandy deposits are left by mountain streams.

We steamed across the mouth of Kolyuchin Bay. I had

noticed the crew staring through their glasses most of the day and wondered why, then decided to ask my husband.

"We are searching for a lost Hudson Bay steamer that was abandoned two years ago and has been reported to have drifted south near Kolyuchin Island two different times," was my answer.

This was certainly blood-curdling! And here is the story:

The *Lady Kindersleys,* insured for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was crushed in the pack and abandoned August 31, 1924, about 34 miles northwest of Pt. Barrow.[1] Everything had been all right until her engines broke down. While the men worked on the engines, the ice closed in. They hurriedly wired the *Boxer,* the Board of Education boat, but she was unable to get any nearer than five miles on account of the solid ice-field. The men left the trading steamer almost immediately to escape with their lives, taking nothing with them but the clothes on their backs and managed to get over the five miles of ice where the *Boxer* picked them up. A vessel with a valuable cargo, and one insured for a heavy amount, now started on its helpless drift, not sinking immediately as was expected.

In 1925 natives from Cape Onman and Kolyuchin Island reported seeing a stranded ship, caught in pack-ice, and drifting off Cape Jinretlin.

In 1926 the same ghostlike apparition appeared again, this time inside Kolyuchin Island.

The steamer had evidently missed the northwest current, and like the *Vigilant* was caught in the drift that circles south off the Siberian shore. It probably went north in the winter, and again south the following summer. The drift that the ship followed is of course, only problematical. A Russian in Nome informed Captain Ross of the U. S. C. G. that he

[1] Exact position was 71-47 North and 157.12 West. This information has not heretofore been published. As much as is known Captain Ross told Captain Borden while in Nome.

A fine type of Chukchee.

had visited among Chukchees who had served him butter packed in tin cases marked *Lady Kindersleys*. Whether the natives and Russians succeeded in stripping the deserted, crumbling vessel, or whether she sank—no one knows.

At any rate, her cargo was worth a lot of money and the heavy insurance made her possible existence important. We had been asked to keep a careful look-out for any clues of her still being afloat. But what would remain of the wreck of this proud craft? The uncanny fascination—watching for floating treasure—gripped me, too. I stared. Would we see the sinister ship steal toward us, battered and broken after its ceaseless battling on the ruthless waves, tossing on the violent storms, being held fast in a cruel grip—only let free to pound her creaking hull against heaving ice? Perhaps.

Another victim for the grasping, inexorable, restless graveyard. . . . A chill crept over me. . . . After thousands of years—man has not yet conquered the sea.

Watching for floating specters, provided an exciting day, to say the least. The anchors were dropped off Kolyuchin

A typical Chukchee girl.

Island, in the center of the large body of water. This small rock formation is two and one-half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, situated eighteen miles southeast of Cape Onman and ten miles from the mainland. There are two shingle spits extending from the southwest and northwest and the whole closely resembles King Island in its physical aspect. From the yacht we saw the remains of a settlement on the northwest spit. There were two tents, two underground caves for storing provisions, and framework similar to that used for *yourts* at Egelen and Cape Serdzekamen, also some signs of recent human habitation.

Some Chukchees live on the island in winter and migrate to the mainland in summer for trading, carrying with them walrus hide and *oogruk* skin coverings for their dwellings. Four years ago our Eskimos, while on a hunting trip with Kleinschmidt, met two Chukchee *umiaks* from Kolyuchin

Island, about sixty miles out in the ice. There were ten men and women in each boat; they told the King Islanders that they stayed on the island as long as there was ice nearby for hunting. Judging from our observations the ice had only recently drifted away from the forlorn unvegetated rock, since a few natives still remained on the southwest spit.

The launch was lowered and nearly everyone went off in search of birds. Besides the same species found at Wrangel there were tufted puffins, kittiwakes, female and young eider ducks and a pelagic cormorant; we also acquired a few varieties of flowers.

Before supper we pulled up anchor and headed once again for Cape Serdzekamen. Soon the coast line was lost in fog while we sat on deck and wrote letters to be mailed at Nome. This was quite a task; it was hard to know what would interest people living a different life, where civilization closes the horizon and dims the desire for real adventure. After all did anyone care, or not care, whether we shot polar bears and reached Wrangel Island?

The chief engineer took the temperature of the water and as it was 44°, we knew we were in the warm current which runs out of Bering Strait and parts in three directions: toward Pt. Barrow, along the Siberian coast, and between Herald and Wrangel Islands.

August 17th. Early in the morning we anchored in four and one-half fathoms off the village west of Cape Serdze. It was a beautiful day with a good off-shore breeze. My husband, after being on watch all night, breakfasted with us at 7:15 before going to bed. From deck we could see that the village slept and even the dogs were quiet, but after three blasts from our whistle—life began to stir.

Twenty-one men, women, and children paddled out to us in one *umiak*. There were two other boatloads; Wall and the Russian Cossack were missing, possibly having left for

East Cape. Our visitors again hoped to trade. The deck swarmed with people. By the time they left, it probably swarmed with something else. We noticed many of them busily scratching themselves under the heavy *parkas*. They are not the cleanest people in the world!

After chatting and chuckling to themselves, the natives clambered into their boats to fetch the "womens." On their return the *umiaks* were laden with "womens" and children who also flocked on board. Two or three boatloads must have sailed to East Cape as the numbers were considerably fewer than on our previous visit. Standing by the companionway was a particularly nice looking woman who asked to see Mrs. Borden, and finding out which I was walked toward me. I was quite touched when she introduced herself as Mrs. Wall and presented me with tan faun-skin *mukluks* and an unusual pair of slippers, which she had chewed with her poor brown teeth and sewed in anticipation of our return. The soles of the latter were reindeer hide with the heel covered in an eider duck's breast; the toe was the green silky fur of the cormorant's neck. Strange as it may seem, although married to a white man she spoke no English and understood only the simplest words, but by signs made me understand that Sonya, her daughter, had worn my dress and shoes. Her gratitude and appreciation was sweet.

Mrs. Wall was clean and neat looking, with a broad smile and bright eyes. Her hair was parted in the middle with long braids over her shoulders. Her *parka* was white faun skin cut with a low V neck and trimmed with wolverine, under which was visible every now and then a grey wool skirt. Other *parkas* were inferior to hers and not well made, and it was obvious most of the women had nothing underneath. As the garments were fashioned about the legs like large bulky trousers and made in one piece to slip easily off and on the shoulders, even the young girls looked large. The sleeves were wide, making it possible to draw the arms inside to

warm them by body heat. Mrs. Wall's *mukluks* were knee-length and of white faun skin; Siberian footgear were usually more decorated than those chewed into shape by Eskimo squaws.

While the Chukchees visited with our Eskimos, we asked the women and girls what presents they would like. Their greatest desire was needles. Our bureau drawers were turned upside down and we reappeared with safety pins, needles, thread, buttons, and tape, which delighted them. Miss Ames brought out her precious odds and ends collected in San Francisco, consisting of fancy powder boxes, beads, and rhinestone pins. Of course, these fancier bits pleased them more than anything else. One little fellow of about three years strutted proudly about the deck with a large safety pin hanging from the middle of his chest. His daddy had acquired the pin from one of the women and thus decorated his offspring.

After we had announced a desire to go ashore, our brown-skinned friends tripped one another up in a rush to resume their seats in the boats and be on land by the time we arrived. When any of them inadvertently stepped into another's way—or disturbed the view from the *umiak,* he or she would receive a kick in the middle of the back which never seemed to be resented. We noticed later, dogs were kicked in the same friendly manner. Small children were treated with great affection and given the best seats.

Going ashore in the launch, we landed on a lovely white, glittering sand beach where breakers rolled in for many miles. We were now on Siberian soil—the hopeless, infertile, desperate land where prisoners of Imperial Russia were probably driven in their chains, or fugitives escaped from their prisons. The Chukchee settlement rose above us, situated on top of a sand cliff, which we climbed, followed at our heels by the giggling, curious Chukchees.

When we reached the village we found that it consisted

The small child who was decorated with a safety pin.

of nothing more than seven or eight *yourts* and driftwood poles on which were skins and *umiaks*. A *yourt* on this more isolated, barren *tundra* found on the Arctic coast of Asia is a round dwelling constructed of whalebone and covered with walrus hide, the roof ascending to an aperture in the center

Umiaks and dog sleds are placed on poles.

from which smoke rises.[1] Moss is packed between the hides on the outside and skins hung on the interior. The main chamber is divided into skin compartments where the natives sleep on the floor, rolled in blankets, the outer space being used for cooking, tanning, and preparing skins. Behind the little dwellings were two large lagoons where the natives get their drinking water. Here we might have found shore birds, but no one thought of it until too late. Glancing out over the cape we saw two or three other small settlements, and on inquiring of our precocious friend who had been spokesman on our first visit, he told us: "Each village has name." Also —"Many villages lots miles." With that he stretched out his arms to east and west, meaning that these savage tribes are gathered together in many similar small groups along the Polar coast of Siberia.

We walked up and down in front of the little dwellings and being white women were objects of great curiosity. We saw three or four tiny babies each wrapped in a sealskin bag. They looked more like stuffed bologna sausages than anything else. We hardly dared peer into the dark chasm which yawned in the interior of the hovels. They were without any light, and undoubtedly filthy. On passing a doorway I did see one woman naked to the waist, squatting on the floor, surrounded by her children. It was an unpleasant sight!

However, the white man and his squaw wife live differently. Their *yourt*, which Mrs. Wall showed me with great pride, was built of upright unpainted wood planks and had a tin roof. We entered a large round center chamber and walked through it to an addition built by Wall to insure privacy from the Chukchee family. It was an oblong box-like structure with a real chimney and consisted of two rooms. In the first was a kitchen range and broken-down sewing machine.

[1] After reading William J. Morden's *"Across Asia's Snows and Deserts"* in which he describes *yourts* of Mongolia—they must be the same shape—those of the regions further south, however, are covered with felt.

An old Chukchee woman showing the reindeer *parka*.

Everything was meticulously neat, although crude and bare. A cheap, worn-out wall paper imitating red damask covered the walls, while pictures from illustrated magazines hung one above the other, giving a lively and confused impression. A familiar odor of *mukluks* and *parkas* saturated everything; it is an odor like nothing I have ever before smelled. My hostess wanted me to see her second room. The furnishings were a wooden bed with reindeer skin blankets, a dilapidated child's phonograph, and a kitchen table with two chairs. The rooms were lighted by a pan of whale-oil with a bit of moss in the place of a wick. She seemed to understand "pretty"; everything was "very pretty."

After visiting her apartment I was shown the barnlike main house. It was one large circular room with a wood floor, divided into compartments around the sides by reindeer skin, and used as a meeting place for relatives and friends. The skin curtains of the three compartments hung from a pole, much in the same way as does the canopy of an old fashioned four-poster bed, and beyond them I could see pots and pans but not a stick of furniture.

What a life for a white man! After seeing his house and talking with his smiling wife, we believed her to be a good mate for him and that he was very fortunate to have any woman care for him in that wretched, God-forsaken country. A man who lives and trades along the shores of the Arctic Ocean in winter needs a woman to sew, cook, and make him as decently comfortable as she can. He must have *parkas*, mittens, *mukluks*, and reindeer trousers which only a native woman can fashion in her primitive manner. What they eat, besides, of course, the sea mammals, I cannot say from my own observation, since there were no traces of any food, but there were a few broken earthenware bowls and two or three tin utensils. I believe, however, that there are some berries with which they vary their summer's diet. To the right of the entrance, which in Wall's house is a wooden door, and

The home of a white trader on the Siberian Arctic coast.

in the more primitive *yourts*, merely an opening over which a skin can be dropped in cold weather, were racks built along the wall to hold axes, knives, and other household necessities.

The coast Chukchees live on the frozen, treeless wastes of Asia, in the same manner that they did four hundred years ago when contact with them was first established by Russians. They must necessarily depend on their hunting for actual subsistence. Their physical appearance tallied exactly with the descriptions found in old books of early explorations.[1] The women's faces were tattooed and their clothes have not changed in the slightest detail. Beads they seemed particularly fond of. One small boy wore a tight string round his neck from which hung an American dime. When I touched it, the natives went into paroxysms of giggling, violently chattering among themselves.

There must have been a hundred dogs. The better looking ones were chained on a long rope while mongrels ran loose among the women and children. Mrs. Wall informed me, "They no bite" which was hard to believe. After taking pictures and becoming acquainted with even the babies, we said "good-by" and slid down the cliff to the beach. Two *umiaks* followed us out to the yacht and the occupants again came on board.

Just before sailing, the same native who could speak a few English words, asked Captain Borden to step aside as he had something important to tell him. After a whispered comment, the two men joined us. Later I asked my husband what he wanted and was told: liquor! Had we come all the way to the Siberian Arctic coast to start a bootleg industry?

Ready to leave, we bade good-by to the increasing number of Chukchees who were again circling the boat. It was hard leaving Mrs. Wall. She was so happy to be with us, realizing

[1] Comparing the Chukchees' physiognomy with pictures in Mr. Morden's book, it struck me that they strongly resembled the Buriats of Southern Siberia, also the dwellers of that part of Mongolia near Kobdo—where the Morden-Clark American Museum Expedition were captured.

Two Chukchee boys who found us highly amusing.

that we lived in a part of the world which her half-breed daughter may some day enter. We wondered whether her husband will be faithful to his Chukchee wife when his papers come, or whether she will be left behind, bereft of her white children. We think she realized her possible fate; there was a certain sadness in her face while she showed her personal belongings as the proud wife of a white man. A tragic life will probably be the fate of her pretty daughter who will never be respected as white. . . . All the women left us reluctantly with fancy silk mufflers tied round their necks, hands full of sewing articles, jewelry, and odds and ends.

We were finally off. One or two skin-boats followed the yacht for a short distance. Before steaming very far from Cape Serdze the King Islanders strolled back to the poop-deck. Little John looked worried about something. "Natives say *Red October*—East Cape. More better go Alaska side, you tell Capt'n," he whispered to me. The possible nearness of a Russian ship apparently put fear in their hearts. Anything that was not in their everyday existence seemed to hold some hidden terror. From then on, Harry, and his starboard watch, insisted every few minutes that they could see the *Red October*. Fog and clouds were smoke. Specks on the horizon became ships.

During a happy afternoon filled with glorious sunshine, when we could drink our fill and become lulled by the mysterious enchantment of the Far North, we remained on deck and gazed out over the Siberian shore. Each person was busy: Mr. Hine and I painted sketches of birds. The Eskimos wandered back and forth—searching in the distance for their beloved Alaskan shores, always puffing incessantly on cigarettes.

"Have natives had tobacco long time?" inquired my husband.

"Yes—long, long time!" they answered.

"Even before white man come to Siberia?" We had to talk their language.

"Ye!" they nodded.

Perhaps tobacco was carried from China into the Gobi desert—we conjectured. . . .

We received this message while at supper:

"I was surprised to get your message saying you were at Wrangel Island and today I am delighted to get your message saying that you are Homeward Bound with seven walrus and seven polar bears You are great hunters My congratulations and especially to the girls Best regards."

(Signed) Stanley Field.

The most interesting and outstanding events of a very full trip, besides visiting Wrangel Island, were our visits to Siberia, this little known, less understood vast territory. Still we heard nothing from Moscow, relative to the permit applied for by the Museum, through the Soviet representative at Montreal, to hunt mountain sheep. It would certainly have been a great experience, but we were well pleased with having reached the frozen shores of Siberia.

We sighted three spouting fin whales between Cape Serdze and East Cape, the first whale seen since leaving the Pacific Ocean in June. The sun set on a calm sea and cloudless sky at 9:45 leaving a vermilion after-glow. The heavens glowed with color. Not long after, a lovely pink three-quarter moon rose, shimmering and brilliant. The Siberian coast line was transformed from one rainbow tint to another: the ever-changing mountains were dipped in lavenders until they gradually turned a stern, cool, grey. It was then we went below to turn on the victrola, play solitaire, or read, usual evening's amusements below deck. The thermometer that faced the bright sun all day registered 71° although the one in the chart room stayed at 55°; we were indeed in the Riviera of the Arctic Ocean.

Before rounding East Cape we again went on deck. This headland should be called Cape Deshnev after the intrepid Russian who was the first white man to reach the Gulf of Anadyr, and thence traveled by sled to the northeasternmost promontory of Asia. The Eskimos ran excitedly toward us. "We see Alaska side, we see Cape Prince of Wales!" One would have thought they had been in foreign territory for many months to watch their delighted expressions on nearing Alaska. The King Island hunter seldom remains away from his family at night as their island of splendid isolation is the home of polar bears, seals, and walrus during months when the ice-pack drifts south. Their long absence from their "ladies" was hard on them, and probably seasickness made homesickness more poignant.

August 18th. The next day we awoke to find again a calm sea, and on thinking over our trip we felt we had had a surprisingly small amount of bad weather. Each morning on awakening we expected to find the boat either rolling or tossing, and for ten days it had been divinely smooth. We met no ice after turning away from Wrangel, the ice fields had been studied and watched during our five weeks' cruise in the Arctic Ocean and my husband knew where to expect them. If we only had not been pressed for time we could perhaps have cruised north of Pt. Barrow into the Pole of Inaccessibility, or west in search of the land reputed to have been discovered by Sergeant Andreyev about 1760 and never since visited. The position of this possible island was still indefinite on the chart, and it would have given us a great thrill actually to explore for it. Another summer may not be as propitious, since Wrangel itself can only be occasionally reached.

Captain Borden received a wire from Captain Ross, informing the natives that their families were well, and that their Chief wanted them to stop at King Island for drums and medicine masks. The day was warm and sticky. It was

hard becoming accustomed to warmer weather after the crisp air off the Arctic ice. The thermometer at noon registered 60° and for a wonder, on entering Bering Strait, there was no fog. The Diomedes were in full view.

We continued south toward Nome. On reaching King Island the natives left the yacht and clambered up the rock of their winter home, making two or three trips back and forth. During their busy morning they did much whispering. A little later, when my husband came on deck after making up lost sleep, they started toward him with their arms laden with gifts. First the two of us were presented with ivory carvings. Then Little John laid in my lap a most beautiful pair of tusks, even in length, graceful and slender, having a much more decided curve than the male tusks. The natives had quickly grasped the importance of "Museum" and in order not to be outdone by the Chukchee tusks, Little John gave away the best he had to fill out our collection. After admiring what we had received and shaking hands all round as usual, further gifts were showered. A sled suddenly appeared from nowhere. Necessity is certainly the mother of invention among these savage tribes; it was interesting to watch deft hands tie slats and runners together, and notice how well thought out everything was. The sled was put together with wooden pegs, had ivory runners and was used on ice to haul a *kayak*. When traveling in the boat, the sled is carried behind the cockpit and five seals can be placed crosswise over it. In this convenient manner the hunter returns to his family.

For every present we gave these two natives they reciprocated twofold. How their eyes sparkled when my husband presented each one with a Remington rifle and box of Delayed Mushroom cartridges to replace rusty and antique weapons. But the thing that delighted them most of all was a brand new, shiny victrola for their dance hall.

As we came nearer to Nome, they gazed wistfully toward

land and talked to us of prospects for the next day: picking berries with their "ladies" in the hills back of Cape Nome. Everyone on the boat liked the quiet, gentle little men who were anxious to follow white man's ways. Although they looked fairly clean the wireless operator and second engineer, whose cabin they occupied, asked me to buy a disinfectant for cleaning out their cabin. Whaling captains and sailors hold to the old opinion that Eskimos "smell." That is true, to be sure, but when we wear *mukluks* we smell too!

Before leaving King Island, Mr. Hine and Mr. Slaughter acquired more birds, though there were considerably less there now than were seen five weeks before. Besides the usual Bering Sea specimen, a lovely young sabine gull and two wandering tattlers were taken.

On a dark blue night of stars (our first in many months), Sparks again picked up press news relayed by the San Francisco *Examiner*. Darkness turned to light in the early morning hours as we dropped anchor before Nome, our third visit to this hospitable and friendly little city lying at the gateway to the Arctic Ocean.

CHAPTER XV

Homeward Bound

August 19th. After an early breakfast we were on deck in time to watch the male population of King Island greet us, bringing small pieces of carved ivory wrapped carefully in bits of cloth. Each one in turn came toward me to sell his wares. This performance occupied well over an hour of the precious morning. One smart fellow named Carl wished to make the Cap'n and Mrs. Cap'n presents because we had been nice to his "friends." On presenting me with a white comb carved in the likeness of a white whale, he informed me that he sells his combs in Nome for $3.50. A second later, while I was still thanking him for my new present, another native whispered to me "Carl wants black sun glasses. . . ."

Before they left the ship each one was given a pair of black glasses, and many successful negotiations were made between my husband and the two Eskimo hunters. Fifty dollars worth of ivory for a second phonograph to be purchased in Nome.—A particular striped seal for the Museum, to be hunted next winter when the ice comes into Bering Sea, in exchange for a hand-run sewing machine. The chief of the tribe, brother of Big John, came alongside later to announce that the dance for Captain Borden would be: "Tonight—Maybe five, six o'clock, maybe seven o'clock."

That evening we walked through the town to buy candy and chewing gum for "womens" and children. Carrying heavy coats and kodaks, we trudged along a dusty road, half the crew and other Eskimo tribes joining us. We were indeed a strange looking caravan. When a shrieking Ford

passed we scuttled to one side like a brood of frightened chickens.

On our way we passed the cottage of an aged Scandinavian woman. Here she had lived as a recluse, enclosed behind a high picket fence for over twenty years, mending her defense by the hour. From her secure and impregnable position she watched life pass her by. Not even the grocer boy could penetrate into her seclusion. Town's people told tales of twenty dollar gold pieces. No one bothered to speak to her any more. This night, as we scuffled along in the dust, she was standing directly in front of her house. We could see a merry pink face under a witchlike pointed hat. Her hands fumbled with the fence. Nothing daunted I shouted, "Good Evening," as one soon learns to do in Alaska. To everyone's dumb amazement, she drew her tight little face into a small toothless smile and answered in a trembling and squeaky voice, "Good evening good folks—fine evening to you." She had watched us coming down the road and thought we were probably from the new white ship she could see from her self-imposed prison. She was undoubtedly as surprised to be spoken to, as we were in hearing her voice. I wish now that we had said more, but we were already late and the Eskimos waited.

Not much further on, we could see the tents and small wooden huts occupied in summer by the King Islanders. Our two proud hunters led us through the main street and introduced us to bashful and giggling wives with babies. The women and children were dressed in calico *parkas* exactly as they were the morning we visited them uninvited; each one with a hood decorated with a band of wolverine and a wide flounced skirt. The heads of tiny babies, which just peeped above their mothers' hoods, were covered in astoundingly modern crocheted caps. From behind, the squaws looked as wide as they were tall, and on their unusually small feet, waddled from side to side, ambling heavily along. The men

Two "King Island Ladies."

seemed affectionate fathers and devoted husbands. Our two boys were bursting with pleasure on being again with their families, and they delighted to show off their smallest children, tiny little mites with sticky mouths and running noses but obedient and quiet. We never heard a child cry or fret during the long evening that followed, and every parent brought the entire family to the performance. Both wives had made me a pair of *mukluks:* "Present!" they said.

The dance was on! We were shown into a wooden barnlike structure from which issued sounds of beating drums. Having the dance take place in a building was disappointing as it meant no moving pictures. On entering a narrow doorway we saw six bottomless chairs in one corner for our party; the others would sit either on the floor or on a row of packing boxes around the sides of the tent. At one end were eight men beating on skin drums made from seal intestines which they

held in front of their faces. The bare room was illuminated by two candles hanging from the ceiling.

Crowds soon assembled, a handful of white people and nearly two hundred men, women, and children were packed in the air-tight chamber. The odor was bad enough when we entered at seven o'clock, but like an anesthetic we became used to it, and by ten o'clock it was probably terrible! High smelling *mukluks*, and sealskin *parkas* made us almost immune to any odor at all. Women sat on the floor with the older children on their laps and baby heads in their hoods, while men sat on packing boxes. Behind me was Little John ready to interpret the various symbolisms of the songs and movements.

Carrying the inevitable child.

The Eskimos' good humor is certainly one of their main characteristics. This night there were nothing but happy smiles, and bright eyes in that sea of dark faces. Because life during the long Arctic night is such a thing of incessant toil, and the elements cruel and unfriendly, they indulge in the first possible excuse for merry-making. This splendid occasion was held for two reasons: One, for Captain Borden; two, to celebrate the return of their mighty hunter—John Ugikuma—and his

recent killing of a "polar bear." His, as we knew, had been the first shot.

The first number—"Polar Bear Dance." A voice in my ear explained: "Four days after native returns from killing polar bear—King Island gives dance. Native makes present to everybody. Present comes from ice," whispered Little John, and further added, "it may be intestine for drum and *immamidik,* or *oogruk* for *mukluks;* maybe walrus hide for *igloos.*"

Then I gradually understood that only members of the hunters' family can take part in the dance; father, son, brothers, and sisters, or even mother and grandmother. During this first dance many old women suddenly climbed over others' heads to reach the center of the floor, and there danced with as much abandon and rhythm as their younger sisters. The woman's part in the dance is slow and graceful while they hold their eyes timidly on the ground. On the occasion of this wonderful Polar Bear Dance, Little John told me: "Natives in dance must wear new *mukluks,* new gloves; and womens—new *parkas.*" That night it was Big John's family who threw themselves into this intense scene.

The second number—"Dance of the White Whale," followed by parts of the now nearly forgotten medicine dance. For these steps, the men wore large eagle feathers on their foreheads and elaborate sleeves of sealskin, decorated with hanging pieces of ivory and puffin bills which dangled and shook when they danced. (The Eskimos kill puffins by the thousands and use their feathers for linig *parkas.*) The sleeves came well over the hand and were finished off by a wide band of polar bear fur. The men at the drums chanted and sang during each dance, while dancers themselves shouted to the barbaric music and their hoarse notes became louder and louder in their utter abandon to the solemn rites. When I asked Little John the meaning he would often say, "No mean—just happy." But one dance was entitled

"Everybody Dance," and another "Everybody Go Home Dance."

By ten o'clock the steps had become violent and the participants rested between movements. We wondered whether "Everybody Go Home Dance" meant what it threatened but hesitated before leaving. We feared they would continue until midnight if someone did not make a move.

Finally we hinted to our host back of us, that we must get up very early the following morning, and would have to return to the *Northern Light*. He yelled something to Big John who sat with the orchestra. Beating of drums abruptly ceased. The chief stepped out from among the crowd and stood alone in the center of the room. He commenced to speak in a low hushed voice. All eyes turned toward him. We understood nothing. I was taken quite unaware when a low voice said: "Mrs. Cap'n he talks 'bout heaven." I was about to inquire what he said about heaven, when the strong savage folded his hands and fell upon his knees, chanting words that we thought to be the Lord's Prayer. The others followed after him.

The King Island Eskimos are Roman Catholics, they being converted soon after they began their annual summer migrations to Nome. The Church of Rome has achieved a fast hold on this particular tribe of barbaric people. We were so moved emotionally, and amazed by the outward showing of this deep-felt emotion, that tears were in our eyes. Our heads too were bowed. From all sides of us flowed words we could not understand. Every Eskimo's hands were folded in complete devotion. The chief himself was a figure we shall never forget, with his great muscular body, his superior height, and his splendid build of a North American Indian. Eskimos on the whole are little people. The chief's physiognomy nevertheless, was that of an Eskimo. Large hands were folded on his chest while he led his followers into divine glory. There was no sign of conscious embarrassment in this

simple and religious recognition of God, witnessed by a few white people who worshiped with them. As abruptly as the prayer started—it finished.

These natives are really nothing more nor less than savages with a few superficial traits imprinted on them by the white man and his civilization. In their life on the little island nine months every year, they live as their forefathers lived before them. Chief John was first King Island chief, made so by the natives three years previously to facilitate matters while in Nome. He was beloved by everyone.

When we saw Captain Cochran in Unalaska on our way south, he described his first meeting with the King Islanders. He found a poor and wretched people much in need of help, and his was the first ship to transport them to Nome for earning money. As a result, the whole tribe worships his name. Captain Cochran also explained something we wanted to know: why the men all wore gloves during the dances. It appears the chief has had a skin disease on his hands for over ten years and they are almost white. At first a doctor on the *Bear* thought the disease was leprosy, but later diagnosed it as a minor complaint more or less common among yellow races. The big man is so sensitive concerning his white hands that he always wears gloves, possibly the other men wear them to prevent his feeling conspicuous.

Some of the women were almost beautiful with their coarse black hair parted in the middle and braided. One woman, Lena, a particular favorite in Nome, crossed her heavy braids under her chin and wound them into one long braid hanging to her knees. There was nothing extraordinary in seeing mothers first nurse their babies, and then drop them in a neighboring lap so they could join the dance. The Diomede Island women were better looking and seemed to take more care with their general appearance, than the King Islanders. Their chins were tattooed in long thin lines, a habit originating from the necessity of distinguishing men

and women similarly dressed in reindeer garments. When I told Little John there were many pretty women, he nodded his head, and puffing out his chest, said: "Some half-white —too."

On our return walk along shore toward the launch we looked for the old creature mending her high fence but her house was dark. Over our heads northern lights streaked across an almost black sky. Each one of us meditated on our evening's excursion into mysticism and primitive religion.

August 20th. The next morning we left the boat early, preparatory to meeting the Leonard Seppalas and being taken first on a gas-car, and then for a pup-mobile ride back into the hills behind Nome. On arriving at their house, Mrs. Seppala pressed upon us a bit of the gas-bag, and wire, from the dirigible Norge. Nomeites have all fashioned brooches and rings from the loot of the airship after its flight across the Pole with Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile. We gave our mementos to the sea-scouts who prized them highly.

We then chug-chugged over marshy country. Dwarf willows stretched along our path, the first shrubs, one can hardly call them timber, we had seen in many months. Snow buntings, many species of sparrows flitted almost out from under the vehicle, and long-legged curlews fluttered out of lagoons. Flowers dotted the hills but were full blown after their summer's blossoming. Native women and girls were picking blueberries. They grinned at us as we went by. The foothills were of granite and slate. One can easily imagine the thrills of staking a claim in this vast land. Looking down upon low valleys and along mountain streams, we were reminded of the devastated and upturned battle fields near Verdun, great mounds of gravel, and long stretches of already mined territory, dotted the landscape.

The King Islanders were again on the yacht when we returned. They had come to see Capt'n Borden and wave farewell to the *Northern Light*. My friend Carl greeted me

this time with a bright smile and a large pail of fresh-picked blueberries. He wanted no trade but I pleased him with a silk handkerchief for his wife. Our two hunters had farewell presents of a carved polar bear and walrus, also a drawing of the yaucht on an ivory tusk. It was hard saying good-by to these two who had meant so much to our trip. We will never know again such complete devotion. Mr. Hine then came on board, after two days on shore procuring birds. We announced our departure by the whistle and weighed anchor at seven o'clock for points south. Although we had heard the whistle many times, one still felt a queer emotional sensation.

August 21st. "We awoke to find we were sailing before the wind at an average speed of ten knots. The mainsail was furled. The foresail and staysail were set. It is cold and raw on deck. A stiff wind blows through us. The thermometer registers nearly 50° but the cold is more penetrating than in the sun-filled Arctic when it was about 30°. The species of birds are almost suddenly changed: the usual puffins and murres are with us. Flocks of fulmars flew by as we headed toward St. Lawrence Island," my diary tells me.

Before long we anchored in 8½ fathoms in a bight west of East Cape, St. Lawrence Island, 155 miles from Nome. The launch was lowered and a party went ashore for birds, returning with red-back and Aleutian sandpipers, and two beautiful golden plovers. They found a surprisingly small number of birds on the island, but saw two Eskimos who spoke English fluently in loud stentorious voices:

"What boat—from?" one inquired.

"*Northern Light,*" Mr Hine replied.

"Oh—we know *Northern Light.* We been hearing it all summer on radio," they announced.

August 22nd. The next morning we were under way for Bogoslof Island with the mainsail set in a fresh breeze. Our course between St. Lawrence Island and Bogoslof was about

550 miles. At noon we were forty miles west of Nunivak Island. No land seen in a hazy atmosphere.

My diary for these days is full of food! Broiled grayling, than which there is nothing so good, white fish, trout, and blueberry pies and shortcakes. Alaska blueberries are quite different from those of Maine or Wisconsin, being smaller and more tart. We were all completely exhausted after busy days and nights in Nome and with books in hand, retired early. The nights became darker and darker and more

The sea-lions surround the launch, trying to prevent us from landing on Bogoslof Island.

northern lights illuminated the sky. One night, because of the ship being heeled to port, I curled up in the corner of my bed to keep from falling out, although the actual motion was slight. Under full sail however, it was pleasant and the engines ran half speed.

August 23rd. On deck we saw Otter Island, St. Paul and St. George of the Pribilofs. As mentioned when leaving St. Paul in July, we would some time come to look upon the flat, unvegetated island as being almost fertile, in comparison to the bleak ice-bound coasts of Siberia, Herald, and Wrangel Island. Dahl took the water temperature every half hour after eight o'clock in the morning, thinking it would get warmer as we neared the volcano, instead it became steadily colder. The first recording was 48° and by three o'clock 42°, while the air rose to over 50°.

August 24th. At 4 P.M. we were lying to, off the southwest side of Bogoslof Island in water too deep to anchor, sixty-five fathoms less than four hundred yards from the beach. We went ashore, the crew following in two separate watches. In the launch we were surrounded by hundreds of sea lions, persistent in their attempt to keep between us and the gravel spit. As long as we chased them, they kept ahead but when we turned, they followed. Every now and then we thought they were gone, suddenly they rose again and roared. Two persevering large bulls swam under us, a strange sensation. We had good opportunities for moving pictures and snapshots as the beasts came nearer and nearer. Here, in 1916 my husband had much the same experience: he was literally attacked by an angry herd of these huge monsters. The men in the boat were at first frightened but soon realized the ferocity was a bluff.

On reaching shore we were amazed at the millions and millions of Pallas murres roosting in ledges of New Bogoslof, or Castle Rock. They covered the high rock with splotches of black and white. After a gunshot they flew over us, screeching loudly, in such enormous numbers that their wings sounded like wind rustling through oak leaves. Looking up through these myriads of winged creatures the sky seemed black with them. Among these multitudes we saw only one hawk and some glaucous-winged gulls with their young. The gulls occupy the top story, if one can call it this, of both Grewinck and Castle Rock; from their advantageous position they swoop mercilessly upon weaker murres and rob them of eggs and young.

We walked round old Bogoslof to see the new eruption which had arisen in the center of the crater. The first thing we did was to take the temperature of the hot sulphur water which surrounded it and found it to be 72½°. Rocket, as usual, acting almost crazy at being on land, splashed along the edge of the water, giving himself hot sulphur

Left to right—Carstensen, Purcell, Powers and Ryan after their swim in crater of Bogoslof.

baths. It was amusing to see him repeatedly plunge in for more.

My husband and most of the crew decided to swim in the hot crater; Frances Ames and I hurriedly walked along the spit to get away. They had a beautiful time splashing about the greenish and copper colored water, finding below the surface a slimy green ooze in which they sank until their feet reached a hard strata too hot to stand on. They would have been scorched in a few minutes if the depth of the crater had not been well over a man's head. One or two of the boys kept their mouth open once too often, and like Rocket, had a stiff drink of Bogoslof Pluto. The crater continually threw off steam, and strong sulphur fumes enveloped the adventurous men.

While the men had their small boys' picnic, we crossed a narrow piece of lava-covered land toward the sea, and here

sat on one of the many lava deposits to watch the hundreds of sea lions. The animals were over cautious on our approach and stampeded into the breakers before we could approach very close. When the sand colored beasts reached the water they bellowed and snorted at us from their safe distance. The bulls were larger and heavier than bull hair-seals but much smaller than the Pacific Walrus. More extraordinary still, the cows were smaller than hair-seal cows, and our first impression was that of many bulls and half-grown pups. We suddenly realized, however, that sea lions also have harems. There were the useless bulls, and small groups of bachelors who seemed to be "talking it all over."

On our walk toward the yacht we caught glimpses of white figures emerging out of a sulphur spa to don their clothes. By eight o'clock we were on board and under way for Unalaska, a distance of sixty miles. In order to avoid arriving there too early, the engines were run at half speed.

August 25th. We were on deck early the next morning to watch our entrance into the ravishing, fairylike harbor—Unalaska. Beautiful velvet green islands lay tranquilly on a clear blue sea, soft flower-covered hills watched over a quiet white village. The elements caress lovingly the Aleutian Isles, and although one sees no trees, the richness of the soil suggests rolling pastures. On all sides of us reared the vast triangular symmetry of the live craters.

Here we took on water and our final supply of diesel-oil, also the canoes we had left behind in order to have more deck space.

August 27th. We weighed anchor on a warm and radiant day, standing out of Dutch Harbor bound for Morzhovoi Bay, where we hoped to find ducks, geese, and ptarmigan. We cruised quietly along in calm water, enthralled by brilliant fresh colors of the undulating islands. Rock cliffs were bathed in pink and lavender. Behind them, the white summits of the higher ranges thrust their majestic beauty against

a blue sky. Looking past the nearest islands we saw others, bathed in softer colors, a yellow-green, and over all, hovered great clouds like puffs of cotton.

From the stern we towed a sturdy red sailing dory, in which sat a hardy red-faced fisherman. He cast off his painter after lunch. The chug-chugging became fainter as he headed toward fishing waters. Millions of slender-billed shearwaters flew by in enormous flocks. These birds are found off Australia and New Zealand, being called there, "mutton-birds" and in the Arctic "whale birds." The steward wanted to shoot some and smoke them, saying they would taste like Kippered Herring. There were also hundreds of horned puffins and one large hawk. Many seals and sea lions flirted with us as they swam lazily about, disappearing, to bob up again, and stare.

The pulse of the Pacific with its perpetual swell we felt on crossing Akutan Pass. From Unimak Island glowed the first real lighthouse in six thousand miles of voyaging. The light was in a tall tower, a most welcome sight as we steered ahead into dirty weather and fog. Later in the afternoon we headed through Unimak Pass. Bering Sea now lay behind us! Ahead stretched the rolling Pacific Ocean.

I went on deck very late to see if the weather had changed for the better, and found Harry on watch. He was feeling unusually talkative, and confided to me that he received twelve letters from his wife in the two mails.

"All about the same ting. Too much love," he mused.

There is certainly no place or time for a wife in the hard life of a sailor, but the romance of the sea will always attract boys who are born with the love of adventure.

"I guess she must want a divorce. Vell I'll see her maybe this winter, or next year, and then I'll know what she wants," he continued. After hearing this jolly confession I went below.

Dirty weather stayed with us. We continued heading into

a thick dreary fog. After standing in once again to East Anchor Cove where we anchored until the fog should rise, we reached Morzhovoi Bay, off the Alaskan Peninsula, on the second day.

August 29th. In a pouring rain the men went off to explore the country, and returned with a bunch of flowers. The bird shooting turned out a failure: it was still too early in the season. This decided us. Our thoughts immediately turned toward home, to fresh raspberries in real cream and strawberry shortcake.

August 30th. The next morning we steamed out of the disappointing Bay on our last lap to San Francisco, a distance of just two thousand miles. The barometer was steady, wind fair, and sunshine cheerful. We waved "farewell" to Alaska as we looked out towards hundreds of miles of coast line. The sun was only temporary, disappearing behind clouds, and over the highest mountains it was raining. The glorious Shisaldin Volcano and our old friend Pavlof came into view in its quiet splendor. Soon all sails were set and both engines run full speed to reach our home port.

The sun went behind land clouds at five minutes past seven, leaving in its wake a lavender and pink after-glow quite different from an Arctic night; the color thrilled us as it changed from purple tones to salmon pink. A fragile new crescent moon emerged from a large purple cloud. Harry declared: "A straight moon means good weather, but when the moon lies down it's going to blow!" (I think he meant the moon was "straight.")

The skyline of Alaska soon dwindled into nothingness and the pastel shades became paler and paler. Pavlof was the last distinguishable feature, becoming no more than a haystack on the horizon as I sat on deck alone, intoxicated by the fragrance of the night. The light grew dim and robbed me of Alaska but white northern lights then tingled across a black sky. Sea-scouts scurried about the decks in preparation

to furl sails; the wind had died down with the tide. Lazy-jacks flapped noisily back and forth against the great white mainsail. From a long distance voices drifted back to me. I could just hear: "Oh gee! We're out to sea all right—look at those albatrosses following us."

Each day on our way south seemed a little warmer. We became almost lethargic from the complete relaxation, so different from sailing north when we had gradually put on more clothes in order to remain on deck. Even though the thermometer registered no higher than 55° the air was sultry after the bracing air of the Frozen North. Sailing direct from Wrangel Island, 72°, to San Francisco 40° North Latitude, was a sudden change. We felt it keenly.

Our course lay southeast with the wind off our stern. It was interesting to notice again an almost immediate change in the birds. We saw our last puffins 150 miles from the nearest land. One northern phalarope bobbed on the waves, while fulmars and albatrosses hovered over us.

The next two days were beautiful and we supposed our trip across the Pacific would be fair and calm. A fresh breeze sprang up on the night of the 2nd.

September 3rd. The jaws of the fore-gaff broke. About the same time an enormous wave came up from under the launch and split the teakwood railing. In a flash the davit gave way. The launch dangled over the rail. Someone saw the accident in time to save the boat. The seas rose higher and higher. The barometer continued to fall. Soon after the narrowly avoided calamity with the launch another wave broke over the forward deck and swept into the galley. The two cooks were drenched and although the chef had ingeniously tied each pot and pan to the stove, food slopped over the floor. Captain Joe sat at the officers' breakfast table waiting for the others, when he suddenly found plates, glass, and silver in his lap.

A strong wind blew from the west. Squalls came and

A 10-force gale.

went. The sea became heavier. After supper Sparks broadcasted reports of an 8-force gale, high seas, and squalls, also our usual evening's position. A ship two hundred miles further north recorded a 10-force gale and mountainous seas. The degree of intensity in measuring a storm runs from 4- to 12-force. The latter is a hurricane.

During the night the waves became so high, the engines were first run half speed, then signalled off entirely. We were being swept ahead on the high pooping waves which are the most dangerous of all, and made 7½ knots with only the jib. The sea rose menacingly above us to a height of perhaps sixty feet, great translucent green waves towering above us. To keep from taking a heavy wave over the stern, the cause of foundering many an ill-fated vessel, was our main worry. By midnight the gale was violent. I, for one, was frightened. Water slushed across decks and over our heads. Harry told me the following morning that the gale reached 10-force and it was necessary to brace oneself on deck; it was impossible to walk against the fury of the storm. Later we learned newspapers all over the country

The wild seas swishing over the decks.

were announcing a frightful Pacific storm. To add to our troubles there was a short circuit on the radio and Sparks could not send or receive any messages.

September 5th. We again experienced a dreadful night. Huge waves pounded over the decks. Oil was being poured on the wild seas. But we had a little luck—the storm subsided after four fearful days and nights.

September 7th. All sails were set in a fine sailing breeze. Five hundred miles from land a ship hove into sight: a five-masted barquentine with a square sail forward, and four fore and aft sails. A wonderful sight! The lovely vessel was bound toward Seattle. We watched her until we could see her no more.

September 9th. The night was clear. When I went on deck to join my husband, the only lights were those over the compasses and a faint glare from the deck-houses. There were shadowy groups of people on the forward deck. The heavens were bright with stars and over the sea spread a strange glow. A moon shimmered and glittered. A path of

gold led across the great endless ocean. The world of sky and water sent a warm, fragrant breath upon the tiny white speck, so quietly lying on the restless waves. Peace and oblivion from the tall nervous cities! With a strange, almost tearful, ecstasy I closed my eyes to try and hold forever some of the sublimity of that passionate solitude. I thanked God for having brought us safe so far. Life—how glorious it is!

"Eight Bells, Sir—changing the watch!"

My reveries were broken. I bade good night to the boy in the pilot-house and to the dark figure at my side.

A heavy fog soon after descended upon the ship. My husband remained on deck while we slept. We awoke to find land invisible. Anxious moments! There were rocks ahead. Everyone stood on deck and gazed longingly toward the horizon.

"Land Ho!" shouted a voice.

Loud cheers from every quarter.

September 10th. At midday, twenty-seven days after leaving Wrangel Island, we sailed in the Golden Gate and landed in San Francisco almost five months after we had left it.

GLOSSARY

Bidarka—Large skin or canvas boat used by Aleutians.
Chukchee—Dwellers of the Siberian Arctic Coast.
Igloo—An Eskimo dwelling.
Immamidik—A gut-coat used by the natives as a waterproof garment when in their *kayaks*.
Kayak—An Eskimo skin canoe used to hunt walrus.
Mukluk—Walrus and sealskin footwear of Eskimos and Chukchees.
Oogruk—A species of hair-seal.
Parka—A garment with a hood worn by the Alaskan Eskimos.
Tundra—Arctic waste land.
Umiak—A large skin-boat used by natives of Arctic Coast.

APPENDIX I

Our Course

From San Francisco to Juneau	2,000 miles
From Juneau to Unga	1,000 miles
From Unga to Nome, the first time	1,500 miles
From Nome to Bering Strait and return twice	500 miles
In the Arctic	3,000 miles
From Nome to Morzhovoi Bay	1,000 miles
From Morzhovoi to San Francisco	2,000 miles
Total	11,000 miles

APPENDIX II

Bulletin Board

Fire Quarters

In case of fire pass the word to all hands and see that the general alarm (red switch in wheel house) is sounded.

Take Fire Station as follows:

1. Watch on deck remain there and carry on as though there were no fire. Bring ship before the wind if possible and get the anchor ready.
2. Deck watch below get fire axes and extinguishers and proceed to the fire.
3. Engineers shut off the fuel supply, shut hatches over the engine room, close bulkheads and stand by the Lux System *except,*

   If proceeding under power and fire is not in the engine room keep the engines running.

   At night keep the lights going as long as possible.
4. Radio operator stand by to send SOS but do not send until so ordered by the Captain.
5. Cooks and stewards close all hatches, skylights, portholes, etc., and then stand by to assist anyone overcome by fire.
6. Passengers assemble on *Poop deck* and keep out of the way.

Bulletin Board

Ship's Watches.

7 A.M. to noon
noon to 5 P.M.
5 P.M. to 9 P.M.
9 P.M. to 2 A.M.
2 A.M. to 7 A.M.

Ship's Routine.

5:30 A.M.	Call Cooks.
6:00	Call all hands.
6:30	First breakfast.
7:00	Second breakfast.
7:30	Wash down decks.
8:00	Morning colors.
8:30	Inspect ship.
9:00	Mast and sick call.
10:00	Drills.
11:00	Wind clocks and chronometers.
11:30	First Lunch.
12 Noon	Second Lunch.
12 Noon	Report eight bells and chronometers.
4:30 P.M.	First Supper.
5:00	Second Supper.
Sunset	Evening colors.
8:45	Call watch.
9:15	Out Smoking Lamp.

APPENDIX III

(This list would have just about served 24 people on a six months' voyage)

Meats		lbs.
Bacon		500
Ham		600
Eggs	15 cases	
Powdered Eggs	2 cases	50
Canned Corned Beef Hash		500
Canned Corned Beef	5 cases	
Salt Pork		100
Hamburger Steak and Onions—Libby	15 cases	
Ragon—Libby	15 cases	
Frankfurters—Libby	15 cases	
Ox Tongue	2 cases	
Veal Loaf	2 cases	
Chicken a la King	1 case	
Welsh Rarebit	1 case	
Fresh Beef and Fish bought en route		2000

Soups		lbs.
Knorrs Pea Soup with Bacon—for camp		50
Liebigs Beef Extract for invalids	1 case	
Assorted Canned Soups	72 cases	

Beverages		lbs.
Tea (in quarter-pound tins)		60
Coffee (in 1 pound tins—unground)		400
Cocoa (in 1 pound tins)		100
Evaporated Milk, one pound tins		1640
Klim-dried milk, 240 cans		
Concentrated Orange Juice	144 bottles	36
Grape Juice	360 bottles	90
Lime Juice	36 quarts	72
Cider	12 doz. pints	144

Cereals			lbs.
White Flour			2000
Pancake Flour			500
Rye Flour			300
Corn Meal			200
Bran Flakes	6 cases	300 individual	50
Grape Nuts	8 cases	400 individual	100
Oatmeal			350
Wheatena			100
Rice			400
Baking Powder			75
Baking Soda			30
Ry-Krisps (very good)			200
Huntley & Palmer Cookies			100
Cornstarch		4 cases	
Lye Hominy		5 cases	250
Tapioca			20
Magic Yeast		3 boxes	
Gelatin		15 boxes	
Macaroni		15 boxes	150

Condiments		lbs.
Salt, 1 case picnic salt, 600 lbs. table salt, 500 lbs. dairy salt		1200
Pepper, 10 white, 5 black, 3 cayenne, 2 nepaul		20
Celery Salt	6 bottles	
Mustard—1 case Coleman's Eng. Mustard, 5 cases prepared mustard		40
Nutmeg		3
Cinnamon (Stick)		10
Cloves		5
Ginger		5
Curry Powder		10
Chutney	3 doz. bottles	36
Worcestershire Sauce	2 cases	50
A-1 Sauce	2 cases	50
Sage		3

Condiments (continued)		lbs.
Savory		3
Catsup	5 cases	250
Chili Sauce	2 cases	100
Vanilla Extract		10
Olives		25
Lemon Extract		5
Pickles		50
Salad Dressing	5 cases	

Fats		lbs.
Butter in tins		1000
Lard		200
Crisco or Debeco		200
Olive Oil	2 gal.	15
Cheese		200

Fruits		lbs.
Apples, dried		300
Prunes, dried		150
Apricots, dried		150
Peaches, dried		150
Figs, dried		100
Raisins		72
Dromedary Dates		72
Nuts, assorted, shelled		200
Canned Pineapple	8 cases	400
Canned Grapefruit (very good)	5 cases	250
Canned Peaches	8 cases	400
Canned White Cherries	8 cases	400
Canned Sour Cherries	8 cases	400
Canned Pears	8 cases	400
Canned Green Gage Plums	8 cases	400
Dried Cocoanut		12

Sweets		lbs.
Sugar, granulated		1200
Sugar, powdered		50
Maple Syrup	25 gallons	200

Fruits (continued)		lbs.
Jams, Assorted		600
Marmalade		200
Honey		100
Bakers' Premium Chocolate	6 cartons	72
Bakers' Ind. Sweet Chocolate (excellent)	2 cases	200
Caramel Sugar		20
Icing Sugar		20

Miscellaneous	
Safety Matches	10 cases
Bluebird Matches	2 cases
Paper Napkins	15 thousand

Vegetables	
Canned Asparagus	7 cases
Canned Peas	10 cases
Canned Corn	10 cases
Canned Tomatoes	16 cases
Canned Baked Beans without tomato sauce	5 cases
Canned Sauerkraut	5 cases
Australian Brown Onions	5 crates
Irish Potatoes	10 crates
Dried Beans	200
Split Peas	100
Busslers Dehydrated Vegetables	10 cases
Fresh Vegetables as available en route	
Fresh oranges, grapefruits, lemons, new British Columbia potatoes, lettuce,—Meats taken on at Victoria to last several days, also Australian brown onions. At Nome full supply of meats, fruits and vegetables available.	

APPENDIX IV

My Clothes

2 grey sweat shirts
2 men's lumber jackets
3 pairs Hudson Bay trousers (one white for Arctic)
2 pairs light weight Forestry cloth trousers
2 blue flannel shirts
3 Forestry cloth flannel shirts
3 light weight flannel shirts
1 pair chamois underdrawers
6 pairs woolen underwear
(4 heavy weight—2 medium weight)
3 pairs heavy golf stockings
3 pairs lighter woolen stockings
6 pairs heavy socks
6 pairs lighter weight socks
3 pairs flat-heeled oxfords
1 pair galoshes
1 pair sneekers
1 pair high-laced moccasin boots
3 pairs woolen gloves
2 pairs short woolen tights
1 blue tweed suit
1 brown tweed skirt
5 sweaters—various weights
1 long red alligator oilskin coat and hat
1 short green alligator oilskin coat and hat (indispensable)
1 short green alligator oilskin trousers
2 pairs high rubber boots
2 pairs low rubber boots
1 pair bean packs (indispensable)
1 wool sleeping hood for camp

1 plaid hunting coat
1 heavy tweed coat—cravanetted
Arctic
- Chamois underdrawers
- 1 White Drill Parka (must be white)
- 1 White Moleskin Parka
- 1 Blanket Parka

1 pair black Norwegian skiing trousers
1 plaid Norwegian skiing coat
3 suits flannel pajamas
2 felt hats
1 heavy bed jacket
1 polo coat wrapper
No handkerchiefs needed. These we supplied for ourselves and guests at six cents apiece to be thrown away each day
1 sewing kit.

APPENDIX V

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APPENDIX VI

Government of Alaska

Most people know very little of the form of government carried on in this great territory of the United States; so there follows a few facts concerning the three departments of government; the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial.

The governor of Alaska is chief executive of the territory; appointed by the President, with the consent of the Senate, for a term of four years. He is paid $7,000 a year, and has similar powers to those of a State Governor.

The Secretary of Alaska is also appointed by the President, and receives $3,600 annually from the Federal government, and $2,000 from the territory.

The other members of the Executive staff are appointed within the territory.

The Territorial *Legislature* consists of a Senate and a House, which convene at the Capitol on the first Monday in March in odd numbered years. The regular session lasts sixty days. Each legislator receives a salary of $15.00 per day for each day's attendance, and mileage, in addition. The Senate and House can each choose its own officers. All laws passed by the Legislature must be submitted to Congress by the President of the United States, and, if disapproved by Congress, they are null.

The Judicial Department

District judges are appointed by the President to preside over the district court in each of the four judicial divisions in which Alaska is divided. This appointment lasts four years, and the salary is $7,500 a year. Other officials in this department appointed in the same manner, and for the same period, are four district attorneys, and four United States marshals, one for each judicial division. The former receive $5,000 annually; the latter $4,000.

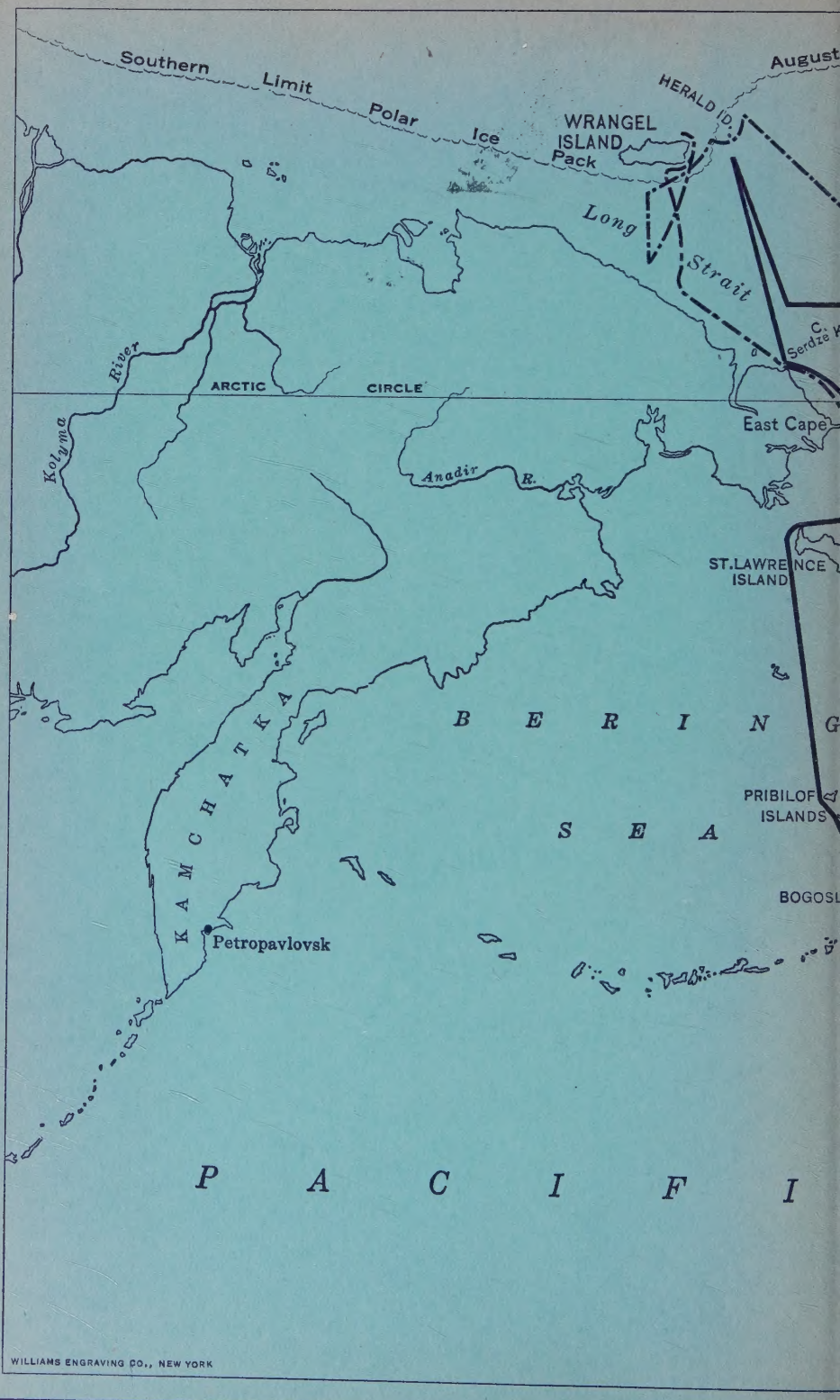
The four judicial departments are Juneau, Nome, Valdez, and Fairbanks.

Alaska is represented in the House of Representatives of the United States by one Delegate; he is elected by the qualified electors for a term of two years. He must have been a citizen of the United States for seven years; a qualified voter in Alaska, meaning a resident of Alaska during the entire year preceding the election, and not younger than twenty-five years old. He receives a salary of $10,000 annually, and has all the powers of other members from the States with the exception of the fact that he has no vote, and no vote in the House except when the same is in the committee of the whole.

A traveling court or floating court leaves Seward each summer on a Revenue Cutter with a lawyer for the defense to try the cases in the outlying districts, which have hung pending since the year before. The Jury is made up from the members of the settlement.

This is a good opportunity to mention the courtesy shown us by the Immigration authorities in Ketchikan, the first port of entry after leaving British territory, through Mr. Dobbs the collector of customs. Our second cook was found to have cancer by the doctor in Ketchikan and it was necessary to return him on the first ship returning to Victoria where he lived. This was taken care of for us by the Immigration authorities in a short time.

Mr. McBride, the collector of customs at Juneau, was also very pleasant, and there has been mention of Governor A. Parks, and Mr. Karl Theile, the secretary of Alaska; also, Mr. Watson, head of the Game Commission of Alaska, was most solicitous concerning the hunting grounds we had chosen to hunt Kodiak bear.



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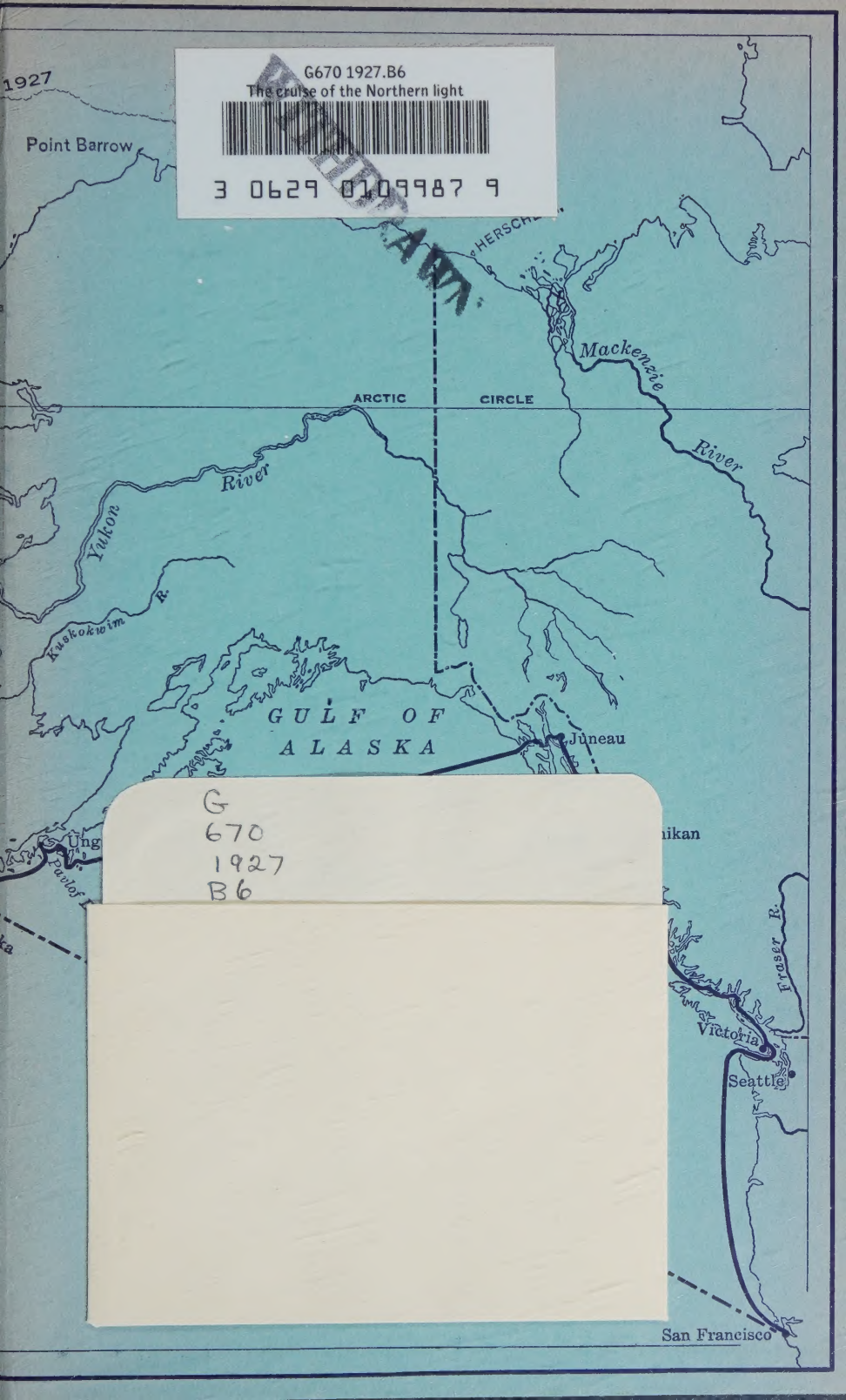

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